

FARMER'S ADVOCATE

LAND HOME JOURNAL

PUBLISHED

EVERY WEEK



CHRISTMAS
NUMBER
1911
WINNIPEG
CANADA

PRICE
25
CENTS

Old Friends are Remembered at Christmas Time



Blue Ribbon Products have many good friends among the readers of THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE. These friends have become loyal to Blue Ribbon goods because Blue Ribbon has been true to them. Blue Ribbon Baking Powder, Blue Ribbon Tea, Blue Ribbon Spices, Blue Ribbon Coffee, Blue Ribbon Extracts and Jelly Powders—all these have proved that they are *made right*; they please all users;

they are pure and dependable. And if, in any case, they do not fully satisfy, the buyer may take back the package and receive what it cost at once.

Do your baking this Christmas with Blue Ribbon Baking Powder. Have Blue Ribbon Tea in the house constantly. Ask for any of the Blue Ribbon Products.

If you do that you will be letting Blue Ribbon help you have a Merry Christmas. It will be a pleasure to us to know that the pure Blue Ribbon Products will assist thousands of Western housewives to prepare good, wholesome, delicious meals for husbands, children and guests on Christmas Day.



Blue Ribbon Limited

Winnipeg

MANITOBA

Offers Unequalled Opportunities to the Settler

Of its 229,000 square miles, or 147,152,880 acres of territory there are now open for free homesteads approximately 3,536,800 acres or enough for 22,105 sturdy homesteaders

Fertility of soil and climatic conditions have already given Manitoba farmers the home of No. 1 Hard wheat



Close markets make Manitoba farms as suitable for beef raising, dairying and poultry husbandry, as for growing wheat

Beginning With Oxen Many New Settlers Pave the Way for Future Prosperity

Many Manitoba homesteads are situated in the bush country and settlers are enabled to build homes cheaply and are ensured against fuel famines



A Home Like This Can be Provided in 8 to 15 Years on a Manitoba Homestead

Manitoba is in close proximity to the large shipping ports of the Great Lakes, from where all grain is now shipped; while Port Nelson, the proposed terminus of the Hudson Bay Railway, lies within the Province. The railway facilities within the Province are such as are seldom enjoyed by the pioneer homesteader

Manitoba offers free agricultural education in an agricultural college second to none in America. Her rural schools also are as good as any in the world. In many localities consolidated schools have been established and are thoroughly appreciated



Manitoba Farmers Take Into the Show-ring Some of the Choicest Stock in Canada

Manitoba owns and operates a rural system of telephones to every part of the Province. Every year the service is being extended. Already many farm homes have this convenience. Every house can have a telephone service at low cost

Enjoy the social advantages of the rural telephone and an advanced agricultural education. Stay near the large markets for live stock and farm produce, and avoid long hauls of your grain over the railways by getting a farm in Manitoba. The farmers of this Province receive more for their produce, owing to shorter railway transportation

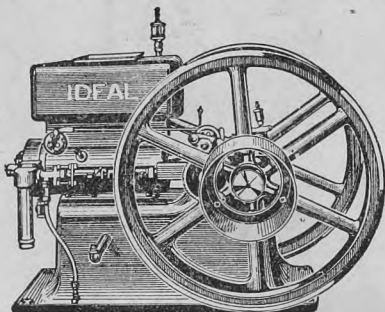
FOR FURTHER INFORMATION APPLY TO ANY OF THE FOLLOWING :

HON. GEO. LAWRENCE, Minister of Agriculture, Parliament Buildings, Winnipeg; JOSEPH BURKE, 178 Logan Ave., Winnipeg; J. H. HARTNEY, 77 York St., Toronto; J. F. TENNANT, Gretna, Man.

"IDEAL" POWER AND PLENTY OF IT

**FOR
EVERY
PURPOSE**

**Best
because
Simplest**

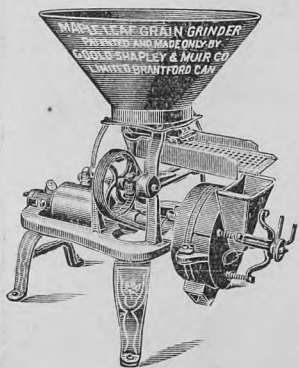


Stationary or Mounted, 1½ to 50 H.P.

**FOR
LITTLE
MONEY**

**Best
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The "IDEAL" is the very last contribution to Farm Power Machinery. Sold at an extremely moderate price, it is built throughout of highest grade material, is the most simply constructed, smooth running engine on the market, greatest fuel economizer of them all. It adapts itself to every job on the farm.



The Maple Lea Grain Grinder

most efficient and most reasonably priced feed-mill you can buy. Its popularity all through the Dominion has been earned by **quality** and **first-rate service**. Strongly built to a simple design it is extremely easy on power. All wearing parts are lathe-turned. Large hopper capacity. An Endless Belt can be used with this grinder.

Write for Catalogue and ask about our Special Gasoline
Plowing Engines

Goold, Shapley & Muir Co., Limited
BRANTFORD WINNIPEG CALGARY

TRADE NOTES

HOW FARMERS BECOME PROSPEROUS

Yes! farmers are prosperous. So much so, in fact, that there is grave danger of a shift in our national financial centre of gravity. "Sunflower Corners," Kansas, and "Cyclone Hollow," Missouri, may yet become centres from which Bloating Cow Barons and Plutocratic Corn Kings will engineer gigantic "deals," beside which the greatest effort of Wall Street's uncrowned sovereign will seem simply puerile. Wall Street is already peevish about the matter, and that's pretty good evidence that there's something in it.

Dr. Hess' Stock Tonic has helped to eliminate the element of chance, and place the feeding business on a solid basis that ensures success. This statement may seem an exaggeration, or beyond reason, to the reader unacquainted with the article in question. None the less, it is backed by the experience of thousands, who, by its use, have changed a disheartening struggle for livelihood into a joyous jaunt down "easy street."

Dr. Hess' Stock Tonic is not a ration, like cornmeal or bran; neither is it fed as a ration, or intended to take the place of a ration. Every one experienced with cattle knows that at times they show very little appetite. This is usually the after effect of a continued term of heavy feeding, and is of course a setback to the feeder, because it extends the cash outlay for grain. Besides, it may mean the loss of the very best market. Now Dr. Hess' Stock Tonic prevents this loss of appetite, and consequent pecuniary loss, by keeping the animal's digestive organs in a vigorous and active condition, regardless of the amount of feed consumed. As a doctor of medicine would say, it gives "tone" to the digestive organs—makes them stronger and better able to bear the continued strain which the feeder is putting on them.

Dr. Hess' Stock Tonic is a great help in making beef or milk. Probably, if the question were asked, nine out of ten successful feeders or dairymen would attribute their plethoric bank accounts to the use of Dr. Hess' Stock Tonic. Dealers are reporting a great demand for this tonic, the more so, as it is well known to be a guaranteed preparation.

THE AWAKENING OF "OLD MAN" AYRES

"Nothin' in it," growled "Old Man" Ayres, white-haired farmer, to his young and enthusiastic son. "Nothin' in all this truck they call 'progressiveness' and bein' modern and 'up-to-date' and a lot of other such tangle foolishness. These young fellers that's growin' up with a lot of new-fangled ideas about farmin' and chicken raisin' and drainin' lands and stickin' pebbles on the roof and runnin' telephone wires around your place are a pack of darn fools. They hain't had no experience, that's their complaint. It takes a practical farmer like me with forty years o' grubbin' to size up what's what on a farm. And I ain't a-goin' to have none of these fool new playthings around my place, you bet your bottom dollar. Nothin' in 'em!"

The "old man's" son knew better than to argue with his father. Experience had taught him that no amount of reasoning would appeal to his father, who was a typical "old-school" farmer, set in his ways and stone-deaf to all the pleadings of the wide-awake, progressive and educated son to improve the farm and get in line with sensible, modern farming methods.

"Why, just this mornin'," went on the old man, peevishly, "I was drivin' by Scott's place on the way to the store and I couldn't believe my own eyes when I saw Jed Scott and his three sons up on their barn roof laying down rolls of some fool stuff they called roofin'. There they was, puttin' down the stuff and nailin' it to the shingle roof with things they called Kleeets. They said they was goin' to have a tight roof this winter, all right, for they'd found the real stuff this time. Well, sir, I just laid back in that wagon and laughed

fit to kill myself. The darn fools, do they think they can get a tight roof with that kind o' wall-paperin' truck? Why, the first rain that comes along will go through that stuff like water through a sieve! That's what comes of bein' modern, as they all say. No, sir, the old shingle roof's good enough for me. It's kept my hay dry for forty year! t

"But that's just the trouble. I hasn't kept your hay dry without a lot of repairing and fixing which the modern roofing avoids," spoke up young Ayres, unable to resist any longer. "That roofing the Scotts are using is the best water-proofing ever invented, and it is proving its worth on hundreds of barns all through this section. No up-to-date farmer with his weather-eye open will use shingle or tin on his roofs any more."

"There you go again! You've got it worse than the rest. Picked it all up at school and from readin' books and these fool farm papers. Well, you can't work any of your crazy notions on this farm till your father's dead and buried. Then I can't prevent it, I reckon."

And the old man tottered off to bed, still shaking his head and muttering his anger. During the night it blew up hard and a regular northeaster descended on that section, bringing with it a deluge of driving, steady rain. Old man Ayres was greeted at sunrise with the cheerful announcement that the barn roof had sprung a lot of leaks, which were dripping water into his choicest mow of hay. All hands turned in and the entire morning was spent shunting hay out of the mow on to the dry barn floor. Neighbor Scott dropped in with his boys and they lent a helping hand.

It was a long, tedious, hot, sultry job, and all the time the men were at work in the dusty mow the water kept dripping steadily into the hay. "Old" Ayres worked with feverish haste, with the sweat rolling down his face and his temper getting more bitter with each drop from the badly leaking roof.

"There ain't no reason why this roof should be leakin'," he finally burst out, "it ain't old and it cost enough to put on to get a roof that would hold out the rain. Jim Black put on the shingles and he's a first-rate carpenter."

"But it's a shingle roof. They're out of date. No matter how well they're put on they're bound to give trouble," said young Ayres.

"Oh, you shut up!" snapped the old man. "I just thought you'd work in a lot of 'I told you so's' to-day. Guess there ain't no roof but what's leak in a rain like this. Your roof leakin', Jed?" he asked turned to his neighbor Scott.

"Not a dewdrop on the inside," replied Scott. "All tight and so dry you could strike a match anywhere. First heavy rainstorm I recollect when I didn't have to stretch canvas over my mows."

"Old Man" Ayres grunted and went on working in silence. Finally the work was finished and the neighbors had gone home.

"What'd you say the name of that roofin' was the Scotts used," the old man suddenly jerked out.

"Genasco Roofing."

"And we can put it on ourselves over the shingles, without having any roofers?"

"Sure. It's the easiest thing in the world to put on. They furnish what they call Kant-leak Kleeets for the seams so's you don't have to use cement."

"Where can we get it? Do we have to send 'way off to town for it while other rainstorms come along and drown out the whole barn?"

"Not a bit of it. We can get it right away at Irwin's store in the village. The makers have their dealers all over the country."

"Well, you hitch up right away and go over and get enough Genasco to cover up this barn! I'm sick of this rainin' in on a man's crops after he's worked like a horse all year to grow 'em and harvest 'em."

"You're waking up at last," laughed the son. "You're getting progressive."

"Progressive rot!" snapped the old man. "That's only showin' horse sense!"

"Oh," exclaimed the son as he

Union Bank of Canada

(Established 1865)

HEAD OFFICE

Authorized Capital \$8,000,000
Paid-up Capital 4,762,440
Rest and Undivided Profits 3,591,792

QUEBEC

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Over 240 branches in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia. London, Eng., No. 51 Threadneedle Street, E.C., F. W. Ashe, Manager.

GENERAL STATEMENT LIABILITIES

October 31, 1911

Paid-up Capital \$ 4,762,440
Rest and Undivided Profits 3,591,792
Notes in Circulation 4,825,098
Deposits 44,379,680

\$57,559,010

ASSETS

Gold, Silver, Dominion Notes \$ 4,582,195
Notes of, and Cheques on Other Banks 3,631,749
Deposit with Dominion Government for security of Note Circulation 190,000
Balances due from other Banks 1,393,589
Government and other Debentures 1,566,211
Call Loans on Stocks and Bonds 4,771,367
Other Loans and Discounts 39,185,422
Real Estate, Mortgages, Bank Premises, and other Assets 2,238,477

\$57,559,010

R. S. Barrow
Manager

D. S. Neeve
Assistant Manager

turned away. "I thought they were the same thing."

That evening when his son wasn't looking "Old Man" Ayres stole a look at one of the farm papers. There he eagerly read about the Genasco Roofing, how it is made of natural asphalt, taken right out of Trinidad Lake and filled with valuable natural oils which give it resisting life, and how Kant-leak Kleets ensure the perfect application of the perfect ready roofing.

Then he tiptoed to his sitting-room table and wrote a postal card to the Barber Asphalt Paving Company in Philadelphia, Pa., asking them for their "Good Roof Guide Book" and samples of Genasco Roofing.

"I guess I'll show 'em that you don't have to be a progressive fool to have plain horse-sense," he chuckled as he blew out the light and went off to bed.

THE DYSTHE FACE PROTECTOR

The Dysthe Face Protector is an article that is gaining in favor in the West. The popularity of this storm protector is shown by the fact that in the second year of its manufacture 45,000 booklets describing the Dysthe Protector went into circulation among its friends. This the third year of its manufacture finds it more popular than ever. Those who have to face the

winter day in and day out should know if you can do anything for her. write Martinius Dysthe for his booklet on The Dysthe Face Protector.

QUESTION and ANSWERS

VETERINARY

Enquiries dealing with matters of a veterinary nature are answered through our columns by a competent veterinarian free of charge to bona-fide subscribers. Details and symptoms must be clearly stated and on only one side of the paper. Full name and address of the writer must accompany each query, as a guarantee of good faith, but not necessarily for publication. When a reply is required by mail, one dollar (\$1.00) must be enclosed.

CHRONIC LAMINITIS

I have a five-year-old mare that got very stiff in front legs, either by standing on hard floor all winter, or by drinking or eating oats when very warm. When trying to back her out of stall she seems to put all her weight on her hind part and drags her front back. She has been this way for about eighteen months. Kindly let me

know if you can do anything for her. She is in foal.—C. A., Sask.

Ans.—This is a case of chronic laminitis—founder. On account of the length of time she has been foundered, the only way to afford relief is by suitable shoeing. If the soles are dropped—convexed—the web of the shoe should be wide and well seated out so as to cover and afford protection to as much of the sole as is possible. The shoe must be fitted so that it does not bear on the sole. Also, put on leather pads and pack with tar and oakum. Change the shoes every four weeks. If possible, while in the stable, keep her in a loose box, and if the temperature of the stable will permit, tie wet cloths around the coronet so that they hang down and around the walls of the feet.

BARB WIRE CUT

I have a horse that got cut in barb wire in June just above the hoof, but not in the joint. At present the wound is all healed up, but there is a hard swelling remaining. The horse has been on pasture the rest of the summer. His hip is drawn down, and is very lame when he walks. Kindly recommend treatment.—V. E., Sask.

Ans.—Your horse is lame apparently from the scar tissue, which is probably interfering with the action of important

structures, ligaments and tendons. It might be possible to remove the enlargement by a surgical operation. You should consult a good veterinary surgeon and be guided by his advice.

PROBABLY STONE IN THE BLADDER

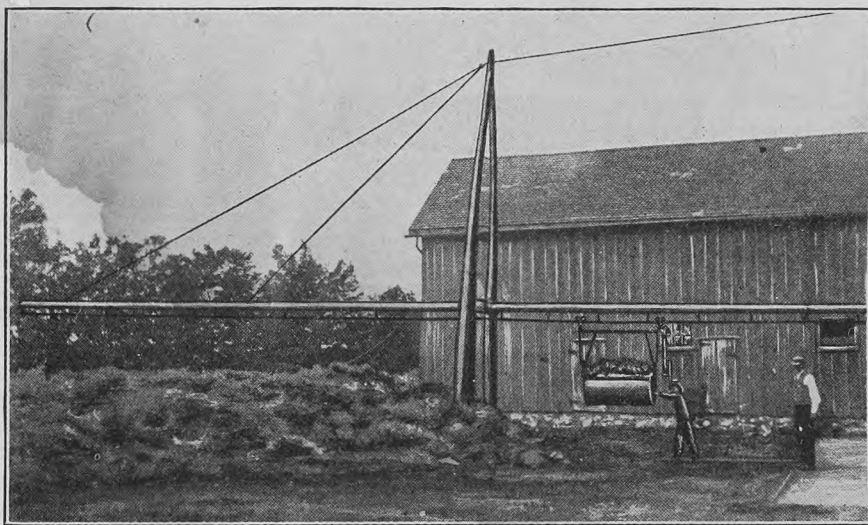
Kindly advise me as to what could be the trouble and the best remedy for a mare that wants to make water every hour or so. Sometimes the water is almost bloody-like, and she strains and grunts when she is finishing. The mare is seven years old, and I think with foal.—F. S. T., Sask.

Ans.—The symptoms point to stone in the bladder. You had better have her examined by a veterinary surgeon. If present, he may be able to remove it.

LAME HORSE

I have a black horse nine years old, weight about 1,400 pounds, which I was working on binder next to the grain. On August 26 while turning at one corner of the field something frightened the other two horses and they started to run, bringing binder around very suddenly, crowding the tongue over on to the hind leg of the grain horse, he being a Shire, and rather heavy, he did not hurry himself when the others started to run, and got caught on the right hock with the tongue of binder, causing him to limp. I thought of

HARD WORK MADE EASY



1,000 lbs. is easy work for a boy when it is in a BT Litter Carrier. On a strong, level overhead track it is easy to run the manure a good distance away from the barn, where it can be dumped either on a pile or directly into a wagon.

Cleaning out stables is one of the hardest and most disagreeable jobs on the farm. With a BT Litter Carrier you can take five times as much manure at a trip as with a barrow, and the Carrier is so easily handled that a boy can do the work. Surely that is better than making five trips through the mud and snow. No planks to lay, no paths to shovel; you have always a solid overhead track to run on. Decide now to have a BT Litter Carrier to help you. You will appreciate it every day. No other machine on the farm is used so many days in the year.

A Good Paying Investment

A Litter Carrier is a permanent investment. Running as it does on a level overhead track, there is nothing whatever to go wrong with it. We guarantee the BT Litter Carrier absolutely for five years. Other farm machinery is guaranteed for one year only. The BT Litter Carrier will last for 50 years. If there are any defects they should develop in five years, and we guarantee our Carrier absolutely for this length of time. With no other Litter Carrier is such a guarantee given. In fact, most of the firms change their Carrier every year, and they will have to keep on changing, for they simply can not possibly get around the patented points on the BT Litter Carrier. Get our catalogue and see why the BT Litter Carrier is such a success. When you understand the different styles, you would not take any other Litter Carrier at any price.

BUY A BT LITTER CARRIER

More BT Litter Carriers were sold last year in Canada than all other makes combined. Here are some of the reasons why:

The BT Litter Carrier is the simplest in construction and most heavily built. It weighs 50 lbs. more than the next heaviest. It has no gearing, cogs or ratchet.

Double Purchase is used in lifting. It goes up easily.

There are no worm gears to wear out.

Large wheels on double roller arms run on the track, which means steady and easy running.

The carrier is windlassed by a crank-wheel. There is no noise and rattle as with a chain lift.

The crank-wheel never comes in contact with the box, so that it always remains clean for windlassing, and also to shove the carrier along the track by.

The bucket is made of 18-gauge galvanized steel, four gauges heavier than others.

The track is 2 inches in depth; next deepest is only 1½ inches. The BT Litter Carrier track will carry a much bigger load than any other. It is also easier to erect, as the hangers will suit any style of ceiling.

It costs no more than others.

Write and get our prices, as now is the best time for installing a Litter Carrier, and we will make you a special proposition at the present time.

It will pay you to write us now. Fill out the coupon before you forget. You will be surprised how cheaply you can put in a BT Litter Carrier.

We also build Steel Stalls and Cow Stanchions and all kinds of Hay Carrier Goods.

Fill out the coupon below at once and get our book describing the BT Litter Carrier and our prices. The book tells how the carrier should be erected.

BEATTY BROS.

Brand n (9) Manitoba

Kindly send me (free) your book on Litter Carriers and prices.

I will need about..... feet of track, and expect to put in a Litter Carrier about.....

Will you need any Steel Stalls this year?..... If you indicate that you will need Stanchions, we will be pleased to send you (free) our catalogue and prices on them.

NAME.....

POST OFFICE.....

PROVINCE.....

BEATTY BROS., Brandon, Man.

**Head Office and Factory
Fergus, Ont.**

MARQUIS

"The World's Best Wheat"

As soon as seed becomes available MARQUIS WILL BE what Red Fife HAS BEEN—Universally grown; universally respected.

MARQUIS

First in the Stock

First in Productiveness

First in the eyes of the Judges
and Millers

Our stock is grown from seed that in 1910 won first prize at Saskatoon and Calgary exhibitions; first prize at the Brandon Mid-Winter Fair; first and second for the \$100.00 prize at the Indian Head exhibition, and second and third at the Saskatchewan Provincial Seed Fair.

Write for price and sample.

Mackay Farms
Box 332
Indian Head, Sask.

W. D. Lang
Box 115
Indian Head, Sask.

NOTE—In March 1910, we shipped from Indian Head the first full car of Marquis Wheat that had ever been put on the track.

course he had only got a little bruised from the tongue, and would be all right in a day or two, but he got worse and worse till I had to lay him off work. I went to see a veterinary surgeon and told him how it happened and what he was like. He said he thought it was a spavin coming and if I would examine him I could easily tell for myself, but I could find nothing. I then came to the conclusion it was his stifle that was strained, so I got a druggist to make a blister, which I applied with no satisfaction, he is still lame and badly stocked in opposite hind leg. I tried the other day to examine the stifle joint and while twisting his leg back and forwards I pulled hip joint out of place, by pulling his hock out and pressing in on stifle, and then on my pressing the opposite way, it went back into place with a loud crack. This, of course, was not the stifle joint, it was the hip or rump joint as I would call it. I am applying the mixture freely on both hip joint and on stifle but see no change as yet. I also wash every night with hot water before rubbing on blister. Kindly tell me what you think is the trouble, and what treatment should I give to cure him of his lameness.—J. W., Man.

Ans.—It is a very difficult task to attempt to make a diagnosis of your case of lameness. The only symptom given on which we could rely for guidance is the loud crepitating or cracking sound emanating from the region of the hip, while you were manipulating the leg in your endeavor to locate the seat of trouble. As it is practically impossible for a man to forcibly dislocate this particular articulation (on account of its anatomical conformation) we are inclined to the opinion that there is probably a fracture of the pelvic bone (hip bone). With fracture of certain parts of this bone the patient can carry all his weight on the affected limb and even walk, the leg would be more or less dragged along. The point of the hip on the lame side would be lower than its fellow on the opposite side, and the quarter would appear flat. As a rule these cases make a good recovery in from three to six months. There is very little to be done in the way of treatment, rest is the principal factor. To obtain rest it is often necessary to place the horse in comfortable slings. We hardly see how a blow from the tongue on the hock could cause a fracture of the pelvic bone, unless the horse either jumped or suddenly side-stepped, which might easily have been unnoticed by you at the time.

QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

GENERAL

Questions of general interest to farmers are answered through our columns without charge to bona-fide subscribers. Details must be clearly stated as briefly as possible, only one side of the paper being written on. Full name and address of the enquirer must accompany each query as an evidence of good faith, but not necessarily for publication. When a reply is required by mail, one dollar (\$1.00) must be enclosed.

WEEDS AND HERD LAW

A rented B's homestead, which adjoins mine. In the middle of the summer I find that B's place is just yellow with nearly all kinds of mustard. I went to see A and asked him if he would oblige me by doing something to that crop of his. He said that he had nothing to do with it, that B was responsible for the weeds as B never told him anything about his place being so infested with noxious weeds when he rented it from him. I went to the inspector and asked him to come and inspect the place, which he did right away. After he saw the place, I asked him what he thought should be done to it. By rights, he said, this crop should be cut down and burnt, or plowed down, but the council he did not think would go this far. Any way, he would put the matter before them and let me know what their decision would be. Well, A was asked to pull the weeds ten rods from my crop, and to burn the straw in the fall. This crop has been threshed since the end of September, and only yesterday the straw was

SEEDS
DROP A
POST CARD
for
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1912
SEED
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A.E. MCKENZIE Co. Ltd.
BRANDON, MAN.
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YOUR FACE PROTECTOR

IS THE BEST DEFENCE THAT
I KNOW.

These are the words of Dr. H. M. Speechly, of Pilot Mound, Man.



Dysthe's Face Protector

IS COMFORTABLE

EASY TO PUT ON

FLEXIBLE AND UNBREAK-
ABLE

Can be carried in the cap or pocket.
There is no snowstorm, sand storm or blizzard you can not face with comfort. You can stay inside while you are outside and look into the storm or blizzard as through a window. This man thinks it is worth ten times its cost.

M. Dysthe, Bellevue, Alta.

Winnipeg, Canada.

Dear Sir:—Have worn the Dysthe Face Protector in some of the coldest blizzards and some of the hardest frosts during last winter, and I always found it very satisfactory. There is one thing I will say: that I would never be without one, if I could get it at all. I think it is worth ten times what it cost, and I recommend every one who has to be out in the cold to get one of the Dysthe Face Protectors.

I remain,
Yours very truly,
Joseph McGeough.

It shields your eyes, nose, cheeks, forehead, chin, throat and ears.

Write for my FREE BOOK to-day and see what our home doctors and ministers say about them.

A guarantee given with every Face Protector sold.

Post paid to any point for \$1.00.

MARTINIUS DYSTHE

279 FORT STREET, WINNIPEG, MAN.

FREE THIS ALADDIN LAMP FREE
BURNS KEROSENE (Coal Oil)
Outshines city gas or electricity. Simple, noiseless, odorless, clean, safe, money-saving. Guaranteed. Write nearest office for catalogue M and learn how to get an Aladdin Mantle Lamp FREE.
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on money back guarantee, not one returned. Stacey sold 12 in one hour. Newsom sold 12 in 10 calls. Gibson sold 45 in 5 days. Sells itself. Needed in every home. Our Sunbeam Burner fits other lamps. Complete line for homes, stores, etc. Ask for our liberal agency proposition.
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1-4 lb. Clubb's \$1 Mixture.

1 Genuine Briar Pipe, either straight or bent stem.

1 No. 4 Rubber Tobacco Pouch of good quality.



Above combination, exactly as cut, sent to any part of Canada post paid upon receipt of **\$1.00**

We also carry a full stock of pipes, Cigars and Smokers' Sundries suitable for Christmas Gifts. Tell us what you want.

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NEVER BEFORE HAS

CANADA

LOOMED SO LARGE IN THE PUBLIC EYE

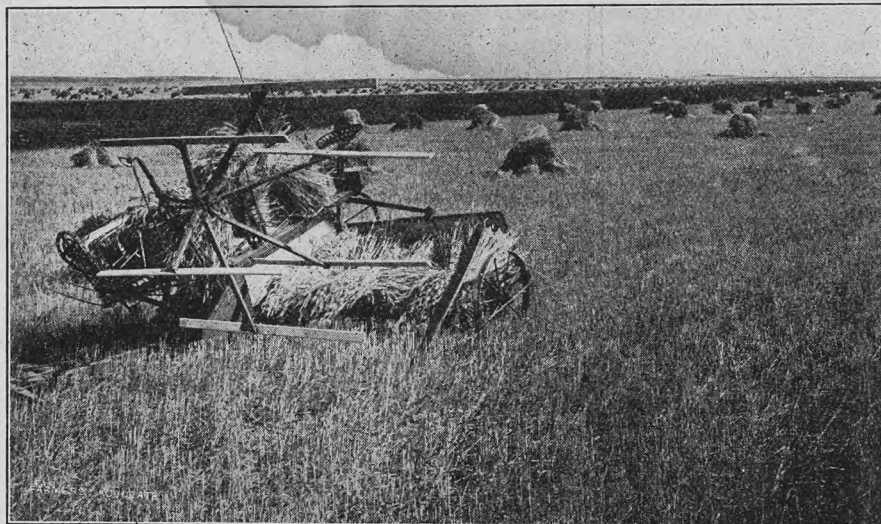
THE
FREE FARMS
OF THE
WESTERN PROVINCES

Attract the land-hungry from all quarters of the globe. The **CHEAP IMPROVED LANDS** in other provinces offer an unequalled opportunity to secure ready-made farms in settled districts.



BREAKING FOR HIS FIRST CROP

THE OPPORTUNI-
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TIME NOW PRE-
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WHY NOT EM-
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W. D. SCOTT SUPERINTENDENT OF IMMIGRATION **OTTAWA, CANADA**



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THE 100%

Perfect Universal Fire Extinguisher



Quart Sizes Only

Strongly Built of
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burnt. From November 13 the cattle have been running at large (though the herd law does not run out before November 31), and coming on that place eat the stuff and chaff, which is just full of mustard seed, and, besides, where the separator sat, there is a heap of pure mustard seed (about five bags), which the cattle has partaken of as well and then they come on my place—B. H. J., Sask.

Ans.—If it turns out next year that the land of the homesteader on which cattle strayed has been damaged through the mustard seed being brought on the land by the cattle, there will be a civil action for damages against the owner of the cattle, as apparently these cattle had no right to be at large until after the end of November, the time fixed by the council of the local improvement district, or the rural municipality as the case may be. There will be no civil action against the occupant or owner of the adjoining land, unless it can be clearly proven that damage has been suffered from the seed being carried to the land by the wind or some such natural means as that. The mere fact that a neighboring field is weedy will not give a right of action unless there is actual damage. If the land has suffered damage through the seed being conveyed by the wind, or such other natural causes, it would appear that there would be a right of action against both the landlord and the tenant, since apparently there was no covenant made by either of these parties with the other to clean the land, and since the land was weedy when it was let. The fact that the occupant was ignorant of its condition would make no difference.

So much as to the rights to a civil action. By the Noxious Weeds Act a person who does not obey the notice of an inspector is liable to a penalty, but the action can be brought only by the council or inspector, and of course the penalty will not go to the person whose land is injured. In this case, however, the party notified obeyed the terms of the notice. He was notified to pull the weeds ten rods from the crop of his neighbor, and to burn the straw in the fall. He threshed at the end of September, and burnt the straw on November 16. There was, it is true, a considerable interval between the threshing and the burning, but as the notice was that the straw was to be burnt in the fall, and not immediately after threshing, the terms have apparently been fulfilled by the burning on November 16.

The Department of Agriculture, to which the party who has suffered damage might make complaint, is of course the Provincial Department of Agriculture at Regina, but we do not think that the Department of Agriculture could take any action. The department could only remind the council of its duties.

LIEN NOTE NOT PAID

If a person buys a horse in the spring and gives a lien note for same until fall, what can the holder of the note do if the person giving the note finds he can not pay it when due?—J. A.

Ans.—The remedies of the holder of the lien note would depend upon the conditions of the lien note itself. He would, however, in case of default be entitled to re-take possession of the horse and to sue the maker of the note for damages for breach of contract. The damages would be based upon the loss to the vendor caused by the failure of the purchaser to carry out the purchase, and would be the difference between the purchase price set out in the lien note and the value of the horse at the time possession was re-taken.

GETTING HORSES IN SHAPE

1. What will make a horse's mane grow? I have two or three which have rubbed their entire manes out, and I would like to grow them in this winter.

2. What is the best feed for old horses? I have a team I would like to flesh up during the winter.—A. J. I.

Ans.—1. There is nothing that will materially hasten the growth of the mane. However, much could be done to prevent the horses from rubbing it off as it grows. First, see that your horses are free from lice: wash the

mane and neck thoroughly with soap and water, and if there are any lice, wash with ten-per-cent. solution of creolin, followed by another application in ten days. Feed these horses plenty of loosening feed, such as bran mash, etc. This kind of food will relieve any skin disorders which may cause much of the rubbing spoken of.

2. Chop all the grain for these aged horses. If the hay could be cut up, dampened and mixed with the grain, so much the better. Feed a mixture of grains, oats and barley chopped, with an occasional bran mash, would be good. Feed a handful of linseed meal with the grain. This is the most concentrated food procurable at a reasonable price, and it will require some such feed to give these aged horses the finish that you wish.

WILD OATS

Will wild oats germinate and grow at any time during the growing season, that is any time from the thaw-out in the spring until the ground freezes up in the fall?—"TAME OATS," Brandon.

Ans.—A portion of the wild oat crop will germinate in the fall from the crop of that year if the seeds become buried and obtain sufficient moisture and suitable temperature for germination, a portion will remain over to spring and many until the summer or even the next fall before growing. Much depends upon the condition the seeds are placed in. If all are nicely buried and not too deeply the seeds will usually all germinate within one season. If, however, some are on top of the soil, some just buried, and others buried deeply, it may take years for all the seeds to germinate and they will germinate at all seasons of the year as they are brought under favorable conditions. Usually, however, the seed will not live for more than three or four years.

GOSSIP

PROGRESS NUMBER OF RED DEER NEWS

The progress number of *The News* of Red Deer, Alta., is one of the tasty and progressive pieces of journalism that from time to time reaches this office. While this number is in itself very up-to-date and attractive it is intended to bring out the advantages of Red Deer and surrounding district. It points out particularly the great possibilities of mixed farming and dairying in the Red Deer country, and shows the great headway this phase of farming has made, pointing also to the prominent standing some dairymen in this district are maintaining.

BRITISH CEREAL CROPS

(OUR ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE)

For several weeks our markets have been abundantly supplied with wheat, both home and foreign grown. The unusually liberal marketing of British wheat continues, and the quality is very fine. Millers are using home wheat in far greater proportion than in ordinary years, on account of its superior quality and dryness. The home product sells at about 7s. 6d. per cental, and in spite of a recent advance, is by far the cheapest sort of wheat on the market, as the quality is the finest for many years.

British wheat growers have done well out of this year's crop. The area was greater by 100,000 acres, and the yield was nearly a million quarters more than in 1910. The average yield per acre for the decade 1901-10 was 31.73 bushels—this year the average is 32.87 bushels. The English average on 1,800,000 acres is 32.63, and the Scottish on about 63,000 acres is 42.53. Scotland keeps only a small wheat acreage, but has a grand average. For ten years she has averaged almost 40 bushels to the acre.

Autumn cultivation has made excellent progress, except on very heavy lands, plenty of rain has fallen, and large areas of wheat have been sown. Winter wheat is nearly all in the ground, and the young crop is everywhere looking healthy.

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SAALFELD & McLEAN

344 GARRY ST., WINNIPEG, MAN.

of excellent home-grown wheat on the market is the paucity of Canadian wheat of quality—No. 2 Northern is the best procurable at present. Still, in spite of comparatively low grade, the Canadian wheat commands the best price on the market. The price of No. 2 Northern is 7s. 11½d. per cental, and No. 3 Northern at 7s. 8d. is worth 2d. more than best English. Best Australian sells for 7s. 8d.; Californian, at 7s. 5d.; Karachi, at 7s. 2d.; Danubian, at 7s. 6d., and Russian, at 7s. 5d.

Such prices in comparison with your Western wheat of much lower grade than usual are encouraging to your farmers. If the elusive No. 1 Hard could be procured on British markets it would command a substantial premium over wheat from any country. Imports of wheat to date are just over twenty million centals, which is about three and a half million centals less than to the same time last year.

Barley is another "gold mine" for the British farmer at present. The new barley is of excellent malting quality, and often weighs 454 pounds to the quarter. The price of the best samples has ranged from 40s. to 42s. per quarter. So large has been the demand since harvest that fully three million quarters of the new crop have been sold. Good feeding barley is selling for as much as wheat—about 32s. per quarter, and Californian barley is bringing 37s. per quarter. The area devoted to barley in Great Britain this year was nearly 1,600,000 acres. The yield was 31.91 bushels to the acre—about a bushel and a half below the decade average. The generally high quality and high prices more than offset the decreased yields.

Oats have not done so well. About 3,000,000 acres are devoted to oat growing—the yield for 1911 is estimated at a little over fourteen million quarters. The average yield has been 38 bushels, or over 2 bushels per acre below average. The crop is the smallest since 1901.

But as in the case of barley, the better prices offset the smaller yield. Oats are worth 21s. per quarter, against 17s. a year ago. Your farmers sent us 90,000 quarters during October, and these sold at from 21s. to 22s. per quarter of 320 pounds.

Cereals have done well in Britain this year, but hay has done poorly. The clover, etc., crops are estimated at 2,612,532 tons, while last year the total crop was 3,264,338 tons. The yield was just over 25 cwt. per acre, or about 5 cwt. below the average.

The hay from permanent grass land was 4,570,708 tons, against over 6,000,000 last year. The acreage yield was 18½ cwt.—a drop of nearly 6 cwt. from the average. The clover yield was the smallest since 1883, and of meadow hay the smallest since 1901.

SCOTTISH SMALL HOLDINGS BILL
The Scottish small holdings bill, which was rejected several years ago by the House of Lords, seems in a fair way of becoming law. The bill is now in the committee stage in the Commons, and a much more amicable spirit is abroad in the discussion. The census figures for rural Scotland have been a big factor in softening asperities, as every one recognizes that something must be done to stay the depopulation.

One matter, not really necessary to the bill, is causing feeling. It is proposed to set up a separate Board of Agriculture for Scotland. English members are strongly opposed to the idea, claiming that the division is totally unnecessary, and that two separate boards for contiguous countries will have disastrous effects on live stock, owing to possible differences in administering the Animal Diseases Act. Scottish members generally support the new board, and as the government seems to favor a separate authority, if the bill passes Scotland will have its own Board of Agriculture.

F. DEWHIRST.

SLACK COOPERAGE MANUFACTURED IN 1910

The production of slack cooperage is a much greater industry in Canada than tight cooperage, which is due to the shortage of Canada's hardwood lumber supply and to the fact that there is very little timber now growing in Canada of sufficiently fine quality to make barrels for the containing of oils and liquors. The forestry branch of

the Department of the Interior, states that reports from 133 cooperage plants in Canada show that over four-fifths of the total value of cooperage produced in Canada during 1910 was composed of slack cooperage. The total value of the slack cooperage stock was \$1,395,545, and was made up as follows:—104,821,000 slack staves worth \$736,960; 9,860,000 sets of slack heading worth \$330,480; and 38,244,000 hoops worth \$328,105.

In the manufacture of slack staves in 1910, fourteen kinds of wood were used, for one of which, elm, a production of over sixty million staves was reported, and for six of which (beech, cottonwood, hemlock, pine, oak and cedar), a total of less than two million was reported. Although the proportion of four-fifths of the total formed by elm and spruce is the same as in 1909, spruce is slowly becoming more important as a stave wood. Over two million more pieces of spruce were produced in 1910, and five million elm staves less than in 1909. Every species of wood used in stave production except cottonwood and cedar was used in the production of heading, as short lengths and pieces not suitable for staves can be readily used for this purpose. The percentage of the heading manufac-

tured from each of the leading species was:—Basswood, 37.7 per cent.; poplar, 19.3 per cent.; spruce, 14.7 per cent., and elm, 10.7 per cent. Elm is the principal hoopwood, contributing in 1910 over four-fifths of the total. Over a million hoops each of spruce and poplar were produced, and with elm form nine-tenths of the hoops manufactured. More elm is used in Canada for the manufacture of slack barrels than for lumber.

EXPERIMENTS IN ARMY HORSE BREEDING

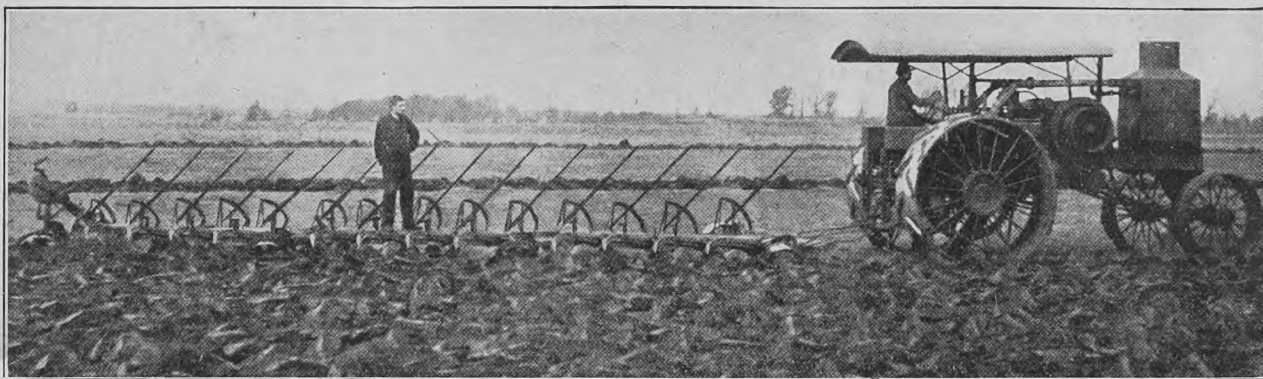
The United States government has outlined a plan to encourage the breeding of horses for the army, whereby mare owners in suitable sections will have the command of service to first-class stallions free, in return for which they agree to give the United States options on resulting foals at a fair price. The plan was taken up as a means to provide a good supply of horses such as the army needs, which, strange as it may seem, is rapidly becoming more and more limited. An appropriation was suggested at the last session of the 61st congress, but no action was taken, one objection being that the plan was not practical—that farmers

would not enter into such agreements with the government.

Fortunately, funds were available to make an experiment to determine this point. August Belmont, of New York, presented to the government two of his best-known stallions, Henry of Navarre and Octagon, and the department of agriculture placed them at the command of farmers in the vicinity of Front Royal, Virginia, on exactly the terms outlined in the government plan.

By the approval of the war department, the price to be paid for the resulting foals at three years of age was \$150, and no difficulty whatever was experienced in getting farmers to breed their mares under these terms. About 50 mares were bred, the stallions reaching Virginia somewhat late in the season and Octagon's usefulness being curtailed by a severe attack of distemper.

The interest of the Virginia farmers is keen, and already 50 additional mares have been offered for the season of 1912, and the services of more stallions could easily be utilized if available.



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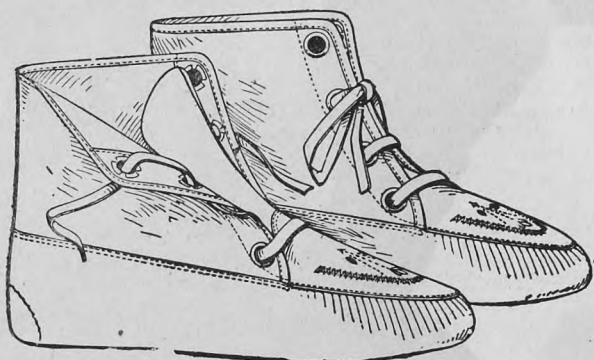
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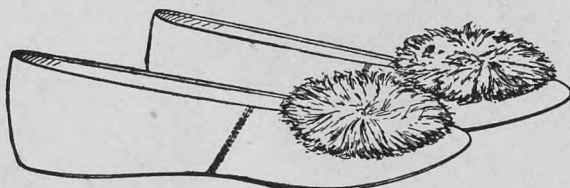


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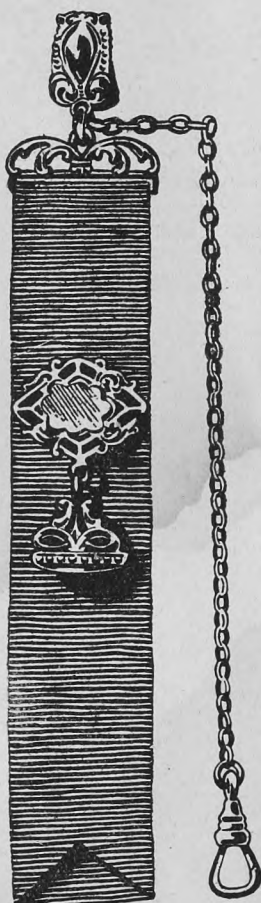


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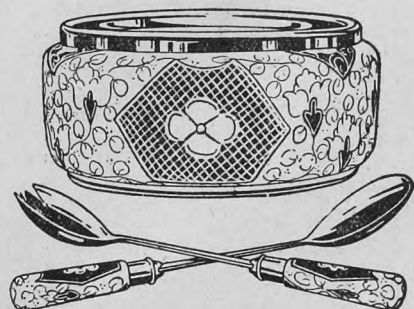
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TORONTO

FARMER'S ADVOCATE

AND HOME JOURNAL

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VOL. XLVI.

WINNIPEG, CANADA, DECEMBER 6, 1911

NO. 1602



SIR WM. WHYTE

Home Attractions to Prevent Migration

By Sir William Whyte

A GOOD deal has been said in connection with the high cost of living. Some students of political economy have advanced as a reason the crowding of young men from the country to the cities and suggest a remedy — a return to the land. Admitting, for argument's sake, that the aforesaid reason is a true explanation of the increased cost of living, it is obvious that something must be done to overcome the lure of the city and to make the home of the farmer more attractive to young people. One thing has struck me that might be done with good results, and that is—throw open the sitting room or parlor, a room that is seldom used, but that rather is reserved for very special purposes, such as a visit from the clergyman or some other important personage. If the young people were encouraged to use this room and to invite their boy or girl friends to visit them and spend the evenings in games and other healthy recreations, I believe that it would go a long way towards counteracting the lure of the city. Young people must be given opportunity and facilities for enjoying themselves, and, to my mind, the best place for this is the home.

Another thing that would tend to make life on the farm more attractive is good roads. If the facilities that good roads would afford farmers and their families for visiting their neighbors were

provided, I am of the opinion that there would be more contentment on the farm. Man is a social animal; therefore, every reasonable facility should be provided for social intercourse. The good road in addition to affording better facilities for visiting would also enhance the value of every acre of land served by the good road, because it would reduce the wear and tear of horses and vehicles of every description, and would enable the farmer to cover the distance between his farm and the railway station in less time, and as time to the farmer is of value, as it is to every one engaged in business, the saving thereby in transportation from the farm to the railway station would be considerable. Good roads could be used during all seasons, I think; that can not be done now, especially in the spring and autumn and after heavy rains.

The rural telephones have accomplished a great deal towards breaking the monotony of life on the farm, especially with the womenfolk, by the mere fact of their being able to carry on a conversation with their neighbors. Every member of the household finds the telephone a convenience. It is doing much to make the farm home more satisfying. Every farmer should equip his residence with this modern convenience.

At this Christmas season there is time to reflect on deficiencies that have given excuse to our young people who drift to urban centres. A little study of the situation will lead to at least a partial solution. When members of the family who have wandered away gather home for the holiday, talk the matter over and look for a remedy.

King George V. as a Farmer and Stockman

By F. DEWHIRST Our Regular English Correspondent)

IN the days when the future destiny of Canada was the cause of fierce conflicts between England and France there sat upon the throne of England a King upon whom his subjects bestowed the name of "Farmer George." And George the Third justly deserved the popular soubriquet, for he took a keen personal interest in agriculture, and did much for live stock improvement. It was during his reign that the famous Shorthorn herd was established at Windsor.

In these happier days when Briton and Frenchman no longer contend for mastery, but work side by side in the development of the fair Dominion's resources, another George is king. King George the Fifth bids fair to be another "Farmer George" because he has for many years shown great interest in country life and pursuits. He is just as keen in matters pertaining to live stock as his father was before him.

When the King was a young man a little dairy farm was given to him at Sandringham. There was a small cottage, a cow house, a field or two—in fact just what we now term a "small holding." But the farming was good enough to turn out Berkshire pigs that could win championship honors. It is a far cry from the little West Newton farm to the control of the great farms at Windsor, Sandringham and Balmoral. Not only is King George a great landlord, he is also a tenant farmer. He leases Abergeldie Mains, an Upland farm near Balmoral.

Windsor is the official country residence of the King. The Royal Farms, as they are termed, are not so extensive as one might expect, but altogether about 1,500 acres are under cultivation. Stock rearing is the principal object of the farming operations, so the crops are arranged to that end. The soil is of a clayey character, and a five-course rotation is pursued.

The Shorthorn herd at Windsor has long been one of the most famous in the country. About fifty years ago the modern herd was founded on the blood of the most famous families of the day—the Bates and Booth. Other strains were introduced at intervals, but of late years the introduction of Cruikshank blood has largely remoulded the herd along Scottish breeding lines.

Windsor has produced many famous winners amongst Shorthorns at the great agricultural shows. "Royal Duke" (74329), was champion bull many times. Another great bull was "New Year's Gift," and the wonderful cow, "Cicely,"

not only won at home, but was equally successful in the United States. The famous bull, "Evander," now heads the Windsor herd. A roan heifer from Windsor won first place amongst a capital class of yearling heifers at the Royal Show this year.

by the Windsor cattle at the Royal and Smithfield shows. A wonderful record.

A herd of Jerseys is kept for private dairy purposes, and there is a handsome dairy building, with magnificently decorated tiled walls and floors. The great features of the Windsor cow house, are the amount of air space allowed, and the lightness of the room. Generous-sized fanlights supplement effectively the wall windows. There are no dark, gloomy places where live stock abide on the Royal Farms.

The Sandringham estate is the King's personal property. It is rather the home of a country gentleman than a Royal residence, and the King spends many a pleasant holiday there. The estate is in a rather sandy section of the broad county of Norfolk, and was once marsh land. But there are no signs of marshes now, and the many fine oak trees attest that the land has long been won from the sea. The King's residence is not a large one, but it is set in the midst of delightful rural scenes.

Sandringham has some fine live stock, all well housed. The buildings are not at all showy, but the comfort of the animals is evidently carefully studied. The sheds are quite picturesque with their red tile roofs. Most of the men on the estate have seen long service with the King, and as they are well treated very few leave. A fine stud of Shire horses was established by the late King Edward, and this is being developed under the present King. The stud has produced several notable horses.

The Thoroughbred stud at Sandringham produced the three great stallions: "Persimmon," "Florizel 2nd" and "Diamond Jubilee." In twelve years these three horses earned in fees, public and private, nearly £270,000.

From a live stock standpoint, however, Sandringham is best known for its Southdown sheep. This fine mutton breed has well nigh attained perfection under the careful system of breeding prevailing. Championship honors have been won over and over again at many shows.

In Scotland, the King is a tenant farmer as well as the owner of picturesque Balmoral. It is at Abergeldie that the noted Aberdeen-Angus herd is kept. It was during Queen Victoria's days that the herd was founded, and the best blood of Scotland has brought the quality up to the present high standard. Several representatives



His Majesty King George V. in Scotch Kilts

(By special permission of W. & D. Downey, London, Eng., Royal photographers by appointment)

Scarcely less famous are the Windsor Herefords and Devons. Both herds have an excellent record. The Herefords have won at many fat stock shows, and the champion female Devon at the Norwich Royal was from the Royal herd. In the last ten years no fewer than thirty-one championship and special prizes have been won



The King's Training Stable at Egerton House, Newmarket

from the herd were shown at this year's Royal, and secured several prizes. King George is said to have an especial admiration for the Doddies.

In a general sense, the King may truthfully be said to be a good farmer. His farms are well and carefully tilled; his stock high in quality, well fed and well housed, and the men and women employed are paid decent wages, and housed in sanitary cottages. As a landlord, his example might be followed with profit by many other land-owners in Britain.

The King has long taken great interest in agricultural shows. In 1897 he was president of the Royal Agricultural Society, when the show at Manchester was the most successful in the society's history. He was again president in 1903. In 1906, the King presided over the Smithfield Club Show at Islington.

One of the first acts of King George upon his accession to the throne last year was to intimate his continued patronage of agriculture, horse breeding and the turf, and his intention to keep up the Royal Farms. Notwithstanding the unending calls upon the time of a King in his coronation year, he accepted the presidency of the Royal Show at Norwich. The King was also the largest exhibitor, and the entries were the most varied.

Not only did the King send his best stock, but he visited the show himself, and had a magnificent reception from the enormous crowd present. The city of Norwich presented a loyal address, and this article may be fittingly closed by a quotation from King George's answer.

The King said: "My presence here as president of the Royal Agricultural Society of England indicates my wish and intention to promote, as far as in me lies, the advancement of agriculture and the breeding of stock, an industry not only of value to this locality, but of capital importance to the kingdom, and my whole Empire. It is my earnest wish to follow in my father's footsteps, and to give encouragement, countenance and support to all well-directed efforts for the benefit of agriculture, and for the welfare of all classes of people who are engaged in agricultural production."

Our Christmas Box

This special issue needs no comment. It speaks for itself. The article on this page and the one opposite, written by our English Correspondent F. Dewhurst, is but a sample of the interest that is embodied in the reading matter and illustrations of the eighty-four pages. Generally speaking, Sir William Whyte—until recently vice-president of the C.P.R.—sounds the keynote when he pleads for better conditions in the rural home as a means of keeping the girls and boys on the farm. Rev. Dr. Bland since coming to Winnipeg, has been in the forefront of the fight for higher ideals in Canadian life and action. His article deserves special study.

King Wheat is dealt with by R. Grant Thomson, B.S.A., who graduated from Ontario Agricultural College last spring and immediately joined the editorial staff of THE ADVOCATE. Being brought up in the West a special study was made of wheats in the preparation of a thesis. His article in this issue outlines the result of his investigation and goes to show that the variety Marquis has qualities that make it rival if not surpass the old standard variety Red Fife. Then Geo. B. Curran, B.S.A., another college graduate with considerable experience in journalism in the Canadian West as well as practical experience in homesteading in Northern Manitoba, reviews incidents of his bush country experiences and reports two years' progress. Dr. A. B. Hess, an authority on rural education, also speaks his views through this issue.

But it is not necessary to outline the contents. The Home Journal is full of good things. The illustrations also are appropriate and attractive.

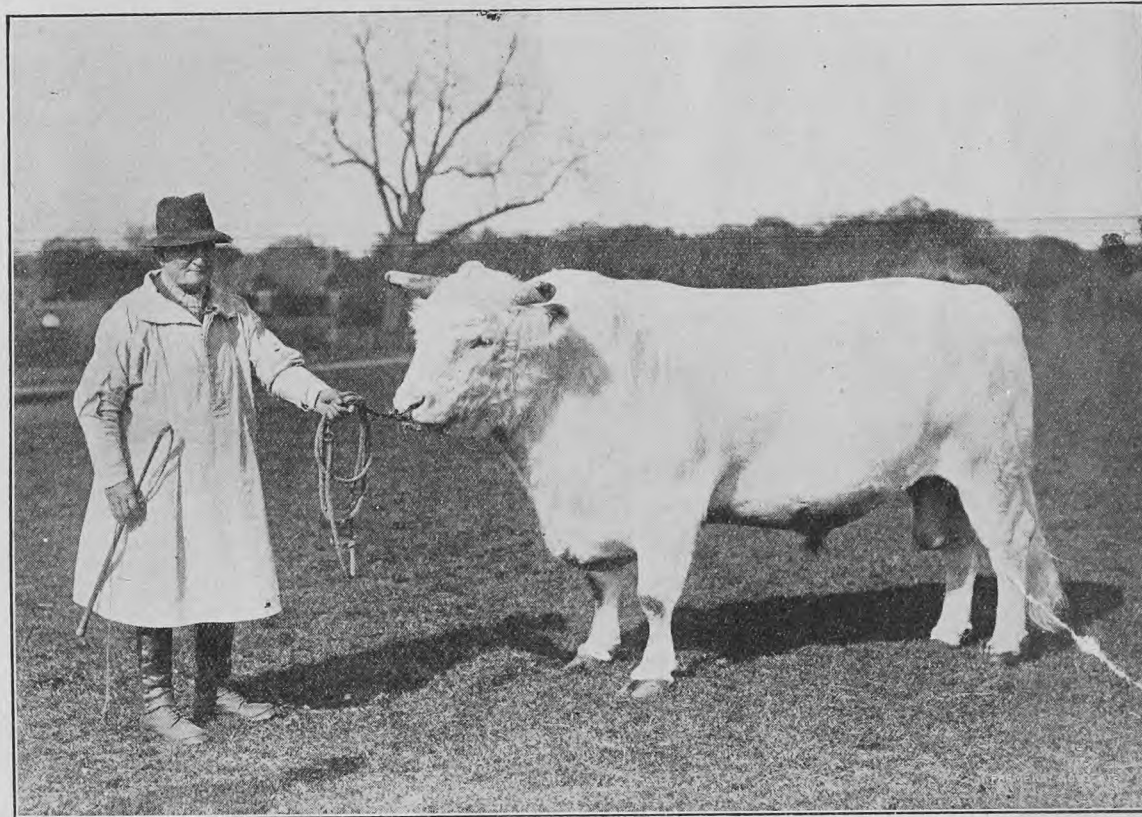
Then the advertising pages demand the attention of every reader. Live stock men appreciate the tendency to adopt live stock raising in this part of Canada and advertise to such extent that every one can find a fine selection from which to make purchases.

We wish all our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

SHIRES AND SHORTHORNS ON THE KING'S FARMS



Shire Mares and Foals, Royal Farms, Sandringham



Shorthorn Bull, Shawood Alfred, With 70-years-old Jack Robbins, Herdsman in Three Reigns in the Last 30 Years



Shorthorn Cows and Calves at Pasture, Royal Farms, Windsor, England

Canada's Greatest Need — A National Ideal

By S. G. BLAND, D.D., Wesley College

CANADA'S greatest need is certainly not more territory or larger natural resources. The province of Saskatchewan alone is nearly 40,000 square miles larger than Germany. It is probably able to support as large a population, and the population of Germany is upwards of 63,000,000.

Canada's greatest need is not population. That is coming to her, it may be safely affirmed, notwithstanding the disappointment of the census returns, as fast as is well, perhaps faster. Immigration into the United States has never more than slightly exceeded a million per annum, and it did not reach that figure till 1905, when the total population of the United States was about 85,000,000. The ratio was thus at the highest stage, one newcomer to each eighty already in the country. With a population of a little over 7,000,000 it is estimated that during this year Canada will receive 350,000 strangers, a ratio of one to twenty. Immigrants are thus pouring into Canada about four times as fast as ever they did into the United States. What thoughtful people in the United States think about their success in assimilating their relatively much smaller additions is generally known. No wise Canadian will suppose Canada's greatest need to be a more rapidly increasing population.

It is conceivable that some might think Canada's greatest need more capital. When we consider, however, how much Canadian capital is invested in Mexico and Cuba and that it is estimated that some \$200,000,000 of British funds are being invested in the Dominion every year, more capital can hardly be called the greatest need.

Canada's greatest need is an inspiring, ennobling and unifying national ideal.

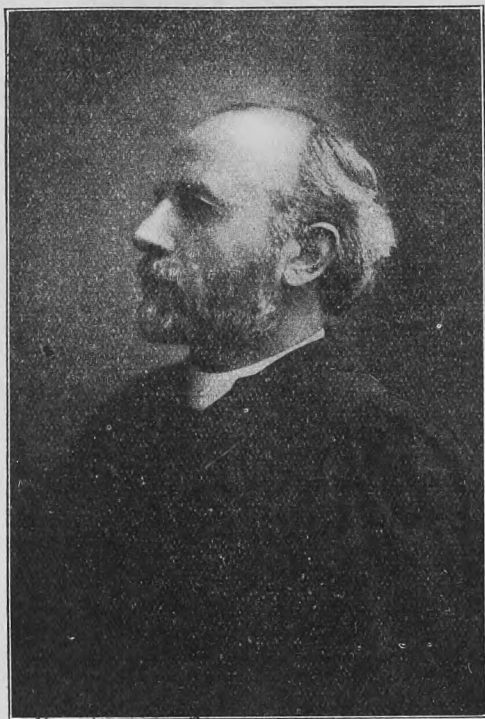
Without this no people has ever achieved greatness.

Historical illustrations abound.

A main factor in the amazing part the tiny country of Greece has played in the history of civilization was the common Hellenic consciousness. Despite the rivalries of the little city states the Greeks were unified and inspired by the consciousness of their distinctness from the envying barbarians, the consciousness of their political freedom, their intellectual and artistic activity, their pursuit of physical and mental perfection.

The pre-eminence of Athens among the Greeks

was in great measure due to the Athenian ideal, by none, perhaps, so clearly seen and so ardently ever cherished as by Athens' greatest statesman, Pericles. The dream of Pericles was to make Athens the school of Hellas, the Athenian the embodiment of the Greek at his highest. This ideal lay at the heart of that period of unrivalled intellectual brilliance—Athens' golden age.



Rev. Dr. S. G. Bland

A member of the staff of Wesley College, Winnipeg, and one of the soundest thinkers in Canada on religious, social or national problems

To ascribe the vast and wonderfully enduring empire of Rome to mere lust of conquest or brute force would be unjust. The greatest factor in the Roman empire was the Roman ideal—a patriotism and self-subordination that impressed the more quick-witted and artistic but less disciplined Greeks, with a kind of awe, a reverence for law and order and a sense of justice only surpassed by the similar traits that in modern times in a kindred race have built up even a vaster empire. Virgil expresses the mingled

pride and humility and sense of responsibility of this Roman consciousness in the famous lines: "Others better may mould the life-breathing brass of the image,

"And the living features, I ween, draw from the marble, and better

"Argue their case in the court; may mete out the span of the heavens;

"Mark out the bounds of the poles, and name all the stars in their turnings.

"But thou, O Roman, remember to govern the tribes of thy empire:

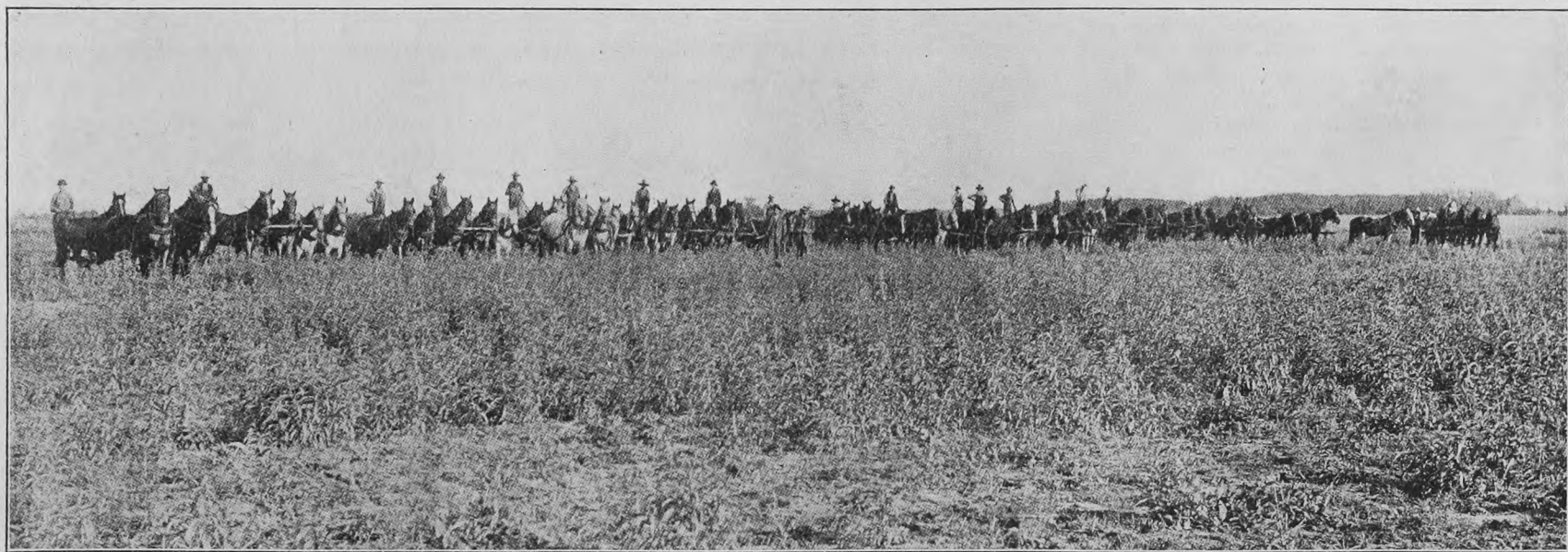
"These be thine arts, to impose the conditions of peace on the conquered,

"Sparing the captives in war, and crushing the haughty in battle." Aeneid vi. 847-853.

It was a common and an inspiring consciousness that uplifted England in the great days of Elizabeth. Englishmen felt they were the champions of freedom and Protestantism against the blighting and cruel tyranny and bigotry of Spain. The nation stood for something heroic and unspeakably precious.

No movement in history perhaps, shows more strikingly what a national ideal can do for a people than the French Revolution. It was a volcanic eruption in its suddenness and explosive force. It was a tidal wave in the irresistibility and rapidity of its spread. The tidal wave carried a despot on its crest; it was far from being wholly true to its primitive impulses, but the tremendous enthusiasm which startled and almost subjugated Europe was born of the sense, stimulating even to intoxication, of being the first of peoples to win freedom and of the consciousness of a sacred mission to free nations that had not yet cast off their tyrants.

It is a similar phenomenon we encounter in the first and greatest of modern republics. Nothing explains so well the distinctive worth and achievements (and possibly some of the most distinctive defects), of the United States as the saying which probably has been oft-times on the lips of the people of the United States than any other, "This is a free country." Here was something which justified the existence of the United States—there was no other country that could compare with her in freedom. She was freer even than Great Britain in her more absolutely and purely popular government, in the absence of hereditary crown, aristocracy, caste, in her entire freedom



Twenty Four-horse Teams Turn Out to Show That Their Owners Have a Neighborly Spirit

In the Gladstone country last season a farmer was so unfortunate as to be sick, thereby getting behind with his work. The neighbors clubbed together and turned out in full force with four-horse outfits to help him. D. Adamson and F. B. McKenzie superintended the work. Among those who took part were J. McConnell, W. Switzer, A. McLeod, G. Bowles, R. Wallace, D. Paul, J. Mustard, R. Clayton, J. Anson, J. Drummond, R. Switzer, A. Stewart, Wm. Jarvis, J. Irwin, T. Drummond, J. McAchney, and Messrs. Chapman, McCaskill, and Ward. This was true neighborliness.



E. E. Payne and His Plowing Outfit That Has Turned Hundreds of Acres This Season

With this outfit Mr. Payne has worked on contract throughout the Arden and Plumas districts. For a great part of the time two gangs were used, so that the outfit ran day and night, turning over as high as 70 acres a day. A caboose, cook and boarding requirements are carried.

(in theory, at least), of opportunity. Men were drawn to her by this lure from all lands, and every immigrant as he landed was enlarged and inspired. He lived with new energy and conceived a passionate devotion to the country which gave him such liberty. It is this consciousness of leading the world in freedom and government by the people which has made the first century and a quarter of the history of the United States in many respects the most wonderful achievement in the world's history.

The noblest example, however, of what a national ideal can do is seen in the history of Israel. A little people, distinguished neither intellectually nor artistically, of negligible military power, and insignificant commercially, has been given the supreme place in history by their consciousness of being the people of the one true God, Jehovah.

If no people, then, has played a great part in history that has not been united and uplifted by a national ideal the enquiry becomes of deep interest. What is the Canadian ideal? What is there distinctive in the Canadian consciousness? What *raison d'être* has the Canadian nation? Why should there be a Canada? Would the world miss anything if Canada were submerged in the neighboring republic and the very name forgotten?

It is to be feared that some Canadians have no ideal. They see in the future nothing but bigness—the Western prairies as densely populated as Lombardy and farm lands selling for \$150 an acre. They think of Canada's destiny only in millions of people and hundreds of millions of bushels of wheat—content apparently that Canada should become a second China.

What does the word Canadian mean now? It is questionable if it has as yet any meaning except a geographical and economic. It stands for a large region on the map with plenty of room for more people.

Other national names have a meaning.

German stands for the scientific ordering of human life—war, education, manufacture, civic administration.

French suggests lucidity of thought, artistic sense, social culture.

English connotes respect for law, fair play, thoroughness of workmanship; *Scotch*, intelligence, thrift, ambition; *Irish*, geniality, aptitude for politics, absence of any marked repugnance to a fight.

The word *American* carries with it the idea of shrewdness, resourcefulness, enterprise, optimism, good-fellowship.

The word *Canadian* is as yet meaningless. The Canadian has not found himself. He is largely plastic, unshaped, unfixed. He resembles a young man in one of Charles Kingsley's stories who was firmly resolved to be a great man but with no very clear idea of what a great man was.

The pressing need is a national ideal, a worthy conception of what we wish Canada to be, and a determination to fashion our schools and laws and institutions in harmony with that ideal.

May I suggest an ideal? *Canada for the common people.*

The strong, the crafty, the clever need no special provision. In all lands and in all ages, they have shown themselves abundantly able to take care of themselves. All civilizations, all nations have been good to the able. Let there be one country at last good for these not so strong, not so clever. Let there be one country that gives *every man a square deal*. That phrase probably covers the idea. It means much. Let there be one country that gives every man, woman and child in it a square deal! None has done it yet.

But let me be more specific. Though Canadian to-day has little meaning, Canada stands at the

beginning of the twentieth century for opportunity as the United States did at the beginning of the nineteenth. Here let us profit by the experience of that great people. After a little more than a century of national life this famed home of freedom is seething with discontent. A great struggle is going on. Thoughtful men recognize that the institutions of the United States are going to be severely strained. In the United States to-day we see wealth beyond all precedent and poverty, not, it is true, more wretched than ever before, but more keenly resented, because of the unprecedented intelligence and political power of the poor.

The explanation is simple. The history of the United States is the history of a great scramble—probably the greatest in history—a nation turned loose on a continent—a mob that has burst into a vast banquet hall and all nations invited to join in the scramble. It has been every man for himself. Never has there been such industry, energy, enterprise; never such waste. It has been the looting of a continent. The Huns destroyed crops; the American farmer has exhausted the soil. The vandals burned cities; the American lumberman has burned forests. The Indian slaughtered buffalo for their tongues, leaving the rest of the carcass to the wolves; the American coal miner has mined so wastefully that no men hereafter may get at the coal he did not find it profitable to take out. After less than a century and a half the natural resources of the United States are largely squandered or in the hands of private individuals. It is no longer the land of opportunity for the poor. It is *par excellence* the land of opportunity for the multi-millionaire. It is his chosen home, his peculiar habitat and domain.

The southern half of this continent has been occupied in a spirit of liberty. To-day as a natural and inevitable sequence it is full of monstrous inequalities and a menacing spirit of unrest.

Will Canada be wise enough in this morning of her day to occupy the northern half of the continent in the spirit of brotherhood? Much of the national wealth has been unwisely allowed to pass into private hands. Already in her youth Canada has had bitter experience of the ruthless greed of monopolies. Still great possibilities remain if immediately with intelligence and steadfastness the Canadian people resolve that the purpose of all governments in this land henceforth shall be the welfare of the common people, that no private interests shall be permitted to oppress or plunder the people, that the wealth God has locked up in prairie and mine and forest shall be developed not for the enrichment of the few but scientifically and systematically for the common good.

Canada with her far vaster resources and possibilities may well follow that most democratic and progressive of countries, New Zealand.



Mrs. J. G. Armstrong Feeding Her Flocks—Christmas Anticipated

In the policy nobly stated recently by the Hon. D. Finlay, minister of justice in the New Zealand government:

"The policy of our government," said Mr. Finlay, "is not to delay legislation until unrest here, or clamor there, or the pressure of half instructed public opinion yonder, crowds us to action. Our plan is to lead." There came a time when it was plain that New Zealand was face to face with a crisis. Things could not go on as they had been going, without revolt and reaction. The ideal was conceived of what kind of place New Zealand ought to be, and it has been the aim of our policy to work steadily and determinedly towards that ideal. . . . We have sixty million acres and one million people, and our purpose is to make each of these acres yield the utmost good for the people, and to secure to each of these people access to all the opportunities which life in New Zealand affords."

A commentary on these words is the high claim that is made for New Zealand that it numbers in its population neither paupers nor millionaires.

That is a worthy ideal for Canada—to give larger and nobler expression to the policy of her sister dominion. A beginning has been made. The creation of a commission on the conservation of natural resources has large possibilities of good in it. Our forests must be preserved from fires and from reckless destruction. Our mineral wealth especially our coal, must remain in the possession or, at least, under the control of the people. The increase in land values produced by the whole people must be gradually transferred from private hands to the community. The Railway Commission which has done such valuable service in protecting the public from railroad oppression must have enlarged powers or use its present powers more boldly. Everywhere taxes must be lifted off industry and their place taken by revenues raised from natural resources.

Our towns and cities by regaining or retaining their franchises must obtain means for a more generous provision for all their children and those individuals who are less fitted to secure unaided their own development. Our educational systems must be made more elastic and varied, more directly subservient to social needs, and the entrance to the highest mental development made easy for all who are willing to pay the one price which can be remitted to none—hard work.

Our governments, municipal, provincial, federal, must extend their functions and convert each municipality, each province and the whole nation into co-operative societies within the proper limits of each of these organizations.

Government must cease to be the mere means of national defence or police protection. It must become the organ of the whole nation in a sacred passion of brotherhood, using the common power and wealth for the liberation and enrichment of the life of each.

The scramble and the struggle must be superseded by intelligent co-operation. The watchword must be, *Canada for the common people*. The United States has been inspired with a passion to show the world what liberty will do for the ordinary man. Let Canada's be the nobler and the wiser ambition, to show the world what brotherhood will do for the ordinary man. Let her boldly and resolutely take the next step in that progressive realization of democracy

which is the real meaning of history since the Incarnation.

Three great steps have already been taken. The first was the democratization of knowledge, in the foundation of the mediaeval universities. Knowledge, since the close of the classical period the privilege and monopoly of the clergy, was opened to all, and the democratization of knowledge culminated in the Renaissance, popular education and the fruitful scientific activity of the modern age.

The democratization of knowledge carried with it the democratization of religion. The second great step in the progress of democracy was the Protestant Reformation. The most progressive nations followed Luther in his assertion of the right of the common man to find his own religious faith and to escape from religious tutors and governors. Protestantism is democratic Christianity.

The democratization of religion made inevitable the next step, the democratization of government. If all men were equal before God, if ordinary men were not to be subject to priests, neither were they to be subject to lords and kings. In Luther's revolt slumbered the seeds of the English Civil War, the execution of Charles I., the Revolution of 1688, the American and the French Revolutions, the successive measures by which government, in English-speaking lands at least, has become at least in theory, government of the people, by the people, and for the people, down to the latest affirmations of that principle—the abolition of the veto of the British House of Lords and the agitation for the direct election of United States senators.

And yet all these steps are disappointing and inadequate without the last and greatest, for which the world is waiting, without which none of these triumphs of the democratic principle can attain their true end—the democratization of wealth.

By bitter experience men have learned the peril of uncontrolled political power in individuals. By long and hard struggles English-speaking men, at least, have wrested absolute power from despots and aristocracies and placed it where alone it is safe and right—with the whole people. But great economic power is as dangerous in private hands as great political power. Either can be translated readily into the other, the economic power into the political with peculiar readiness. It means little that we have got rid of the despot if we have the uncontrolled corporation or the multi-millionaire. "The big interests" are the old foes with a new face. Privilege in its protean forms, educational, religious, political, economic, is the deadliest enemy of the people. As mercy is twice blest privilege is twice cursed. It curses those who have it not and those who have it. It breeds pride, insolence and social alienation. It is prolific of injustice, oppression, and cruelty. It builds the wealth and luxury and moral corruption of the few on the poverty and degradation and brutalizing toil of the many.

One of the greatest needs to-day is that these energetic and wealthy and so-called free peoples should recognize that great wealth in private hands is as distinct a menace to the common good as ever tyrant's power of old. Deliberately,

intelligently, without passion or vindictiveness more in the interests of the rich even than in the interests of the poor, great wealth must be curbed as autocrats and oligarchies have been curbed. It must be made practically as impossible for a man or a private corporation to accumulate great wealth as to win absolute political power. The energy and ambition that now build up these vast fortunes need not be repressed. They have not been repressed in the political realm, though men are satisfied to become ministers of the people and not Caesars or czars. But conditions must be imposed, within which the strong currents of human energy will flow in navigable rivers, not in devastating torrents.

The control of monopoly is the key to the situation and the force that is to socialize monopolies and turn these stagnant and malarial reservoirs of excessive private wealth into bright and wholesome fertilizing streams is that passion for brotherhood, which is the social meaning of Christianity, and the divinest instinct in the human heart. "Whatever says I and mine," says the old mystical *Theologia Germanica* that Luther loved—"Whatever says I and mine is anti-Christ."

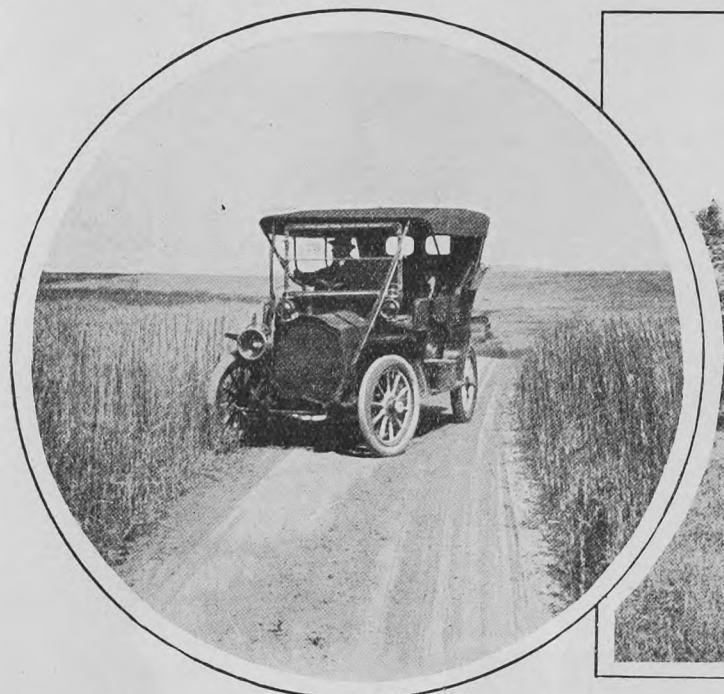
No prayer from human lips that I have ever heard has so deeply touched me, has seemed to me so perfectly to express the profoundest need to-day as a sentence that fell from the lips of an English visitor to Canada a few years ago, "Deliver us from the evil dream of our separateness."

Human history fails to tell us, the world has never seen, what that land will be like where this passion for brotherhood seizes the people as the passion for liberty seized France in her great Revolution, and the United States in her plunge into democracy. The whole force and resources of government scientifically and systematically and persistently used on behalf of the common people of whom Abraham Lincoln said in one of his quaint but profound sayings, God must have thought the most, for He made the most—every acre of prairie, every mile of forest, every thundering cataract, every ton of coal or ore made to yield its utmost for this high and Christ-like end—the securing of conditions that will make it possible, nay, easy, nay, tempting, for every man and woman and child in Canada to reach the highest physical, mental, and spiritual development he or she is capable of—artificial obstructions, unnatural inequalities, grinding toil, corrupting idleness, hereditary poverty and hereditary wealth, all abolished—that, it seems to me, is a practicable and a worthy national ideal. And it seems to me no people in the present or in the past, has ever been so favorably situated to realize it as Canada in the dawn of this new century. And at the return of the blessed Christmas time when hearts grow kindest and dreams of prophet and reformer seem most alluring and least remote, we may well pray that scales may fall from self-blinded eyes, and that before Canadians, stately, gracious and lovely beyond all dreams may rise the vision of a Canada in which the law of the jungle has been wholly dispossessed and superseded by the law of Christ.



Harvest in Full Swing on the Farm of Wm. Long in the Arden District, Man.

Reproductions from a Few Photographs of Scenes Characteristic of the Canadian West



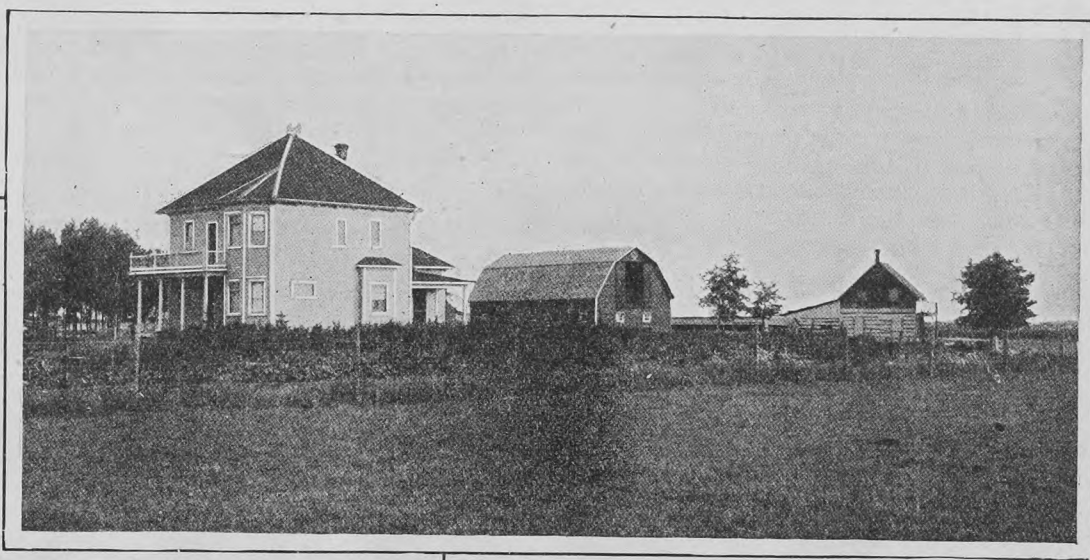
Automobiles Are Becoming Common



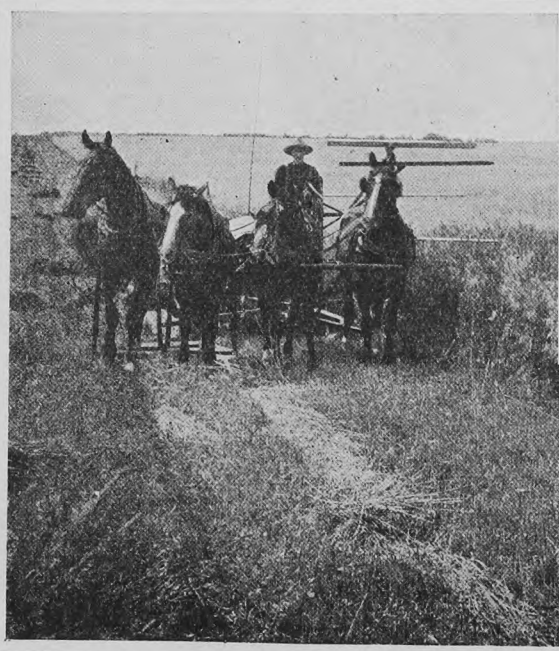
Many a Man Regrets Not Having Stacked Last Harvest



Every Load of Flax Meant Big Value Last Season



The Old Residence Replaced by a New One



Throughout the prairie provinces handsome residences each year spring up to take the place of the old shack of limited dimensions that has done good service for years. Those, also, who combine stock-raising with grain-growing do not neglect barn and stabling accommodation.

Red Fife Wheat Has a Real Rival

By R. GRANT THOMSON, B. S. A.

This article was prepared by Mr. Thomson after careful investigation in gathering particulars for a thesis in connection with his course at Ontario Agricultural College. A couple of paragraphs covering the records of 1911 have been added to bring the article down to date. Mr. Thomson was one of the Western Canada students at Guelph, his home being near Moose Jaw, Sask. Immediately on graduation last spring he joined the staff of The Farmer's Advocate and Home Journal.

Of the seven species of wheat only one *Triticum vulgare* is of economic importance in the manufacture of flour for bread-making purposes. Of the hundreds of varieties of this species, only a score produce flour of a commercial grade, and of this score it is remarkable that one variety (Red Fife) has stood out distinctly without a serious rival as a world's standard for milling wheats for a full score of years.

Red Fife is probably better known than any other variety of common wheat, although it is grown with success in certain parts of the world only, probably being grown nearer to perfection in Western Canada than in any other part of the world. In fact, the Canadian West has made its reputation for wheat-growing on this variety. It was used by the federal government in first systematizing the grading of wheat in the prairie provinces, and practically the same system with the same standard is retained after a test of over twenty years. Now, very little wheat other than Red Fife is grown in these provinces, and the highest grade, No. 1 Northern, containing at least 60% Red Fife wheat receives a premium upon the world's markets because of the strength of its flour which is used in blending with that of other varieties to raise their quality.

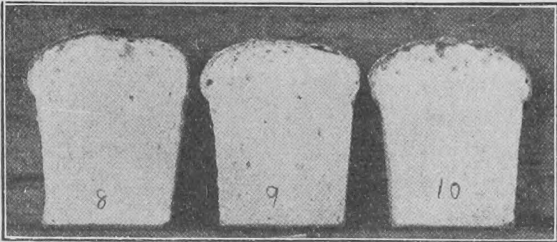
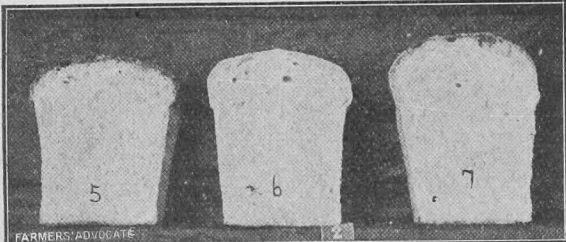
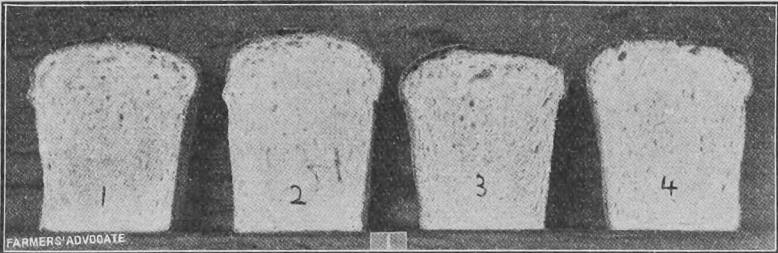
While Red Fife is most satisfactory to the miller and the consumer, the farmer has been looking upon it with more and more dissatisfaction. It has for him the following disadvantages which, in Western Canada, are becoming more acute as the farming districts stretch farther and farther north:

- First.—Red Fife retains its strong bread-making qualities when grown in certain sections of country. In Canada these areas lie within the prairie provinces, where the growing season is comparatively short.
- Second.—Red Fife is a late-maturing variety, being from five to eight days later than Preston or Stanley (average of Dominion Experimental Farms for five years). It is frequently frosted, resulting in severe losses to the grower.
- Third.—Red Fife gives only a fair yield. At the Dominion Experimental Farms it stands seventh in yield per acre, and gives six bushels less per acre than the average of the largest yielding varieties at the respective farms (average for five years).

Ever since experimental stations for field crops were organized, it has been the special work of all the stations lying within the wheat-producing area to secure, by selection or cross-fertilization of varieties, a strain or new variety of wheat superior to Red Fife. Has it been done? Is there a variety ripening earlier or giving a larger yield that contains the strong baking qualities of Red Fife flour?

No variety is grown commercially that embraces these features, and to determine in a measure whether the experiment stations specializing in wheat-breeding and selection have succeeded in producing such a wheat the writer undertook to determine. To this end the following stations which represent the foremost cereal stations of North America, were kind enough to send for experimental work their leading varieties, which were tested with Red Fife in regard to length of time in maturing, yield and bread-making qualities:

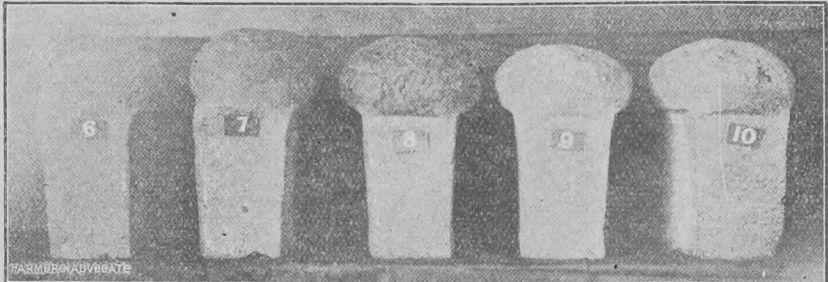
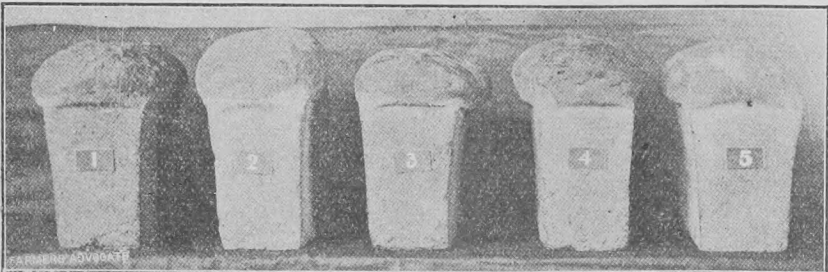
Ontario Agricultural College	Hungarian Red.
Dominion Experimental Farm, Ottawa	Marquis.
Minnesota Experiment Station, St. Paul	Stanley A.
Dominion Experimental Farm, Indian Head	Minnesota No. 163.
	Minnesota No. 169.
	Preston.
	Red Fife.



LOAVES SHOWING THE TEXTURE

No. 1, Minnesota No. 163, Moose Jaw; No. 2, Red Fife, Lethbridge; No. 3, Red Fife, Lacombe; No. 4, Red Fife, Indian Head; No. 5, Red Fife, Moose Jaw; No. 6, Marquis, Moose Jaw; No. 7, Marquis, Lethbridge; No. 8, Marquis, Lacombe; No. 9, Marquis, Indian Head; No. 10, Preston, Moose Jaw.

The field experiment was carried out at Moose Jaw, Sask. The varieties were treated for smut with standard formaldehyde solution, sown in the field, and treated in every way as a field crop grown on a commercial basis. At harvest time all varieties, except for earliness of maturity, appeared to equal advantage. No varieties had lodged or were in any way blighted by disease, each appearing perfectly normal. Their growth, yield, and time of maturity are shown in the following tables:



LOAVES AS THEY CAME FROM THE OVEN

No. 1, Minnesota No. 163, Moose Jaw; No. 2, Red Fife, Lethbridge; No. 3, Red Fife, Lacombe; No. 4, Red Fife, Indian Head; No. 5, Red Fife, Moose Jaw; No. 6, Marquis, Moose Jaw; No. 7, Marquis, Lethbridge; No. 8, Marquis, Lacombe; No. 9, Marquis, Indian Head; No. 10, Preston, Moose Jaw.

DESCRIPTION OF VARIETIES				
Variety	Color of Chaff	Bearded or Bald	Length of Straw	Average length of heads
Red Fife	White	Bald	32 inches	2.5 inches
Stanley A	Red	Bald	30 "	3.25 "
Hungarian Red	Red	Bearded	29 "	2.75 "
Marquis	White	Bald	31 "	3.0 "
Minn. No. 163	White	Bald	36 "	3.3 "
Preston	White	Bearded	31 "	2.9 "
Minn. No. 169	White	Bald	37 "	3.3 "

GROWING PERIOD				
Variety	Date Sown	Date Cut	Days Maturing	Days earlier or later than Red Fife
Red Fife	April 27	Aug. 27	122	
Stanley A	April 27	Aug. 22	117	5 earlier
Hungarian Red	April 27	Aug. 20	115	7 earlier
Marquis	April 27	Aug. 19	114	8 earlier
Minn. No. 163	April 27	Aug. 29	124	2 later
Preston	April 27	Aug. 20	115	7 earlier
Minn. No. 169	April 27	Sept. 5	130	8 later

YIELD OF CROP				
Variety	Total Wgt. of Crop per acre	Weight of Straw per acre	Bushels measured per acre	Weight per bushel
	Lbs.	Lbs.	Lbs.	Lbs.
Red Fife	3,420	2,246	28.58	62.8
Stanley A	3,850	1,585	30.51	60.4
Hungarian Red	3,982	2,068	30.37	62.6
Marquis	3,621	1,981	27.33	63.0
Minn. No. 163	3,934	2,302	27.20	57.0
Preston	3,482	2,152	25.50	61.0
*Minn. No. 169				

*The variety, Minnesota No. 169, was frosted and shrunken to such an extent that it was impossible to give it a fair comparison with the other varieties. It is much too late a variety for the prairie provinces, and will not be considered further in this thesis.

From the field results, we find that Marquis, Hungarian Red, Preston and Stanley A ripen from five to eight days earlier than Red Fife. Stanley A, Marquis and Hungarian Red of the early varieties have about the same yield, while in weight, per measured bushel, only Marquis and Hungarian Red equalled the old standard. From growth, yield, early maturity and appearance of these last two varieties, Marquis, from chemical and physical tests, appeared to be the nearest competitor of Red Fife, and to make the experiment more conclusive, requests were made for samples of this variety, together with Red Fife, to the directors of the Dominion Experimental Farms at Indian Head, Lethbridge and Lacombe, samples of which were kindly given for analysis and baking tests. The yields and times taken to mature of these two varieties at the stations were as follows:

Variety	Place	Days Maturing	Yield per acre bushels
Red Fife	Lacombe	160	64.00
Marquis	Lacombe	156	59.28
Red Fife	Lethbridge	129	29.00
Marquis	Lethbridge	129	23.5
Red Fife	Indian Head	127	43.40
Marquis	Indian Head	125	54.00

These samples, together with samples of the former six varieties, were analyzed to give their general physical and chemical composition. The table on the following page shows that Marquis alone is as hard as Red Fife. There is considerable difference in the size of single grains, Red Fife being about intermediate between the largest and smallest. In percentage of water, none are higher than Red Fife. There is, however, little difference between the samples, with the exception of those from Lacombe, which contain the highest percentages of water. All the varieties are equal to or higher than Red Fife in percentage of

CHEMICAL AND PHYSICAL ANALYSIS						
Variety	Hardness breaking pressure in lbs.	Weight of 100 kernels	Per cent. water	Per cent. protein	Per cent. starch	Appearance
Red Fife, Moose Jaw	19.10	3.234	12.8	13.68	69.73	Plump
Stanley A, Moose Jaw	18.02	3.321	12.76	14.07	68.24	Plump to lean
Hungarian Red, Moose Jaw	16.81	3.644	10.00	15.61	70.03	Frosted and lean
Marquis, Moose Jaw	20.49	3.233	11.00	14.56	70.24	Plump
Minn. No. 163, Moose Jaw	18.62	2.995	12.6	12.93	60.05	Frosted, shrunken
Preston, Moose Jaw	17.24	3.074	11.72	13.91	68.67	Plump
Red, Fife Lethbridge	19.70	3.112	11.23	13.52	69.14	Plump
Marquis, Lethbridge	19.80	3.012	10.24	15.56	70.01	Plump
Red Fife, Lacombe	20.85	3.21	13.71	12.54	64.43	Frosted, shrunken
Marquis, Lacombe	21.23	2.992	13.82	13.39	65.24	Frosted, shrunken
Red Fife, Indian Head	19.45	3.32	11.12	12.88	69.12	Lean
Marquis, Indian Head	21.00	3.20	11.00	15.2	70.63	Plump

protein. This is noticeable as the protein is supposed to give to the flour its strength, and it would be remarkable if all these new varieties should equal the old standard in quality or strength of flour. Another noticeable feature is that the protein contents of Red Fife and Marquis are almost in the same proportion to each other in the different districts, although the percentages vary slightly. Any difference in the percentage of starch can be accounted for in the plumpness or ripeness of the grain, as is shown by the appearance of the kernel.

This analysis would go to show that all the varieties were equal to or superior in quality to Red Fife. That this, however, is not the case is clearly shown by the baking tests.

The milling and baking tests were conducted by Miss M. A. Purdy, demonstrator in chemistry, Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, and the results, given in the following table, show the comparative merits of the respective samples for bread-making.

BAKING TESTS								
Variety	Wet Gluten	Water Absorption	Weight of Loaf	Volume of Loaf	Quality of Bread			Per- centage of flour
					Color	Texture	Appear- ance	
Minn. No. 163, Moose Jaw	36.06	68.2	grams 490	c. c. 2660	100	100	100	35.0
Red Fife, Lethbridge	34.23	61.41	515	2700	100	105	103	52.1
Red Fife, Lacombe	34.33	80.00	530	2460	90	96	92	54.0
Red Fife, Indian Head	41.83	71.17	520	2660	101	104	100	54.7
Red Fife, Moose Jaw	33.86	63.53	484	2630	100	99	100	48.0
Marquis, Moose Jaw	37.73	68.20	517	2640	100	100	100	42.0
Marquis, Lethbridge	43.40	69.41	515	2900	100	104	104	50.3
Marquis, Lacombe	37.06	78.23	521	2820	95	103	102	54.0
Marquis, Indian Head	34.30	69.41	523	2640	98	100	100	45.3
Preston, Moose Jaw	34.13	71.85	521	2790	95	99	100	44.8
*Hungarian Red, Moose Jaw	41.03	67.65	515	2600	100	97	*	48.0
*Stanley A, Moose Jaw	37.20	67.65	517	2320	100	*	*	45.0

* Unable to judge the last two samples because of heat being turned off electric oven.

Although in most cases a table is the best and fairest method of making comparisons, it can not in all cases show the fine differences that are sometimes apparent. In the case of Stanley A and Hungarian Red, where the baking tests were not concluded, the table would probably have shown them very favorable had these baking tests been concluded, while in reality the loaves of these varieties were rather inferior, not having the evenness or appearance of fine quality that the loaves of the best Red Fife samples contained, before being put in the oven. In all other respects, the table, while not showing the fine differences spoken of, is comparative. Some of the differences, such as form of loaf, size and texture, is shown fairly well in the accompanying illustrations. A glance over the plates will confirm results of these tables.

From this milling and baking test we see that a physical or chemical analysis of wheat is very impracticable in determining the quality of flour that will be produced. Moreover, the percentage of protein in wheat does not entirely indicate the strength of the flour. The strength of the flour must rather lie in the form or quality of the protein than in the amount. Appearance, plumpness or hardness are all misleading in judging wheat for flour purposes, the only fair method being the milling and baking tests. Therefore, in comparing the merits of the different varieties only the field and baking results will be used.

In making a comparison of the varieties, we notice that Minnesota No. 163, the one variety that ripened later than Red Fife, made an excellent loaf. This variety, however, is much later, gives no larger yield, and is, therefore, not a strong competitor of the present standard.

Of the four varieties that ripened earlier than

Red Fife, only one, Marquis, produced a loaf equal to it. The other three varieties would rank : Hungarian Red, Stanley A and Preston ; none of them, however, comparing with Red Fife in the quality of loaf produced.

MARQUIS ALONE AS A COMPETITOR

Marquis is the one variety that promises to equal or surpass the old standard. It ripens from two to eight days earlier, gives an equal yield, and from only one station does the sample make an inferior loaf to that of Red Fife ; from one station they are equal in quality, and from the other two stations Marquis surpasses Red Fife.

In stating conclusions, it must be borne in mind that these comparisons are for one year only. However, in the case of Marquis and Red Fife the comparisons cover a large area and are very uniform from the different points. If we can draw from this that the other varieties would have the same comparative uniformity, we can safely conclude that there is but one

commercial varieties of wheat because of its early maturing qualities, and its distribution throughout the wheat-growing areas will mean much to the grower, particularly the farmer of Western Canada.

This work was conducted during the year of 1910. Omitting the baking tests, the comparisons for 1911 at the same points show Marquis to be earlier and giving much larger yields. At Moose Jaw, where the former experiment was carried out, this year, under field conditions where Marquis and Red Fife grew side by side on the same field a mile long, Marquis gave approximately 60 bushels per acre, and Red Fife, 46. Both fields were cut the same day, but Marquis was much ahead in point of maturity.

At Indian Head Experimental Farm the average number of days maturing for Marquis on the respective fields and plots was 125½, while the average yield was 44 bushels 12 pounds. For Red Fife the average number of days maturing was 132, and the average yield, 38 bushels and 14 pounds.

At Lethbridge and Lacombe Experimental Farms weather conditions were such that even comparative data regarding time of maturing and yields could not be readily collected.

However, these further comparisons as shown in 1911, and the position Marquis took at the Land Show in New York would indicate that

Hired Men Want It

"THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE is the first paper my hired men pick up to read, especially the horse and veterinary departments. As for myself, I think it is all that can be desired, and I wish THE ADVOCATE every success in its great work."

Elgin, Man.

H. FINLEY.

it is the wheat that will make the standard for a time at least, and from all present knowledge we are witnessing the passing of Red Fife, our standard for the past twenty years.

Already farmers are clamoring for quantities of this now famous wheat for seed. But buy with care. The supply will not begin to meet the demand as yet, and there are men and seed houses who may knowingly or unknowingly sell other varieties for Marquis. Marquis wheat is a short, plump, hard and clear amber seed. It is even shorter and plumper than Red Fife, fully as hard and a deeper color. When buying compare this seed with some other common wheat, and if you do not notice these ear marks prominently it would be well to leave the supposed Marquis seed alone, especially if fancy prices are asked.



Marquis and Red Fife Fields at Indian Head Experimental Farm
These plots were sown the same day. Marquis, the field in front and to the right, is fully headed out, while Red Fife, the plot to the left, is only in the shotblade

Homesteading in the Bush Country of the West

By GEORGE B. CURRAN, B. S. A.

Mr. Curran is a graduate of Ontario Agricultural College. He for a time was engaged in journalistic work in Winnipeg, but for a couple of years has been doing homestead duties in the bush country of Northern Manitoba.

TWAS the Christmas season! All around me in the office I could hear the others making plans to spend Christmas Day. Some were to spend it at their homes in the city, and a few were to journey to their former country homes to renew family ties under the old folks' roof. All were joyful; I was not. But two short months before I had left old Ontario, and a lump rose in my throat as I pictured the dear ones back home reuniting to spend Christmas Day. Winnipeg was still strange to me, and I did not relish the prospect of spending my first Christmas away from home in a boarding house. I confess I was real home-sick for dear old Ontario, "God's country," I believe I called it.

In the midst of my reverie, I was interrupted by a visitor. He was a great tall man, well over six feet in height, thin, yet muscularly built, and lithe and active in his movements. A shock of light yellow hair crowned his head, as I noticed when he removed his hat, and cheeks as red and rosy as those of Santa Claus himself. But the peculiarity that held my attention was his eyes. In color they were blue, which fact you could not help noticing at first glance, as he looked you square in the eye when talking; but the remarkable feature was that they were surrounded by almost white eyelashes and topped by eyebrows of the same hue. If ever honesty shone out of man's eye, it shone from the eyes of Bill Davis. My heart warmed to the man at once.

"I just brought you in a few pictures of my ranch," he explained. I took the pictures to examine. The first was of his ranch house, but at the second my heart gave a bound. It was a picture of cattle watering at the lake. There was a fine sandy beach, with a rocky, high bank topped with a splendid grove of trees. I was raised beside a lake back East, and the scene reminded me of home.

"Are there any homesteads left up there?" I cautiously asked.

"Lots," he responded.

"What kind of country is it?"

"A light scrub country, with open meadows and occasional patches of prairie," he replied.

It was too good to be true, I thought. I had always intended to homestead if I could find one near a lake.

"Where do you live?" I enquired.

"East Bay Lake, Dauphin district."

"How far from Winnipeg?" was my next query.

"Oh, about 175 miles," he said.

"What," I exclaimed. "Do you mean to tell me there are good homesteads to be obtained that near to Winnipeg?"

"Yes, it's a fact," he stated. "You see we have never had a railway, and we are 30 miles from the main line of the C. N. R., and that kept us back, but they are building a line through there now, so the country will go ahead fast from now on."

"How about the soil?" was my final question.

"The very best. But say, young man,

a few comments on every place we passed. "Here," he said, "is a quarter-section that was all cleared in one season. The man hired a gang and went at it, and the land had quite a bit of scrub on, too." The farm, as I saw it, was fenced with tamarack posts and three strands of wire, enclosing a field half a mile square, and all cultivated. There was a splendid frame house, and also nice outbuildings.

"What is the place worth?" I asked.

"He values it at \$7,000, and he has only been here seven or eight years," I was informed.

At ten miles out we passed the Turtle River, and came on the Big Marsh. This was a desolate-looking sea of grass, miles and miles wide, and continued for about ten miles. The road wound along a ridge, following the lake shore about a mile inland. Finally, the land became more rolling, patches of poplar dotted the landscape, and open stretches of prairie covered with fine grass lay along the roadside. It reminded me of the park country in the Qu'Appelle Valley. After two miles of winding in and out through this park country we reached East Bay. Unfortunately for me, all the choice land along the lake had been taken up by the old settlers, and what was left did not suit me. I wanted light scrub land with as little meadow as possible, and three quarters together, as my two brothers were coming with me. My host knew of just such a place, but it was ten miles north. Next day we drove north over an old Indian trail leading to lakes Manitoba and Winnipegosis and Crane River. I was delighted with the land all the way. The bluffs were full of peavine and vetch, while the open spaces were

covered with red top and numerous other fine pasture grasses, and in the deep sloughs or meadows good hay stood two to four feet high.

The land suited me at once—most of it light poplar scrub, a little heavy bush, and practically no meadows to cut it up. I walked down two sides of two sections, and finally picked three quarters. Before finally deciding, we drove east over the rest of the township, but I did not see anything I liked better.

Next morning I crossed Lake Dauphin in the motor boat, "Rita," in charge of Capt. Winters, and landed at Dauphin Beach, a most delightful summer resort. From here I drove in to Dauphin, nine miles distant, and lost no time in filing on my land.

This was in September, 1909.

Before going further, I will tell why I decided to homestead on scrub land instead of open



Homesteader's First "Residence"

you seem to be interested in that country, so why not run up some time to my ranch, and have a look around."

I enthusiastically promised to accept his invitation at the very first opportunity.

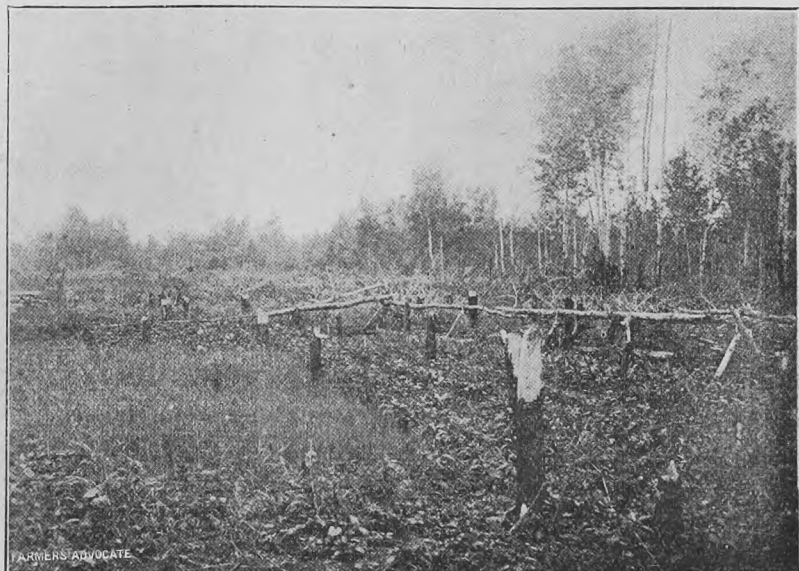
When he left my blue spell was about over, and I began to feel that Christmas time was a pretty good season after all.

It was not until the next fall that I was able to get away. I feared that he might have forgotten his promise to show me around, but a prompt reply to my letter dispelled any doubts I had. I left Winnipeg at 10 o'clock a.m. and reached Ochre River at 3.30 p.m., my destination for the night. Next morning Bill Davis met me, and we started on the trip to what was to me the promised land.

The road led through a splendid farming country for the first ten miles. My companion made



Poplar Scrub Cut Off Ready for Stumping in Magnet District, Northern Manitoba



The First Clearing Affords Space for a Small Plot of Barley in the Garden



New Residence and Other Farm Buildings on Curran Bros'. Homestead

prairie. I had previously travelled over most parts of Western Canada from Winnipeg to Calgary, so I knew what advantages Southern Alberta and Saskatchewan offered the homesteader. The land in the Lake Dauphin district was very similar to the Carrot River, Shellbrook and North Battleford districts.

ADVANTAGES OF SCRUB LAND

The only advantage that, in my opinion, prairie land possessed, was ease of breaking. All the choicest prairie lands were homesteaded five to ten years ago, and what was left was in districts that had irregular or scant rainfall. Scrub land has many distinct advantages. First comes shelter. The winds of winter are not noticed so keenly in the bluffs, and the blizzards are not full of terrors as they are on the open prairie. Second comes building logs. The homesteader may put up his house, barn and other outbuildings from logs cut in the vicinity, and if a sawmill is handy, may secure 10,000 feet of lumber for the nominal cost of sawing, the government giving a permit free to cut the logs on any lands not patented. Third comes the advantage of wood. A coal famine has no terrors, as any quantity of poles or cord wood may be cut on every scrub homestead. The item of fuel is a big item of expense on the prairie where coal must not only be bought, but hauled long distances. Fourthly: Hay in limitless quantities may be cut, as small sloughs appear on every quarter, and in places open meadows, upwards of a mile wide and many miles long, furnish hay consisting of red top, Scotch grass, and many coarser grasses. Thousands of tons of hay remain uncut every year. Fifthly, and lastly: The scrub lands are blessed with a heavier rainfall than the open prairie, and this is especially true of the Lake Dauphin district. Surrounded by Lake Manitoba on the east, Lake Winnipegosis on the north, and Lake Dauphin on the west, and protected by the Duck and Riding Mountains to the west, we get a heavy rainfall. Last year (1910), when southern districts suffered severely from drought, we had abundant rainfall at regular intervals all summer, and harvested splendid crops. Because of our heavier rainfall, good drinking water may be obtained anywhere by sinking a well from five feet to twenty feet. Indeed, in many places excellent water may be had by digging a shallow hole in any sandy slough. Springs are also numerous, and these stay open all winter, affording excellent water for stock. The growth and decay of vegetation, under the stimulus of abundant rainfall, have given us a soil that is very largely humus for the first four to eight inches, and this underlaid

by a clay subsoil, gives us a soil of wonderful productiveness and cropping qualities. We do not need to resort to summer fallowing in order to get one good crop followed by an ordinary one, but if good farming methods are followed, the soil is capable of raising good crops every year.

The disadvantages of scrub land must by no means be ignored. It takes some time to clear the land, and the soil is so full of roots that it is very hard to break. But to my mind the many distinct advantages far offset the two minor disadvantages.

MOVING TO MY NEW HOME

In the spring of 1910, accompanied by my two brothers, I moved in. I rented a ranch on which were a nice frame house and good log stable, and we made this our home for the summer. An outfit of three horses, wagon, harness, one freshly calved cow with calf at foot, a dozen hens, besides various household necessities were bought. All our supplies had to be freighted in thirty miles over muddy roads. Twenty acres of land that had been roughly broken the year previous was picked clean of stones and roots, disced and harrowed twice, and sown to oats.

We decided to build a lumber house. The lumber was purchased in Makinak, and brought in during May and June. By July the house was built, my brother being the carpenter. The dimensions are 22 feet by 16 feet, with 14-foot walls, sheathed with one layer of shiplap, a layer of tar paper and outside drop-siding. All the lumber, including flooring, was spruce, cut in the Riding Mountains. The roof was shingled with the best quality of British Columbia shingles.

During all this time I had been teaching

school, but by the first of July I was free and started clearing land. During July we cleared and broke five acres of heavy scrub land. This was our first real test of homesteading. We had no experience in clearing land, but just took our axes and sailed in. The smaller willows and poplars were grubbed out with the axes, and the larger willow bunches and poplars were cut around and then pulled with a team and chain. It was slow work, but we stuck at it through mosquitoes and heat for two weeks.

We made the mistake of pulling large poplars without cutting them off first, and then pulling the stump. The entire green trees were very heavy with a ball of dirt around the roots, and too heavy to handle, and, besides, made piles that would not burn well. Also we made the mistake of trying to pull large bunches of willows by putting the chain around the entire bunch, but we soon found out that it was much quicker and easier on the horses to split the bunch and pull half at a time. Also, as there was much green stuff in the patch we were clearing, we learned that the brush must be piled parallel in the piles, and that criss-cross piles would not burn clean.

When it came to breaking, we soon found out why it was called breaking instead of plowing. The ground was so full of little roots that it was difficult to get a plow in the ground, and harder still to keep it in. We received much advice on the kind of plow most suited to breaking, and tried all kinds on that first five acres. The ground was by this time too dry to break well. We first tried a stubble plow with a fin coulter, and drawn by our three horses. This did fairly well where the land had been well grubbed, but in spots where the willows had been burnt off, and the roots still there, the fin was not strong enough to cut through the roots. The stubble plow was easy to stick in the ground again after being thrown out, and made a nice job. Next, we tried a Canton breaker with an ordinary scrub coulter. This plow was continually coming out as the coulter was too straight, and when it struck a bunch of willow roots would pull out at the nose. We finally got from a neighbor the ideal plow. His was the same Canton breaker, but with a home-made coulter. It fitted on to the point of the share, but slanted back at an angle of forty-five degrees, when it was bent vertically to fasten on the beam. A small shoe, or point, is welded on the bottom of this coulter, making it enter the ground readily. If the coulter is set forward, the point sucks the plow into the ground, and it is not thrown out so readily. The harder the ground, the more dip the coulter should have. The advantage this coulter has is that the slant of 45 degrees allows the point of the plow to get under a root, and the plow can not come out of the ground

(Continued on page 1693)



Sandy Hutchinson's Breaking Outfit is Well Known

Education for the Country Boy

By SUPT. A. B. HESS, Crookston, Minn.

OUT of the city of hustle and bustle, away from the feverish condition of toil and the mad rush of competition, thousands are seeking new homes in the great Northwest, and these sun-kissed prairies are gaining many of these city-dissatisfied people. These people are realizing that they



Dr. A. B. Hess

This educator is an enthusiast when it comes to discussing education for children of rural parts. In Minnesota he is making his work count for good and his services are appreciated by the farming public that they are squandering the best years of their vigorous life in vain efforts to make headway against the hard conditions of life. Then there have come to us crowds of well-to-do farmers from the more congested sections of the Eastern States. Men, who have been laboring as hired help, are now seeking homes of their own where they can live independently and reap the direct results of their toil. Many such men have now comfortable homes, their farms paid for, and are laying up for the proverbial "rainy day." Added to these are the pioneer residents or settlers and their descendants, and the men and women who have laid down the tools of their overcrowded profession and are plunging into the fight—to grasp a fresher opportunity to wrestle with the soil of these newer lands. Added to these are the good men and true from other lands and other climes.

Truly this is a motley collection of humanity with resolute will and inflexible purpose with highest hope and biggest faith!

These, then, are the people with which education must deal. Fortunately for the farmer and his children the rapidly increasing growth of scientific farming departments in our leading educational institutions are everywhere springing up and unfolding to the farmer's son and daughter a wealth of possibilities and firing them to achieve something worth while. These go a long way in keeping the son and daughter away from the clerkships in stores and from the desks of bookkeepers—away from the over-crowded professions where men and women struggle madly for the mere necessities of life. Indeed *education is the watchword*, and here and there a school comes to the front, braves the storm of initiative criticism and plants itself firmly on the frontier of public demand.

It is a sad thought to be entertained that so many of our schools are dominated by the higher institutions whose function is to prepare for the professions. But it is also an encouraging thought, a ray of sunshine peering through the storm, to know that educators are breaking away from the time-honored custom of preparing students for college and are beginning to prepare the student for the realities of life—life as they must meet it, cope with it and master it, or be mastered by it.

THE BOY AND AGRICULTURE

During the most important period from the age of twelve to fourteen years, when the boy really begins to do some thinking away from and outside of school influences; when he is ap-

proaching that transitional period wherein the break is so abrupt—from grammar grades to high school—we need to give him a taste of real vitalizing knowledge. Here is where we must get hold of him and direct him into channels of real investigation, into the study of agriculture as related to the wealth of the nation. He should know that there exists a close relationship between agriculture and all other industries and vocations.

If the boy becomes interested in agriculture as the great basic industry here in the great Northwest, he will acquire a knowledge of geology, environment, geography, botany, physiology, biology, forestry, horticulture, history, chemistry, arithmetic and similar subjects, as they come under his personal observation and first-hand knowledge. The problems in arithmetic which he learns are based on transactions intensely interesting and familiar. The geography is not of foreign countries, distant states and unknown industries, but geography as applied to the particular community and the condition of the soil as a result of weathering and decomposition. His study of a handful of common soil at once carries him back to its formation—*geology*; back to its ability to produce strong, vigorous plants, fungus-resisting, and seed-producing—*botany*. Then this plant, absorbs nutriment from the soil and air and passes this food up by means of soil-water to all parts of the plant by gravity, osmosis, capillarity—*physics*. Then this plant and its fruit or seed at once becomes an

article of food for either man or beast, or both, and its use may thus involve a study of zoology, of plant physiology, of human physiology, of animal husbandry. Then carry this analysis still further and we have the various phases of commercialism. Thus we see readily that no other subject possesses so much or involves so many other subjects inter-related and inter-dependent. Just from what avenue we shall approach this subject of agriculture in the rural schools remains to be worked out in each community. One thing is certain that with this broad view-point a student may be led to seek truth for truth's sake, but its commanding appeal will make his work purposed and complete.

RURAL CONSOLIDATION

Why have we been so long in establishing consolidated schools? Every interest has organized and consolidated; why not the farmers and the farmers' children? True it is that the families are widely separated, but can we be content and live so unconcerned as to these great advantages? Consolidate the schools and organize the community into a school—a school for grown-ups as well as children.

MANUAL ARTS

Give the boys a chance to do actual shop work, both in wood and metal. Teach them the proper use and care of tools, and then let them make useful articles for the home and the farm. Give a carefully-planned, but intensely practical course in wheat-raising. Do not be satisfied with a mere smattering, but do intensive work, treat-



Typical Rural Schools of the Canadian West

On the whole good work is being done in Canadian public schools but the adoption of suggestions offered would not be amiss. As consolidation comes into effect, with greater attention to school grounds and surroundings as a consequence, the work outlined no doubt will be considered

ing the subject from the cultivation of the soil to the marketing of the grain. Why be satisfied with fifteen bushels when by a careful selection of seed, proper cultivation of the soil and judgment in harvesting, threshing and marketing you can raise twenty-five bushels? Then, again, why sell your grain for eighty to ninety cents when by co-operation you could manufacture it into flour and realize a dollar and a quarter per bushel? Again, why take everything off the farm by continually cropping with the same cereal? No, organize and use the mill feed with sufficient forage to run your dairy. If wheat is selling at ninety cents and you can realize \$1.60 by manufacturing it into flour and feeding the mill feed to the dairy cow, you are doing double duty by enriching the community 70 cents per bushel to say nothing of the profits of dairying and the vast wealth you are restoring to the soil. Can this be accomplished through the schools, and is this the right kind of an education to give the farmer's boy? Yes.

FARMERS' CLUB

Organize a Farmers' Club, and meet every week in the school building. Plan a course or series of topics for discussion. Bring to these meetings all your knowledge and experience; enter into discussions with a co-operative spirit, and you will take from the meeting in proportion as you give to it.

The writer has had the privilege of giving a series of lectures to such a club at Larimore, North Dakota, for the past two years, and it is putting it mildly when we say that the club has accomplished wonders for that community.

JUNIOR FARMERS' CLUB

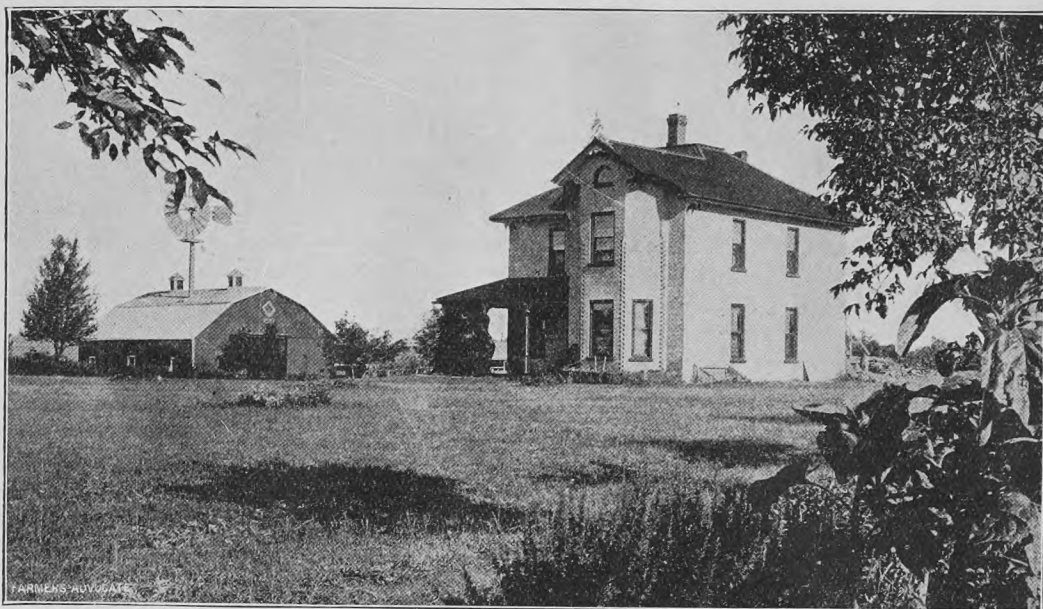
Never forget the boys—they are vital to the farm. Organize them into a Junior Farmers' Club, and let them study farm topics. Let them study the life, growth and germination of the corn plant; germination tests and corn judging. The varieties of hard wheat, the flour value of each, the method of cultivation, the selection of seed and the diseases of the wheat, especially the *puccinia graminis*, *tritici alternaria* and *helminthosporium* (rusts), the various breeds and types of animals and the principles of breeding, farm machinery, farm buildings and above all the principles of thrift and economy. Frequently have joint meetings and assign the boys a definite part on the program. Have an all-day session, and let the wives and mothers bring along the well-filled baskets. Make these days memorable both educationally and socially. In very truth make the school the social centre.

SCHOOL GARDENS

In this same school, plan a garden, and have the teacher conduct this as a part of her regular duties. Outline work in the growing of vegetables and flowers. If properly done, this work will serve as a means of bettering the home environments, beautifying the school grounds and creating a more intense interest in rural life. If the teacher will have her pupils draw maps of this garden and do a little soil study, it will pave the way for the planning of the farm. Then, if some experiments are performed it can easily be demonstrated that the same crop can not profitably be raised year after year. This will lead to a closer study and finally to crop rotation for retaining soil fertility. Extend this same idea to the township, and then to the county, marking the sections where one cereal seems to dominate—the banner township for wheat, oats, barley, corn, flax and hay—timothy, clover, alfalfa, brome, etc. Here is a field for good composition work. The children will use the data they have collected, and the expression will be clearer, the punctuation more correct and the neatness and care will be most commendable. Will this interest the father and the mother?

But this is not all. How about the Boys' Camp, the Boys' Farm Club and the Farm Arithmetic that should be taught in every rural school—the problems on threshing and harvesting, the cost of growing crops, dairy problems, farm drainage and crop yields. But what about the girl on the farm—the queen of the household. These are problems for future discussion.

Congenial Conditions Around the Farm Home

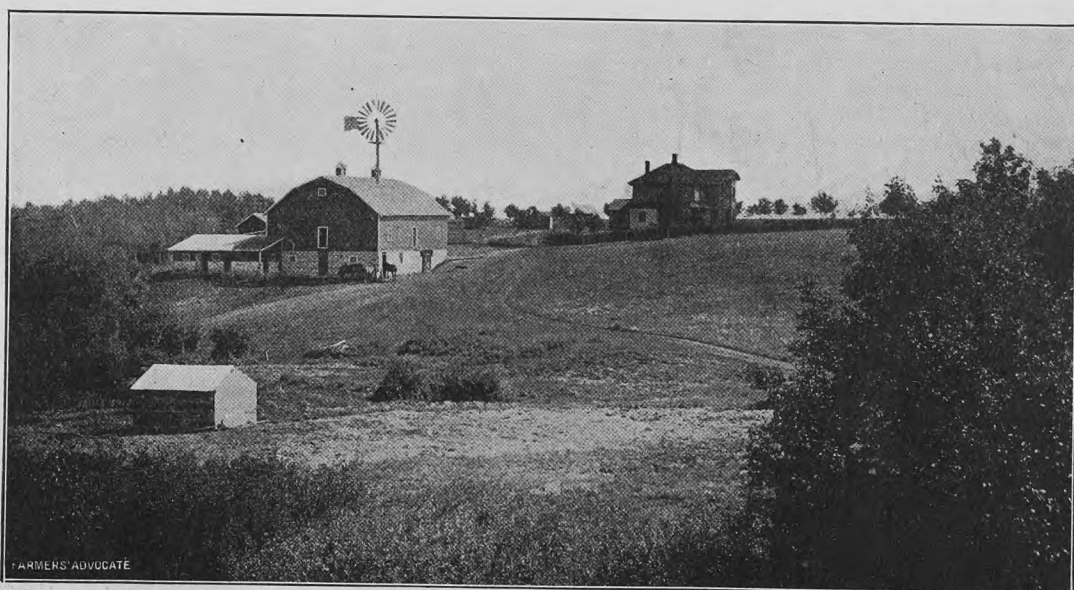


With Such Residence on the Farm no one Cares to Leave



Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Grigg

For nineteen years Thomas Grigg has farmed near Qu'Appelle, meeting setbacks, but prospering. Although a Canadian, he and his wife came to the Springbrook district from South Dakota. Generally speaking, wheat-growing has been the mainstay. Horse-raising, also, has received attention to an extent sufficient to lead Mr. Grigg to pass opinion that a man can make as much money on a half section of rough land raising colts as he can on a real good quarter at wheat-growing. Pigs, also, are kept, and on different occasions have helped him "out of a tight place." He finds that, as a rule, there is enough feed around to fatten a bunch. The farm comprises 640 acres of which about one-quarter is summerfallowed annually. Wheat is grown for two years, and then oats or barley. Recently, Mr. Grigg has rented his farm for a year in order that he and his good wife may spend the winter in California and take a well-earned rest. It is necessary only to look at the accompanying photographs to conclude they have a home they need not be ashamed of. At the Good-Farming Competition in South Qu'Appelle district last season, Mr. Grigg won first award.



Natural Conditions That Assist a Good Farmer in Winning in a Good-Farming Competition

The Farmer and Transportation

By W. W. EVANS

THE existence of a commercial community involves at least the processes of production and consumption. In an earlier form of society, some vestiges of which are well remembered by many of us, these alone were employed. The household produced most of its own requirements and little else, but as production and industry became more highly specialized, each place producing such commodities as its natural advantages would suggest, it became necessary to carry material from the place of its production to where it would be con-

this country and the making through it a national highway, would immensely subserve Imperial interests and contribute to the stability and glorious prestige of the British Empire."

With a view to the construction of such a transcontinental route Major Carmichael Smyth made an estimate as to the cost and the possible earning power of the road. A railway line from Halifax to the Pacific would, he estimated, cost \$150,000,000. The interest on first cost at 4 per cent. per annum would be \$6,000,000, and the annual operating expenses were placed at \$8,000,-

Pacific coast—such road to be completed within ten years. This policy was delayed owing to the defeat of the Macdonald administration in 1872, but the people gave an uncompromising verdict in favor of its speedy completion by their return to power in 1878.

Objection has often been made to the enormous land subsidy of 25,000,000 acres given to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company under their contract but at that time, it should be remembered, the land was of practically no value. One dollar per acre is a fair estimate, and any corporation could have purchased areas for that price or even less. At one dollar per acre, the sale value of the land at that time, the subsidy appears much less formidable, and is really only equal to the money grant. The price of land to-day is a direct result of the development promoted by the railroad. Ten years ago the average price of land on the market is said to have been \$8.00 per acre; to-day it is \$20.00 or over, and in the next ten years a substantial increase may be expected. The progressive policy of Canadian railway companies has given foundation to the possibilities of the West, and an important fact to remember is that their work is only in its infancy. As an early settler of Moose Jaw told me this summer: "I tell you I'll always say a good word for the C. P. R. They helped us when no one else could, and when we would have starved without them."

RELATIONSHIP OF FARMER AND RAILWAY

A rather careful investigation of the conditions existing in Western Canada has convinced the writer that the relation of the farmer to the railroad is quite beneficial to either party, and on the whole satisfactory. True, there may be some grievances mutually experienced by grain-grower and transportation company, but none of these can in any way justify hostility.

It has been the unfortunate experience of the United States to witness in many sections an out-and-out war between the people and the railroads, as well as ruinous rate wars among the railroads themselves. This mutual distrust be-



For Everyday Transportation the Average Farmer is Satisfied With a Horse and Buggy

sumed. Consequently, the wool of Australia is carried practically all over the world; the manufactured goods of England are almost universally distributed. With this specialized production in favorable places, a third element, that of distribution, which is largely transportation, enters into the economic process to perform the essential function of carrying the produce of farm and factory from its place of production to that locality where it will be consumed.

When we consider that practically everything we use is brought to us from varying distances; and that the major portion of what we produce must be carried to a distant market, the enormous importance of transportation, as a factor in our commercial existence, becomes apparent. The absolute inter-dependence of the carrier and the producer should cause each to set up the motto—*"Between the Railroad and the Farmer—Peace and Justice."*

The Canadian railways have entered into the process of nation-building to an extent scarcely appreciated by most of us. A request sent down by the people of the Red River Settlement in 1855, that a road be opened up "from Canada (now Ontario) to British Columbia through the Red River and Saskatchewan, with a telegraphic line along the same," speaks in most suppliant terms of the pressing need for a road to be opened up to bring to the country a few of the ordinary comforts of life. Their mail came only once a month, and even then was not reliable, as it was carried purely through the courtesy of United States officials, and the service could be discontinued on the slightest provocation. The petition adds the large appeal that if the road were built "Central British America would rapidly fill up with an industrious and loyal people; thus from Vancouver's Island to Nova Scotia Great Britain would have an unbroken series of colonies, a grand confederation of loyal and flourishing provinces, skirting the whole United States frontier and commanding at once the Atlantic and the Pacific.

"In this connection we feel bound to observe that American influence is rapidly gaining ground here and if action is long deferred very unpleasant complications may arise. Thus both politically and commercially the opening up of

000. One item amusing to modern railway men, called for 200,000 cords of wood, which would be needed each year for fuel. In this scheme the road could make no profits until its earnings exceeded \$14,000,000, which was regarded as impossible, and the proposition could not offer any inducement to private capital. Thus the report concludes, "It appears conclusive, therefore, that the idea of establishing a continuous line of railway from Ontario to the Pacific is in a



An Automobile Makes Transportation Easy Even in Wintry Weather

financial sense impracticable, seeing that it would not at present pay—yet it should not be set aside."

ESSENTIAL TO CONFEDERATION

Confederation was impossible without the guarantee of a transcontinental road. British Columbia became a party to the agreement only on condition that the government of the Dominion should undertake to secure the commencement within two years from the date of Union of the construction of a railway to connect with the

tween common carriers and the public must prove detrimental to all concerned. Where the champions of the people's cause seek to drive the railroad out of business if possible, the railroads retaliate in many cases by exorbitant rates where possible, unfair discrimination and unsatisfactory service. Expensive and wasteful litigation fostering distrust and hatred leads on to futile legislation, and the end thereof is worse than the beginning."

Fortunately we have no provocation for any

clash of interest in this country, and any tendency toward hostility, any champion of any cause, who, through the newspaper or otherwise, attempts to work up a spirit of antagonism should be thoroughly discountenanced as tampering with the sacred harmony of our commercial existence.

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP AND OPERATION
A strong case can be made in theory for the government ownership and operation of railways, and this has given some practical success in Australia and elsewhere, but the scheme is fraught with many dangers and the consensus of opinion seems to be that railroads may be most efficiently and economically managed by private corporations. On a government-operated road positions are filled inevitably more or less by political influence, and the real wealth of a private company—its life-long servants—is endangered. The surplus of any road is accumulated by means of economy in small things. The entire profits of the C. P. R. could be reduced to loss by the increase in the coal expenditure alone, which would result if every effort were not made to reduce grades, straighten curves, and provide most efficient motive power. A successful road is only possible where the management gets control of an organization approaching perfection in its accuracy and mastery of detail. The difficulty of this increases more than proportionately as the size of the system grows. A government commission operates the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway for the province of Ontario, with creditable service and financial success, but it is difficult to conceive of a commission successfully operating the C. P. R. The argument that municipal ownership of gas and electric light plants, or even street railways and short steam lines, is proving successful, fails to guarantee any success in the management of great national systems such as we have in Canada.

THOSE UNJUST FREIGHT RATES
In certain parts of Western Canada some people or organizations appear to have a grievance in the form of supposedly unjust and burdensome freight rates. For this there may or may not be any just cause, and it is the evidence of neither the producer nor of the railway company which is of much value, but that of some independent freight rate expert; and at the present time he would have a most undesirable task.
The cost of carrying freight is of all prices the most difficult of determination. Telephone, express and even parcel post rates are not by any means simple matters, but the elaborate



In a Bush Country in Winter Transportation is Not a Serious Problem, but Roads Frequently Could be Made With Fewer "Kinks"

complexity of factors entering into the determination of a just freight rate is most bewildering, especially in a new country where branch roads and grade improvements are continually added. The rate experts are almost as much at sea as are we laymen and the best prospect the present offers seems to be what may be generally considered a fair and reasonable rate.
To our assistance in this matter comes a very able body of men appointed by the Dominion government with great power to adjust matters of conflict between the public, the railways, telegraph, telephone and express companies. This body assures to the public reasonable protection against exorbitant charges and bad service, and to the companies fair treatment with the right to press their reasonable claims.
As conditions of transportation become more settled, and the personnel of the railway commission embraces men of economic training as transportation experts, we may hope for some excellent work in the determination of rates. In the meantime we are sheltered under the Railway Act and the commissioners' power, no one suffering any appreciable injury. It is well to remember that our greater commercial,

as well as political achievements, will be those of concord, not of conflict, and that the commercial possibilities of this country—where to every man of energy wealth is assured—are too great to be hazarded by meaningless hostility between the interests of the farmer and the railway company, when the success or failure of either must react so effectively on the other party.

* * *
After a visit to Canada last summer, R. E. Gibbons, a member of the Somerset Agricultural Instruction Committee, according to *The Morning Post*, has little faith in Canadian farming methods. Lack of sheep, he said, was telling against the land's retention of fertility, whilst farmers were using up at a great rate all the virgin soil. In a comparatively short time Canada, from an agricultural point of view, would go to the dogs, as virgin soil was not without limit.

Worth Ten Times the Cost
"I have been a reader of THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME JOURNAL for about three years and am well satisfied; wouldn't be without it for ten times the cost."
Austin, Man. Wm. JOHNSON.



Hundreds of Prosperous Westerners Got a Start With Oxen as the only Locomotive Power

HOME JOURNAL

The Universal Need

Everybody needs Christmas. There are some festive days that appeal to various individuals or classes of mankind and that lack any attractiveness for the rest of humanity, but Christmas Day belongs to everybody because everybody needs it to round out happiness. As the advertisements say "No home is complete without it," nor is any life just as happy.

Every one is willing to concede that the children would find it a sorry year that had no Christmas in it. They need the mirth and good cheer; the giving and taking, the songs and games to satisfy the childish craving for happiness and to supply very tender and delightful memories to carry with them into manhood and womanhood. They need Christmas to impress upon them that the Christ was a child and knows what childhood's joys and sorrows are.

Old people, next to children, need the joy of Christmas. It is a pitiful thing for the old mind to look back over the years and note the diminishing joy of this festival. The last Christmas should not be unhappier than the first but it very often is. When the road of life starts down hill again the mind turns again toward childhood—second childhood, we call it—and the things that gave pleasure at eight surprisingly often give pleasure at eighty, a fact we are prone to forget in our treatment of old folk, especially at Christmas time.

Young people need Christmas. In the teens and early twenties there are few responsibilities beyond their own personal affairs. At that age, too, there is a feeling of immense superiority—children are looked down upon because of their immaturity; older people are regarded as old-fashioned and behind the times. Between fifteen and twenty-two the average boy and girl know more than any one else living and a great deal more than they ever will again. Christmas is a tie to hold them through those perilous self-centred years.

Middle-aged people need it to keep them remembering that once upon a time they were young. Middle age is apt to grow stiff and unadaptable, to jog along in a rut and to be blind to other people's point of view. Unless carefully watched middle age will develop tolerance merely towards youth and impatience with old age. Christmas is an excellent rut disturber. Long may it flourish!

Everybody needs Christmas—parents and children, sweethearts and grandmothers, rich and poor, sick and well, doctors, lawyers, merchants, chiefs and even the beggarman and the thief have a chance to be made happier and better through its beneficent influence.

The Blessedness of Giving

Christmas commemorates a Gift to the World and Christmas might almost be translated "Giving." Our first Christmas thought is "To whom shall I give and what shall I give them?" or else "Who will give to me and what will they give?" Whether your Christmas is happy or not depends on which question you ask, and on how it is answered.

All kind and good and gentle people, all who know the true secret of living ask the first question naturally. Their happiness begins with the first thought of Christmas and continues until the last spray of holly is taken down. Their only sorrow is that they can not give enough.

But what of the poor, empty souls who ask the second question and find only misery in the answer no matter what that answer may be. They are afraid to give for fear they shall not receive and have little pleasure in receiving because they must pay back. They search for

the price mark and overlook the love. They give only that they may receive again. If some poor, deluded, well-meaning friend gives them a useless present they feel they have been defrauded, because they think only of value received, never of the kindly thought and courtesy of the giver.

If we could only bottle the milk of human kindness and give it to the poor things in their coffee once a day for three months before Christ-

achieve a mental cure by forgetting all about yourself. The cure will probably be permanent but be sure to keep some generous idea on hand to be used if the old symptoms show signs of returning.

Nearly all children love to give. They take a naive delight in playing Lady Bountiful and should be encouraged in every generous impulse, even if it seems foolish to older and more calculating minds. Children rarely lack imagination and they can endow the most simple and prosaic matters with romance and mystery. Nothing hurts a child like the loss of an illusion or an ideal. Within reasonable limits give the children what they want and let them have their share in giving. If you curb the kindly instincts of a child you may find that you have destroyed not only the flower but the root of unselfishness in his heart.

Remember that it is more blessed to give than to receive. We need to give in order to achieve our own mental and moral growth. And remember, too, that giving is not all dollars and cents and things wrapped up in tissue paper. The spirit in which we give is the important thing and a friendly smile from a loving heart is better than a jewel from a cold and grudging hand.

In Bethlehem

As I was going to Bethlehem-town,
Upon the earth I cast me down
All underneath a little tree,
That whispered in this wise to me:
"Oh, I shall stand on Calvary,
And bear what burden saveth thee."

As up I fared to Bethlehem-town,
I met a shepherd coming down,
And thus he quoth: "A wondrous sight
Hath spread before mine eyes this night
An angel host, most fair to see,
That sung full sweetly of a tree
That shall uplift on Calvary
What burthen saveth you and me!"

And as I got to Bethlehem-town,
Lo! wise men came that bore a crown.
"Is there," cried I, "in Bethlehem
A King shall wear this diadem?"
"Good sooth!" they quoth, "and it is He
That shall be lifted on the tree,
And freely shed on Calvary
What blood redeemeth us and thee!"

EUGENE FIELD.

Angels

In the old days God sent His angels oft
To men in threshing floors, to woman pressed
With daily tasks they came to tent and croft,
And whispered words of blessing and of rest.

Not mine to guess what shape these angels wore,
Nor tell what voice they spoke, nor with what grace
They brought the dear love down that evermore
Makes lowliest souls its best abiding place.

But in these days I know my angels well;
They brush my garments on the common way,
They take my hand and very softly tell
Some bit of comfort in the waning day.

And though their angel names I do not ken,
Though in their faces human love I read,
They are God-given to this world of men,
God-sent to bless it in its hours of need.

Child, mothers, dearest wife, brave hearts that take

The rough and bitter cross, and help us bear
Its heavy weight when strength is like to break,
God bless you all, our angels unaware!

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.



The River of Dreams

mas, Santa Claus would not know his naughty, ungrateful children and he would look in vain for the extra large, outside size stockings they usually hang up. They would be so busy filling stockings, they would have to be reminded to hang up their own!

Since no scientist has yet devised a silent or absent treatment for such ills, we must just dose ourselves and do our best to destroy the germs of pettiness and self-seeking which we may find in our system. You know the most effectual method for driving out evil is to put in good, and if the thought of a generous deed causes us actual pain, it is high time to consult a specialist. Perhaps all you need is a course in Dickens. Read the Christmas Carol and continue the treatment until a cure is effected. Perhaps exercise is what you lack. Get yourself elected to a Sunshine Committee and they will see that the unused muscles of your soul have all the exercise they can stand. Adopt a few poor little ones into your Santa Claus family and you will

HOPE'S QUIET HOUR

EMMANUEL

They shall call His Name Emmanuel, which, being interpreted is, God with us. —St. Matt. i. : 23.

At Christmas time the whole message of that marvellous library of immortal literature which we are accustomed to call the "Bible"—which simply means the "Book" though it really contains many books bound together—its whole message, I say, is condensed for us into one grand word, "EMMANUEL," God with us. From Genesis to Revelation, the message is repeated over and over again. God is with Adam and Eve in the Garden before their sin; and as close as they will allow Him to come afterwards. He is the Friend Abraham loves more than the dear son of his old age, the God of Isaac and Jacob, the Leader of Moses, and the Hope of Joshua. He whispers undying melodies into the ear of David, to be sung for the comfort of millions of souls, He inspires the prophets, stands beside the Apostles in their great mission of the conversion of the world, and reveals Himself to St. John in his lonely exile on Patmos.

And it is not only the Bible that is summed up in that wonderful word "EMMANUEL." All the needs of our hungry souls can be satisfied, but only in one way—by grasping as a reality of our own experience the truth wrapped up in that one great word. If God is with us all is well; if God is beside us, as our all-powerful Friend, it matters not how difficult our work may be, nor how dangerous the path that lies ahead appears to be.

God has always been very close to man, but at Christmas-time we are filled with wonder as we remember how He has proved His love. The story of God stooping to take our human nature upon Him has been told so often that our wonder has become dulled—let us try to realize the meaning of the Christmas story once more. A rich man, eager to study for himself the condition of the people living in the slums of a great city, might leave all his money behind and go to live among them as one of themselves. He might earn poor wages, or go hungry, if work could not be had. He might endure the misery of evil-smelling rooms and face the horrors of a cheap lodging-house. But, of course, he would know that as soon as the experiment became too unpleasant he could drop the new associations and go back to comfort and luxury again. It would be infinitely harder to cut himself off entirely from the old life, to do as the rich young ruler was afraid to do—give all his possessions to the poor and so become penniless himself. The rich young ruler had kept the Commandments all his life, but goodness means growth, so, in order to be good—and he was hungering after righteousness—he was called to mount a step higher in his imitation of God, to pour himself out without any reserve at the call of love. We none of us know what difficult following of Christ may be required of us in the future, we only know that some men have heard the command given to the rich young ruler to follow close after Christ, and have pressed forward bravely. Let us tell you of one.

More than a hundred years ago a young Moravian was trying to make known in Jamaica the good news of God's love, as shown by the life of Christ on earth. He was in the midst of the horrors of slavery. Week after week, miserable, frightened creatures were brought from their desolated homes of Africa. Who cared to treat them humanely, where it was cheaper to get all the work possible out of them by terror and pain, let them die, and buy others! Human flesh cost little, and they were "only negroes," so what did it matter how they were tortured by the slave-drivers? The civilized nations had not yet learned the command of the Master they professed to serve, that His disciples must love all men as brothers. When the negroes were treated by "Christians"—so-called—with frightful cruelty and hideous injustice, it was not likely that they would care to adopt as their own the religion of those who had wronged them so terribly. There was only one

way to get near to them, only one way to win their love and confidence, only one way to show them that Christianity meant doing as Christ had done. This young Moravian joined their ranks by causing himself to be sold as a slave. He worked with them, gave up all his rights of freedom, and endured with them the cutting strokes of the overseer's whip. Thus he found the way to win them to become servants of a Master who loved each poor black slave with infinite love. He died on the sugar plantation, and did more for the poor slaves after his death than before; for his story went to the heart of Wilberforce, and fired him with a hatred of slavery that roused England to set her slaves free, while America followed suit.



Sistine Madonna

"God with us" means a growing likeness to God. That young Moravian walked so close to his Master Christ that he became like Him; finding that he could only reach slaves—as he was determined to reach them—by becoming one of themselves, he accepted the situation—and the sacrifice of that one brave man laid the axe to the root of that blot on our civilization, slavery. But he did not give his life to free them from bodily slavery; it was in order to free their souls from sin, to bring them to Him who alone could make them free in spirit. How terrible it would have been if his noble sacrifice had been wasted, if they had not been drawn by his self-sacrificing love to the Master who had inspired that love!

And the love which drew the Son of God down to live with those He loved on earth, to work with them and suffer for them—can we bear to accept it without return? Are we satisfied to take such a Gift and give no love to God, and very little to our neighbors? Think of the ingratitude of those black slaves if the fellowship so generously given had met with nothing but careless, cold indifference! Can we wrong the Heart that was broken for us, in such a

fashion? We know that the heart of man is restless until it rests on the Heart of God, but does it not seem also as if the Heart of God can never be satisfied until man reaches his natural resting-place? The Shepherd can not give up His search for a lost and beloved sheep "until he finds it"—in time or in eternity—St. Luke xv. : 4. What else did He come to earth for?

"Oh, Heart of God, insatiate, once shrined
In Mary's flesh; born in the cattle shed;
Waiting unknown, in peaceful Nazareth;
Pleading so patiently until the time
When man's fierce hate had brought
Thee prone
Beneath the Garden's moonlit olive
shade;
And Thou didst break for love, on
Calvary,
Grant us to know Thy Love."

must pass into an unknown world, when even the dearest earthly friend must unloose his clasp, then he learns the infinite value of the great promise:

"I have called thee by thy name; thou art Mine.
When thou passest through the waters,
I will be with thee.
... Fear not; for I am with thee."
—DORA FARNCOMB.

THE CHRIST-CHILD

The Christ-Child unto the stable came
'Twixt the midnight and the morn,
His mother laid Him softly down
By the beasts of hoof and horn.
The friendly kine a-near Him stood
In the frost of the early day,
And, little brother of all the poor,
He slept in the fragrant hay.

The Christ-Child slept in the stable dim,
And over Him flamed the star
That was golden bright with the light
of heaven
Where God and the angels are.
Then, journeying far, came king and
priest,
With a wealth of spices sweet.
And, little brother of all the rich,
They knelt to kiss His feet.

In a mother's arms the Christ-Child lay,
When the winter storm was wild
And into her happy, brooding face,
Her baby looked and smiled.
Of David's line, yet peasant born,
And Son of God most high;
The seraphs sang His glories,
And the star lit all the sky.

A gift of gifts that tender Child,
Brought hither for you and me;
From the heaven of greed the clutch
of hate,
By love to be ransomed free.
And once a year, in the long, long year,
For a whole and happy day,
To share again the heart of the Child
Wherever the children play.

O little Brother of every man!
Obscure, or high, or great.
Thine is the alchemy of heaven
Wrought on our low estate.
We find Thee still in the stable dim,
But, for Thy cradle bed,
Oh, rest not now in the manger stall—
Take Thou our hearts instead.
—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

EVERYWHERE CHRISTMAS

Everywhere, everywhere Christmas to-night!
Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of the palm tree and vine;
Christmas where snow peaks stand silent and white,
Christmas where corn fields lie sunny and bright;
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
Christmas where old men are patient and gray;
Christmas where peace like a dove in its flight,
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight;
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

For the Christ-Child who comes is the Master of all,
No palace too great, and no cottage too small;
The angels who welcome Him sing from the height,
"In the city of David, a King in His might;"
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

Then let every heart keep its Christmas within,
Christ's pity for sorrow, Christ's hatred of sin,
Christ's care for the weakest, Christ's courage for right,
Christ's dread of the darkness, Christ's love of the light,
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

"God with us"—what that Presence means to us, in life and in death! There is a story told of two Japanese soldiers who lay mortally wounded after a battle against the Russians. One dragged himself to the side of his comrade and tried to cheer him in the hour of death. The other smiled as he said gratefully: "Do not trouble about me, friend, for I am a Christian, and I am not afraid to die."

Joyously the first soldier bent over his companion and whispered: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me."

I am not saying that the story is true, but the point is that it easily might have been true. Only faith in the One True God could produce such a result as this; but, in the history of Christianity, such a joyous passage through the valley of the shadow of death is a commonplace. To have God with us is to fear no evil, because He is with us, even when death is facing us. When wealth or fame or learning can do nothing to cheer a dying man rembling before the open door through which he

Teddy—Aunt Jane's Christmas Present

ADDA COLLINS

AUNT JANE was mad—unmistakably mad. She had been mad since yesterday afternoon. Any one could tell it by the rigidity of the wash-neck coil into which she had twisted the abundant brown hair. She must have been mentally wringing some one's neck and making a complete job of it when she screwed that knob into such a fiercely accusing pyramid, drawing back severely the side hair which was wont to fluff out in little motherly puffs at each side of the erstwhile kindly face.

As she whipped the dishes off the table and into the dish-pan, little splashes of water spat angrily out of the pan. Yes, Aunt Jane was mad. And, for that matter, so would you be if your long contemplated visit down East had been indefinitely postponed; if you had been invited to your niece's wedding, for which you had been planning many weeks and for which you had a perfectly lovely, new, gray, raw silk dress, made in the very latest style with those long, narrow, loose panels both back and front, and trimmed with trimming at four dollars a yard—and then you got word you couldn't go. Wouldn't you just stamp? Aunt Jane didn't because she was stout and forty—just young girls do that—but everything she did she did with emphasis. She washed the dishes with emphasis, sending one bowl with a crack of long standing, to the ash heap. She swept the floor and tidied up with emphatic swishes and bangs.

She went out to feed the chickens, and as they flocked and cackled in anticipation around her, her abruptness of manner and her silence astonished the very fowls; and two young roosters with round, astonished eyes fixed, it seemed to her, on her hair-knob, stretched their necks up and let forth insultingly derisive squawks. Aunt Jane, irritated at such open contempt, attempted to give the nearest offender a kick; but her skirt being wound in some way around her ankles, her other foot was suddenly jerked out from under her, and down she sat emphatically on the ground. She sat there for a few seconds, too mad to move. Then her sense of humor gradually returning, her features relaxed and softened, until a broad smile, which looked as though it had come home to stay, smoothed out the hard lines, and Aunt Jane's face was its motherly self again, full of curves and good humor. She put back her head and laughed quietly.

"I don't blame Jake," she said. "This Psyche knot doesn't seem to suit my style of beauty, as even a rooster can see. It pulls dreadfully anyway," and she took out the few pins that held the offending pyramid and let the long coil fall free.

By this time several small chickens had found the grain that still remained in her apron, and were pecking away with the utmost confidence. Small things were never afraid of Aunt Jane. She scattered the rest of the grain, gently put the chickens off her lap and rather stiffly got up and went into the house.

"Let me see that letter again," she said. "Maybe the poor thing needs the change more than I do." She went to the sideboard and picked up a letter written in a rather scrawling hand, and read:

"Dear Cousin Jane,
"You will be surprised to get a letter from me as we haven't seen each other in so many years, but I have been poorly for a long time and the doctor says I need a change. So he and Julia have arranged for me to go out to your place next week. You and George have such a comfortable home, and they say that lots of fresh eggs and milk and the country air will help me so much. Oh dear, I don't know! I hope you will have some one meet me with a buggy with rubber tires—I simply couldn't stand to be jolted.
"Yours affectionately,
"LAURA MONTCLAIR."

"P. S.—I forgot to say I will bring Teddy.—L. M."

"Never a word as to whether I am at home or in the hospital with a broken leg! Never a word as to whether I have room or time for her and 'Teddy.' Julia and the doctor *might* have taken me into their confidence when they were planning. I wonder if Teddy is a toy bear or a parrot or a pug dog! George says he wouldn't stay home for any old broken-down relative in the country. And me with that gray silk dress that's far too gay to wear in the country here, unless there's a wedding coming off, which there isn't! Oh dear!"

Aunt Jane heaved a great sigh. She was trying hard to be resigned to what she felt must be her duty.

Mrs. George Malroy had been called "Aunt Jane" by old and young ever since she had opened her house and heart to her brother's young motherless brood ten years before. She had taken the mother's place and had fed and

even hoped that "Teddy" might prove a little boy instead of a dog, though she had never heard of Laura's having any children. But for that matter she had heard very little of her husband's cousin for years. They had met several times when Laura was a child. She had then seemed frail and fussy and pretty in a blue-eyed flaxen way.

It was well on towards evening a few days later when Jane, watching from the window, saw George's team turning the corner round the poplar bluff on the way home from the station. She put fresh wood on the kitchen fire, did a few last things towards the appetizing supper, and came to the door to welcome her guest. She had hardly opened the door when a loud "whoa" accompanied by a shrill, commanding "whoa" sounded, and stepping out she saw, beside her cousin Laura, a little

smouldering fire behind that quiet, steady gaze which took in every detail of Aunt Jane's face and manner, and as she took off the child's coat and mitts and cap, talking all the while, she knew those blue eyes were studying her as only a child's can. What a quiet little fellow he seemed! What a sweet, wistful, sensitive, little face! Now that his things were off Aunt Jane took him by both hands and held him off while she scrutinized him.

"Why, bless my heart, if your name weren't 'Teddy' I'd be certain you were a girl! You look like a girl, and I'm sure you ought to be a girl."

Teddy bore the scrutiny calmly, then with a shade of indignation said,

"I am a girl."
"Oh, you are? I beg your pardon, dearie; I thought 'Teddy' must be a boy, if it wasn't a toy bear, or a dog. Do you know, I thought you might be a dog or even a teddy bear? I'm so glad you're a girl. But 'Teddy' can't be her real name, is it Laura?"

"Oh, no. Her name is Mary Louise, but my brother Fred would never let us call her anything but 'Teddy,'" said Laura. "Fred has just spoiled that child so that I can do nothing with her. She never listens to me. She adores Fred and he has taught her to do everything that is naughty. Oh, dear, Aunt Jane, how thankful you ought to be you have been spared the responsibility of bringing up a child, especially such a hard one to manage as I have."

During this speech the child was quietly walking around the room, her hands behind her back, looking at the pictures on the wall, the books on the shelves, the big leather chair in the corner, the lion's head on the hooked rug in front of the couch, nothing escaping her quiet scrutiny, and apparently unconscious of what was being said.

Aunt Jane was shocked at the words, but she wisely said nothing and hurried supper on.

At the table Teddy's manners were perfect. She vouchsafed no remark whatever excepting a necessary "please" and "thank you" in a quiet, dignified manner. George and Laura and Jane had a great deal to talk about, and they scarcely noticed when the child slipped down from her chair and went on an exploring tour around the dining-room and out into the kitchen.

Laura told them of her husband's illness and death, of her mother's passing away and her sister's marriage to a missionary to Africa, of her brother Fred's wildness at college and at home, of her own gradual break-down in health and of her trials in trying to bring up "that child."

Aunt Jane recognized in Laura a weak, incompetent mother. So far as she had seen "that child" was all heart could desire. What a little beauty! What self-possession and dignity, what intelligence lay in those eyes! Aunt Jane loved her already; there could be nothing so awful about "that child."

A sound from the next room suggested to them something interesting going on in the kitchen. They listened and, judging by sundry bangs and suppressed exclamations of anger, a struggle of some kind seemed in progress. Laura was instantly all in a flutter of worry and was about to rise, when Aunt Jane motioned her to keep her seat while she tip-toed to the kitchen door to investigate.

There, standing at the end of the kitchen range was Teddy, viciously thrusting a stick into the narrow space between the range and wall. She was evidently trying to hit something which had angered her, for her face was flushed and she was saying in suppressed angry tones, "You dirty old black nigger! I'll hit your head off, I will."

Seeming to realize that she couldn't reach her victim she turned to an armful of kindling in a basket beside her, and with these sticks proceeded to fill up the end of the space between the wall and the range.

"Now, you old nigger, you'll stay in jail and go dead." She stepped back, viewing her work with evident satis-



Teddy

loved and trained the three lively children with a care and devotion that won for her the undying loyalty of her little charges and the respect and admiration of her neighbors. And when her brother three years later, had married again, and had come for his children, she had felt bereft indeed.

That she had never been blessed with little ones of her own was a grief the depths of which even her husband little dreamed; her mother heart yearned for little helpless things to love and care for, and though her life was full and busy, and she found many young things about the farm that thrived under her fostering care, she was conscious at times of a keen sense of emptiness of life. Perhaps it was that motherly instinct which seemed to make it impossible for her now to turn her back upon the sickly relative who took Aunt Jane's compassion and hospitality for granted, as one takes for granted sunlight or Christmas.

So, locking her disappointment up in a dark closet of her heart, she set to with what will she could to make the house comfortable for Laura. She

figure in brown corduroy suit and tam, perched up on her husband's knee, "driving" the horses. Teddy must be a child after all; Aunt Jane's heart glowed with a warmth of welcome she had hardly expected to feel, and when she looked into her cousin's face and saw the white, pinched features, she needed nothing more to open heart and arms.

Teddy refused to get down and come in until "Uncle George" had put the horses in the stable. Laura was led into the house and made comfortable in an easy chair, as she was very tired from her journey.

"Teddy is such a charge," she said. "It would really need three people to look after that child. I've had a perfectly awful time, and I'm played right out." Indeed she looked it.

In a few minutes George and Teddy came in, and Aunt Jane took the child up in her arms and kissed the pink and white face. Here was Laura's miniature; the same flaxen, fluffy hair and large violet eyes. But there was a something in those eyes that Laura's had never held. There was a look as of

ction. It was short-lived, however, and in a few moments a large black cat stalked out from the other end of the range. In an instant the child had a tick and had darted at the cat like a little fury, and but for the cat's agility would have punished it severely. To the thwarted at every turn so enraged that she struck out blindly, knocking the tea-steeper off the range and spilling the contents over the floor.

This brought Laura in great excitement crying, "Stop that! Now, stop that this minute! Oh, what a child! Let up here this minute,"—for the child had thrown herself on the floor in a fit of passion, and was howling to the limit of her lung capacity.

Laura was fluttering around in a state bordering on hysteria, one minute wringing her hands helplessly, the next trying to force the child into a sitting position.

Aunt Jane was pained beyond measure. She did not like to interfere, but seeing Laura's helplessness she took her by the hand and persuaded her to go into the dining-room. George had taken his cap and picked his way gingerly to the kitchen door on his way out to do the chores. Jane shut the door between the dining-room and kitchen, urging Laura to keep away from Teddy, saying she would look after her. She even induced Laura to go to bed. However, she did not go near the kitchen herself for some time, surmising that, with the absence of spectators, the howling process would soon become less interesting. She rather underestimated the staying qualities of the child's temper, however. Left alone the crying became louder than ever for a time; the tone of anger gradually changed to one of grief; there were moans and sobbing and wailing as of one in torture.

It took all of Aunt Jane's self-control to keep her from going to the child with words of comfort. But she knew that would be unwise. Strong measures were needed here, and she was determined that this should be the last scene of the kind so long as Laura and the child should stay there.

It was fully half-an-hour before this sobbing in the kitchen finally died away. Aunt Jane waited a little longer, then quietly stepped into the room. There lay the child huddled into a little heap on the floor, asleep. A great pity and yearning filled Aunt Jane's soul, then a feeling of deep indignation at the foolish incompetence that had made this scene possible.

Very tenderly she lifted the little limp body, now and then still shaken with a sob. For a long time she sat holding it in her lap, looking at the beautiful swollen face, the helpless little hands with their baby dimples still, and the glossy, flaxen curls. As she felt the little warm form so close to her the protecting mother instinct seemed to fill her whole being—and silently a prayer went up that this little life might be guided into a noble womanhood.

"George," she said softly as her husband came in, "will you help me protect this poor lamb from foolishness?"

George looked long at the sleeping child and said quietly, "yes, Jane, we'll have to."

It was very late the next morning when the first stir was heard in the guest chamber. Aunt Jane had her morning's work nearly done up and was upstairs tidying up a bedroom. Presently on looking up she beheld in the doorway such a vision of baby loveliness as nearly took her breath. Fresh and lovely, in the daintiest pale blue dress, Teddy stood in the doorway with the most innocent demure expression, her hands folded in front of her. She was evidently posing, expecting exclamations of admiration, and, indeed, Aunt Jane could not refrain from exclaiming: "Good morning, you lovely little apple-blossom!" She came over and took the child's hands and kissed the dainty cheek, all of which attention the child took in dignified silence as her due. She evidently was accustomed to admiration. Aunt Jane asked her if she were ready for her breakfast. She said "yes," and they went downstairs.

As she was taking up Teddy's breakfast the child said, complacently:—

"Aunt Jane, I'm beyond my mother. She can't do anything with me."

Aunt Jane was getting used to shocks so she only said,—

"Tut! Nonsense!"
"Yes I am; she says I am and Aunt Julia says I am. She can't do anything, anything, with me," she said confidently. Then an odd smile crept into her face as she said with a twinkle in her eye; "And Fred says I am a perfect little wild-cat to fight."

"You are?" said Aunt Jane, dryly.

"What do you fight?"

"Oh I fight lots of things,—boys and dogs, and—and—"

"Cats!" innocently suggested Aunt Jane,—"and chipmonks," said Teddy, ignoring the unpleasant reminder.

"Have you ever tried bears?" asked Aunt Jane.

"Oh yes! Uncle Fred and I were in the park one day, and we were feeding the bear peanuts, and I hit him with one on the eye, and it made him mad, and

took down her stocking and showed three angry red scratches.

Aunt Jane now recognized the cause of the disturbance of last night but she forbore to mention the disagreeable subject.

"Well, what a horrid bear! To scratch that poor little leg! Did you run to get away from him then?"

"No, siree! I took a big hatchet—"

"Where did you get the hatchet?"

"Oh, Fred always—Oh I found it sticking in a stump. I took the hatchet and hit him on the nose and killed him dead, dead."

"Say Teddy," said Aunt Jane, seriously, "you must promise me not to use hatchets when you go out to our barn yard, for we have all sorts of things out there—calves and hens, and horses, and turkeys and a big gobbler—and we don't want them killed."



King Winter's Garden

he climbed right up his tree and jumped right over the iron fence at us."

"Oh," says Aunt Jane, breathlessly; "what did you do? Did he jump on to you?"

"No, we got out of his way quick and took a rope and tied it around his—"

"Tail?" asked Aunt Jane.

"Yes,—no, around his legs and tied him up to the fence, and he wiggled and he waggled and he couldn't jump," and she put back her head and laughed gleefully.

"Did he make any noise?" asked Aunt Jane.

"Yes, he squealed like a—like a—"

"Guinea hen!" suggested Aunt Jane.

"Yes, like a ginky hen, and we took a can-opener and opened his mouth—"

"Where did you get the can-opener?"

"Oh, Fred always carries can-openers in his pocket; and we poured his mouth full of sand—"

"—and molasses," suggested Aunt Jane.

"With sand and molasses—Fred always carries molasses in his pocket,—and he couldn't squeal till he coughed it all up."

"Weren't you afraid the bear would claw you with his big strong claws?"

"No, he couldn't, he was tied up. But" as an afterthought, "once his foot got loose and he clawed me a little bit. Look here, Aunt Jane," and she

"Oh I won't kill hens or calves. I just kill bears."

"What is that child telling now?" exclaimed Laura, coming into the room. "Teddy, you mustn't tell stories."

"Oh, she's just telling some of her experiences in Fancy-land. Teddy and I will go out into the barn-yard after a while, and see what kind of animals we keep. There are no bears, but there are lots of other things."

Teddy went into the kitchen to look out of the window towards the barn.

"Isn't it awful," said Laura, "the way that child tells stories. There is no use telling her how wrong it is."

"Wrong!" says Aunt Jane. "There is nothing more wrong about a four-year-old child's stories than there is about the birds singing in the tree tops,—and it is just as natural."

Later in the day Aunt Jane introduced Teddy to the barn-yard. Teddy clung pretty tightly to Aunt Jane's hand as the fowls flocked closely around them. The calves certainly had very large mouths as they bawled at them but they were penned up. The pigs were too lazy to take notice of anything, and Teddy got right up and was peering through the bars at them, when one old thing, which must have been having a nightmare, suddenly got up with a series of vicious grunts almost

under Teddy's nose. With a terrified scream she sprang up into Aunt Jane's ready arms and clung to her neck, and only when they were far enough away, and looking at the horses, did her arms relax their clasp. Horses were Teddy's delight and Uncle George had many of them.

"Aunt Jane, you have a lovely park of animals. Have you any monkeys?" "No," says Aunt Jane, laughing, "you're the only monkey we have." Whereupon Teddy went through the most grotesque monkey-like manoeuvres until Aunt Jane laughed with a gaiety she had not felt in many a day.

Teddy was by Aunt Jane's side most of the day as she went through her work. A constant stream of questions about everything in sight kept her busy. These she answered to the best of her ability, and a great feeling of good fellowship sprang up between these two. Aunt Jane treated Teddy as an intelligent comrade, and she was surprised at the store of good common sense the child possessed. When Teddy felt inclined to roam in the realm of imagination, Aunt Jane went with her, and while her hands were busy moulding white loaves of bread her brain was kept busy suggesting ways to doctor up a sick horse which Teddy had ridden to New York and back again,—but which had eaten too many gingerbread men on the way home. As the horse was made of a lath it was comparatively easy to get it into as good travelling shape as ever.

Laura wondered at first when she heard sensible Aunt Jane encouraging the child in such "nonsense;" but anything to keep Teddy from being troublesome! Laura loved her little daughter but, always of a weak nature, she daily found it harder, in her failing health, to cope with the stronger will of the child. Aunt Jane, on the contrary, had such a strong, firm, though withal good-natured way, that it seldom occurred to the child to go contrary to her wishes. To be sure Aunt Jane never teased nor spoiled Teddy. The two were good friends, and that's all there was to it.

Of course there came very nearly being scenes at times; as when Aunt Jane, going to the barn one day, was horrified to see Teddy, with small club upraised, facing the old fierce gobbler, Mr. Gobbler, tail circled and wings scraping the ground, was in his most war-like humor too. Aunt Jane sprang and snatched the child up, much to Teddy's disgust. Her eyes were blazing with anger and she kicked to get down.

"I wan' to hit it; I wan' to hit the old nigger, I do, Aunt Jane!" she cried. "It wants to fight me, and I will kill it, I will."

Aunt Jane chased the old gobbler away and carried the kicking child out of danger. It was only by attracting her attention in an excited manner to some colts in a near-by field, which were running and kicking up their heels at each other, that she turned her from her fell purpose. Then she hastily furnished other food for consideration.

"Say, I wonder if that Old Mrs. Fagan has laid an egg this morning! Do you know, she ought to lay two eggs a day to make up for running off from her family, and leaving them to look out for themselves; and them only wee, little chickens! We'll just go and see if we can find an egg of hers. And we'll see if her children are all safe."

A few minutes of tactful management sufficed to transform an angry little savage into a compassionate sister of mercy, wanting to minister to all of Mrs. Fagan's orphans, a lame duck, and even an undersized pig.

Laura and Teddy had been at Aunt Jane's a month when it became quite evident that Laura was still failing instead of improving. She knew it herself and took a strong desire to go back to her people.

Aunt Jane made preparations to go with her. George had secured the services of a reliable man and wife, in whose care he could leave the place, and he would go for the trip too. To be sure they had missed the wedding; but Edith and her husband were settled in their own home now, and warm had been the invitations to visit that new home. A month wouldn't make any difference in the style of her clothes.

(Continued on page 1682)

The Call of Home

By Mrs. M. H. TALLANT

AS the huge Atlantic liner slowly steamed out of the docks, Rupert Norton heaved a sigh of satisfaction and re-filled his pipe. Homeward bound at last, after months of strenuous work and anxious deliberations as to ways and means to gain this end.

The idea of "going home" for a three-months trip had got hold of him in the early spring just when the snow was going and the first crow appeared.

He could scent the damp, mossy, English woods, the primroses in the hedges, the cowslips in the meadows as he moved about his farm, whilst the cuckoo's call haunted him with disturbing insistence.

The idea grew as the summer went on until it became a settled thing, every one knew that Rupert Norton was "going home" that winter for three months.

To that end he had worked early and late, doing without help whenever he could to save the dollars that were to help him to gain his desire. He had not been home for eight years, but had often promised himself a trip to the old country, and the desire had never been so persistent as it was that spring.

It was not that he was unhappy in his life on the Canadian prairies; indeed he loved and gloried in the freedom of it. He was just beginning to reap the reward of eight years' unremitting toil on his homestead, and that fall had one of the best wheat crops in the district.

He had made satisfactory arrangements with a young married couple to live in his house and look after his stock and the farm generally during his absence, so that his mind was at ease on that score.

He knew that he would be glad to get back in the spring; he had seen others go home for the winter and come back declaring they were thankful to get "home" again, and he felt it would be exactly the same with him. But the old land called and beckoned him as it had done all the year, and he yearned impatiently for the first glimpse of England. His parents had been dead many years, he had no sweetheart waiting for him, and his nearest kith and kin was a married sister, but all the same no affectionate son or devoted lover could have been more eager to reach home.

Somewhere he had read a little poem that had touched him with a curious mingling of pleasure and pain, the last verse in particular.

"Weary, we have wandered back—
And we have travelled far—
Above the storms and over seas
Gleamed ever one bright star.
O, England, when our hearts grow
Cold and will no longer roam,
We see beyond your milk-white cliffs,
The round green fields of home."

He smoked thoughtfully as he watched St. John receding from view until he became aware of some one standing by his side evidently taking the same last look. A quick little sigh attracted him, and looking round he saw a slim, tall girl gazing landward with wistful, almost tearful eyes. His first casual glance caused him to look again with interest. A well-built figure in a dark-blue fur-lined coat, a pleasant, sweet face, grey-brown eyes well opened and bright, and a quantity of bright-brown hair on which rested a jaunty fur cap.

It was a pleasant sight to a lonely bachelor man, and Rupert gazed with growing interest and appreciation. If she were destined to be a fellow passenger, his lot had indeed been cast in pleasant places.

The grey-brown eyes, brighter than usual with unshed tears, met his frankly and she smiled. He smiled back and raised his cap, and that was how Rupert Norton met his destiny.

"You are sad at leaving Canada?" he queried. "Whilst I am glad."
"Oh! no," she replied quickly, "not really sad, it is just because I hate saying good-bye, if only for a few months, to a country I love."

"I am going home," Rupert said simply.
"So am I," replied the girl, the color

mounting to her soft hair. Rupert watching critically wondered why.

"I have not been home for eight years," he explained, "so I am just hungry for a sight of the round, green fields of home."

She looked at him with quick sympathy.

"That is a long time, I have only been away from home three years, but it seems very much longer."

"And now you are going back?"

She nodded her head, and the color again surged into her face.

"Yes I am now going back."

"And you are not glad?"

"Yes and no. I love the freedom of the Northwest, where I have been living for three years and I hope to come back in the spring, but I also love my England and I have loved ones to meet again when I get there."

"You are fortunate," Rupert said, wondering who the "loved ones" might be, "I have only one sister and numerous uninteresting cousins and aunts to welcome me home."

The dinner gong interrupted their tete-a-tete, greatly to Rupert's disgust, but they met again at the table. As



A Row of Manitoba Buds

it so happened, they sat opposite to each other, so that he could talk to her, or content himself with looking as he pleased. In a pretty blouse with hair tastefully arranged she appeared more charming than ever, the trace of sadness no longer marring the brightness of her face.

During the evening, Rupert managed to discover the young lady's name—Bessie Ross—also that she had been keeping house for her brother on his farm in Saskatchewan, not fifty miles from his own holding. The brother had recently taken to himself a wife, however, and Bessie had felt herself at liberty to do as she pleased. It was not until they were nearing the end of the voyage, however, that she told him she was going home to be married.

It came as rather a shock to him even though he had noticed that she wore a ring upon the third finger of her left hand.

Their friendship had ripened during the voyage, they had much in common and their tastes and sympathies were identical.

He was sorry she was engaged for she was just the girl he would have liked for himself, but it was of no use "crying over spilt milk," as he told himself ruefully; the other fellow was a lucky beggar that was all.

He sometimes wondered if she were altogether happy in her engagement. He had not met many engaged girls, but he always had an idea that they were uproariously happy and jubilant. This girl was neither, she spoke to him of her lover in a quiet matter-of-fact manner without enthusiasm.

"Do you really care for him?" he asked her abruptly one evening. It was their last night on board and they were sitting together in the music gallery.

She started a little and looked at him curiously.

"Who! Harry! What a funny question! Why I have known him since we were children, and have been engaged to him four years."

Rupert groaned impatiently.

"Heavens! What a fish he must be!

If I had been in his place I should have followed you out the next year."

She smiled and colored.
"But you see, the arrangement was that I should stay with my brother until he got the patent for his land and possibly a wife, then for me to go home to Harry when we should get married."

"Humph! and do you suppose you will like living in a dirty old town again even if it is as the wife of a bank clerk!"

There was a decided sneer in his voice which, however, Bessie wisely ignored.

"No, I do not, but Harry has almost promised me to come out to the Northwest in the spring and take up the next half section to my brother. So you see we may meet you again."

She laughed a little unsteadily, twisting the ring nervously round her finger.

Rupert watched her gloomily, then with an impulse for which he could afterwards have kicked himself, he leaned forward and grasped her fingers passionately.

"Bessie! I wish to God I had met you before that other man. I could have made you happy; he never will."

She looked at him with pained, startled eyes.

"Oh! Rupert," she gasped, the name slipping from her unconsciously. He heard it, and a sickening realization of all he had lost, made him drop his head in his hands with a groan. When

they met to say good-bye.

He raised it again she had gone. They had no private conversation again until they met to say good-bye.

"May I drop you a postcard with the date and name of the boat on which I am returning?" he asked, as their hands met for the last time.

A pained light shone in her sad eyes. "Do, it would be so nice if we could travel back together."

He smiled grimly shaking his head, then raising his cap he strode away.

He saw nothing more of her, she had told him that her brother, mother and perhaps "Harry," were to meet her at Liverpool, and he had no wish to witness the meeting.

Rupert Norton did not see the primroses bedeck the woods, or the cowslips the meadows, but he saw the holly-decked churches and was in time to join in the Christmas festival.

His sister was the wife of a Church of England clergyman, whose living was situated in one of the prettiest rural parishes in Worcestershire. Here Rupert spent his Christmas, taking part in the village entertainments, the school children's Christmas tree treat, the church choir's supper, and the tea given to the old people of the village.

It was an ideal Christmas, bright and frosty, with just enough snow on the ground to look "seasonable," but not to be unduly inconvenient for travelling.

"A good old-fashioned Christmas," was the verdict, and Rupert smiled as he thought of the winters in the Northwest of Canada, the forty below zero frosts, and the two to three feet depth of snow. How he longed to drive his team and cutter at full speed down the village street, but alack! where would be the snow to make this feat possible. Yet, how fine it would be, how the old villagers would hold up their hands and ask what the world was coming to!

Rupert enjoyed his winter at home, every bit of it, he took his small nephews and nieces up to the London pantomimes, enjoying them himself as much as they did, and hunted up several of his old school mates.

Spring came all too soon, the snow-

drops in his sister's garden were and the beds of crocus, masses of pome and gold before he left. He did not hear the cuckoo or the nightingale but the skylark sang amidst the blossoms of a bright early spring morning.

It was spring when he left England with budding trees and springing garrs? it was still winter when he got back to Saskatchewan though the snow was looking shabby and there was a sap of rising sap in the bluffs.

A few weeks before sailing he sent a postcard to the address Bessie Ross had given him, with the date, name of vessel upon which he was ranging to return. At the bottom the card he had scribbled—"He congratulations, and best wishes your future happiness."

So Rupert Norton said good-bye to his sister and England, and upon bleak grey March day embarked for Canada.

He was rather late, but he stood deck eagerly scanning the passengers as they came aboard. There was sign of the brave, bright face he loved the frank, grey-brown eyes, and bright wind-blown hair, and he turned at with a sickening disappointment.

He lighted his pipe and was busy himself with his baggage, when he heard a soft voice say—

"How do you do, Mr. Norton?"

He turned, and there was Bessie smiling at him, such a happy, blushing face, and laughing eyes, no trace of sadness there.

His teeth met over his pipe stem but he held her hand in a cordial grip.

"This is good! I was afraid you had changed your boat after all. You are well and happy, you look both!"

"Both, thank you," and she laughed like a child, "and you! I hope you had a good time?"

"The time of my life—I have enjoyed every minute of it."

"And you were not disappointed in poor old England?" she smiled mischievously.

"I? disappointed in England! I love her all the more if that were possible."

"Then you are sorry to return to Canada?"

"No, that is another story. My home is there and I am going back to it. I shall rejoice to see my humble shack again and talk to my horse."

I wonder if they will remember me!"

"How could they forget you," she cried, and the unconscious note of tenderness in her voice made his heart leap then sink like lead.

"But your husband?" he queried, "may I not be introduced to him?"

"I am afraid not as I have not met yet," she replied, and as she put up her left hand to toss her hair back from her face he saw that it was ringless.

"Bessie! Tell me the meaning of this," he cried sternly. "Where is Harry?"

"At home I guess," she replied flippantly, then as they paced the deck side by side she added—

"I suppose I should feel and look broken-hearted but I certainly do not feel so, and I trust I do not look like a jilted, broken-hearted heroine of a penny novelette."

"Jilted?" he echoed.

"Exactly," Bessie went on calmly "when I met my brother and mother at Liverpool they informed me that my intended husband was already the husband of another girl. Harry did not care for the idea of farming in the Northwest, so he has married a girl with a little money and has been also raised to the dignity of manager of a branch bank."

Rupert said something between his teeth, but did not attempt to hide his joy at the news.

"You are going back to your brother?" he asked.

"Yes. My mother and I. Would you like to know her?"

"Presently, if you please, but just now, I want you and you only."

They were in a quiet part of the deck, most of the passengers were still struggling with their baggage.

With a sigh of intense satisfaction he slipped his hand through her arm and drew her close to him.

"Mean little beast as that Harry must be (I always had my suspicions of him), I am most profoundly obliged to him for jilting you. Bessie, will you

come back with me, I shall be so lonely especially if my horses have forgotten me." She looked at him silently, a lovely color creeping to her brow. "You surely do not care still for Harry?" Then Bessie found her tongue. "Care for him! I never did very

much but now, Rupert, how can you ask such a question?" "Then if you do not care for him, who is it, for it is some one, I dare swear by the light in your dear eyes." The "dear eyes" shone very brightly, as, looking up frankly, Bessie replied—"You, Rupert. Now shall we find mother?"

THE INGLE NOOK

THIS LADY: IN THE MATTER OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Nay, dearest, nay, or—speaking bluntly

—no,

I need no pipe; let me confess: the brier

Morocco-cased, you gave me months ago

Still waits its primal baptism of fire.

Cigars? Nor those. Believe me dear, my stock's

Replete—the birthday batch is on the shelf

Reserved for friends—they've hardly touched the box,

And I've not smoked but one of them myself.

A brodered plush tobacco pouch?

Nay, there

Again the thing's been done. I could produce

Out of your bounty an immaculate pair—

Heirs to this shabby one that's still in use.

A paper knife? Something, you say, to cope

With uncut books? Why, dearest, truth to tell,

A railway ticket or an envelope

Answers the purpose quite supremely well.

Knit me a tie? Dear heart, a year ago

You did me one in crimson, green, and blue.

It's still unworn—I can not put it on Until I feel I'm worthy so to do.

A walking-stick? Nay, nay—that word again,

I have no use for sticks. I always swear,

Having no waterproof to balk the rain, A stout umbrella is the only wear.

A waterproof, then? Why, now, that I call

A good suggestion, but—there's still a but—

You'll think me faddy—in an overall So much depends upon the fit and cut.

What do I want? you ask me. I reply, That naught exists can swell my happiness.

I am beatitude itself, for I Lack nothing that a man would fain possess.

You'll summon in to help you other brains?

Get the store's catalogue and run it through

From A to Z? My dearest, spare your pains,

All that I need begins and ends with U.

—C. E. HUGHES, in *The Bibliophile*.

GRANDMOTHER'S CHRISTMAS

Have you a dear old grandmother (or grandfather) on your Christmas list? And are you trying to decide whether it shall be a pair of woollen slippers or a pair of mitts? Well, do not choose either one unless you really know that they are needed, and even then somebody else is almost sure to do the obvious thing. Let us be original! Let us give the old folks not what they need but what they would like. I hope to be just as fond of pretty things when I am seventy as I am now and I know I shall never ask Santa Claus for sensible old lady things, no matter how much I may need them. No, indeed!

Women are women and men are men as long as they live and I think age is far more sensitive than youth. An old

woman will be pathetically touched by some little attention which a young woman would never notice.

So let us consider nothing but her own pleasure and taste when choosing grandma's present. She will be so pleased and happy, the years will drop away and you will catch a glimpse of her old-time, youthful charm.

Having forgotten her age and our conventional ideas, then, we will turn our backs on the woollen counter and see what we can find. First, there are the lovely bags made of ribbon or silk, justifying their existence by their beauty, even if they were not so useful for carrying glasses, handkerchiefs and bits of work.

Then there is neckwear, which should be soft and dainty for an old lady. The fichu and kerchief styles are particularly becoming, also the soft jabots of net and lace. A box of really pretty neck frilling would be appreciated.

A pretty brooch would awaken a thrill of long-forgotten vanity. A pair of silk mitts would be a constant pleasure. A fine veil would add just the right touch to the close-fitting bonnet. A bottle of good perfume would please almost any woman. A well bound book by a favorite author would help to while away many lonely hours. A box of toothsome candies would be just as welcome as if they went to the very youngest kiddy on your list.

Of course, a grandfather must be remembered too, and I think I should be tempted to consider a subscription to a good, live magazine, which would help him to keep in touch with the busy world where he once played a man's part.

So please put your very best thought on the gift for grandma and grandpa. We always remember to hang up the baby's stocking and we want the first Christmas to be happy, but we do not think so much of the last Christmas. The old people probably remember it and wonder sadly if this Christmas will be their last. Each year they have fewer friends and fewer ties and we should try to drown every sad thought in a rush of loving attentions from the young folk. Just imagine the kind of Christmas you would want if you were grandmother, remembering that your tastes and your wishes would be very much as they are now!

A CHRISTMAS WEDDING

If you are planning a winter wedding, why not "name" Christmas Day. Christmas has always been one of your happy days and you will add one perfect link to your chain of happy memories.

There are practical reasons, too, for choosing Christmas Day. The brothers and sisters and cousins will probably be home for the holiday. Then decorations and table dainties are available, which you could not get later in the season.

For winter decorations we can have few flowers, but Christmas bells, wreaths and holly leave little to be desired in the way of brightness.

Perhaps holly and mistletoe will not be obtainable but have some if possible. A few sprays for the bride's table would add just the right touch.

The stores are now selling the Christmas bells, wreaths and long chains made of tissue paper and evergreen. If you are fortunate enough to have evergreen trees anywhere near your home, you can afford to be quite independent, but most of us will have to be content with paper.

The lovely red berries found in such



A Dear Old Couple

Picture of Octavia Allen's Nurse, mentioned in *THE ADVOCATE* of November 22

profusion on the prairie make lovely house decorations and they last for months.

If you wish to make your own decorations, secure a stock of red and green crinkly tissue paper; flexible cardboard; cord (red or green) and mucilage or photographer's paste.

Very pretty bells are made on a cardboard foundation, covered with red paper, a ball of which should be hung in the centre to represent the tongue.

The green paper is used for wreaths and long chains, which may be made in a variety of ways. Cut strips of paper the full length of the roll, pull the edges to make them wavy and give the chain a few twists when hanging it. Another chain is made by cutting small strips, eight inches by one inch. Join the first strip into a circle, using your paste, slip the next through this before joining and so on till you have it long enough. A red link put in at regular intervals would make a pretty chain.

Do you not think it would be fun to gather in the young people some evening to help you make your chains? 'Tis a tedious job to do alone, but all the fun in the world if you have a jolly crowd.

A large bridal bell would be made like the smaller ones and trimmed with holly or bitter-sweet berries. If

you have no holly, make some "pretending" leaves and paste them on the bell.

For the bride's table make a large bell, using two hoops of different size, the larger suspended from the smaller. Hang small bells around both hoops and put one in the centre for the clapper. Wind the hoops and connecting pieces with red paper and green smilax or holly—real or imitation.

Drape the doors and windows with bells and wreaths and you will have a lovely frame for your beautiful bridal picture.

Refreshments will, of course, be as Christmassy as can be. If you are planning a regular "sit-down" meal, the usual Christmas menu should be used. For simple refreshments, serve sandwiches, salad or cold fowl, fancy cakes, wedding cake, tea or coffee. Jelly with whipped cream and nuts makes a delicious substitute for ice cream.

We have said so much about food and decorations and never a word of the bride! For a house wedding a simple, dainty gown of silk, marquisette or muslin is always pretty and will be a source of endless satisfaction to the average bride. A satin wedding dress is lovely but for country brides (and also the majority of city brides) it is absolutely useless for future use, unless they just wear it anyway without considering whether or not it is suitable.



The Bride

I am sure many girls regret their foolish expenditure for finery which is altogether out of place in their new life.

Dress the hair prettily but not elaborately and do not try any new and untested mode. A bride should be sweet and simple, not like a dressed-up copy of herself. If the dress is white, a veil may be worn, but a single pretty flower or a dainty wreath would be becoming to a youthful bride. Lovely wreaths are made of tiny artificial flowers.

If your sleeves are short, wear gloves to match your dress. Slippers should be the same shade or black. Black would probably be much more sensible, as they would be available for future use, while white slippers might never be needed again.

If you are to take a trip, it will pay to spend a good deal of thought on your outfit. For a visit to a city, you should have one pretty dress, suitable for theatre and evening wear. If friends are to entertain you and parties are on the program, you will need a light dress. If you expect to wander around at your own sweet will, however, choose a serviceable but pretty material or just a dainty blouse to wear with your skirt. Everybody tries to travel light nowadays and it is not so much a question of what to take as what to leave at home.

A long separate coat is much better than a suit; indeed, an ordinary suit is no use for a Western winter. If possible have a warm fur collar on your coat so that you will not require a neck muffler or stole. You will appreciate the wisdom of this in crowded stores and theatres, where a lot of little things are such a nuisance.

A small, serviceable hat is almost a necessity, even if you are taking a large, dressy hat. If you must have a large hat, it will be easier to wear it than to pack it, and the porter on the train will give you a bag to keep it in, if you are making a long journey. My vote is for the small hat always, and you will be sorry if you do not have one. The pretty "shapeless" velvet or felt hats that fold flat would take no room in your suitcase and on windy days, theatre evenings and driving excursions, would more than justify its existence.

For travelling, a tweed skirt with a soft silk waist to match will be just right. White blouses are very smart when fresh but they mean frequent changes. Wear a good heavy boot and do not start with a perfectly new pair or your feet will suffer.

For toilet use you will need a hair brush and comb, tooth brush and powder, a small hand mirror, talcum powder, cold cream, cake of soap in a celluloid box, a couple of small towels, an assortment of pins and a couple of needles threaded with white and black cotton.

Perhaps your plans include a short visit to some large city and you want to make the best use of your time. If you have no friends to act as guides and directors, consult the local papers. You will see announcements of plays you want to see, lectures you want to hear, and meetings that would be interesting and inspiring.

Of course, the stores will be a never-failing attraction and if your eyes are quick, you will be able to gather up many suggestions for future use. In the large stores you will probably come across demonstrations of fireless cookers, or paper-bag cookery or just plain cooking of some kind. Perhaps they will be showing some new labor-saving kitchen utensil. These things in themselves may not be of use to you but they will offer suggestions and when you are settled in your new home, you may be very glad to have seen the actual working of some of the things you have seen in the advertisements.

You will meet many interesting people on your travels and do not be afraid to gather information from them. They will probably be just as interested in you as you are in them. Any one who can talk intelligently of life on the prairie is sure of an audience.

I started to tell about a wedding and here I am pursuing the poor little bride right on into her married life! Merry Christmas to all the brides. May all your dreams come true.

The Worth of a Man

"Well, Sis, it's good to be home again once more! Now, I've given a full description of my trip, it is time you gave some account of how you have been behaving in my absence." And big Rob Hughes did circus gymnastics with his long legs and the hammock till he had gained a position where he could see the face of his pretty sister. Brothers are usually unappreciative of the good looks of their own sisters, but Rob thought Nell the prettiest girl in town, and watched with an eagle eye the varying degrees of admiration expressed in the eyes of the other fellows.

didn't care for him at all, but he seemed a gentleman."

"Heavens! He's a cad—a pure, unadulterated cad! Do you know you are the fourth girl he has played at love making with, and you're the first that has refused to play back? Poor girls! It wasn't play for them, for in turn they loved him. Wasn't he a member of a good family, well dressed, polite, fairly well read, and couldn't those brown eyes of his look all kinds of tender messages?"

"There was always an engagement—sometimes secret—and raptures and

quiet after he stopped coming. No one has been here much, except Mr. Belton and his sister. He seems very anxious to be all a curate should be, and pursues old ladies and Sunday school children arduously. His sister helps him, too. They have been here several times, and though I can't say they are wildly exciting, still they are pleasant, intelligent people."

"Are you an old lady or a school child?" Rob had recovered his breath, but not his good humor. "Pleasant and intelligent," pshaw! He's too ladylike to be a success. I bet he'd turn pale if he saw a mouse. He has no pluck, no flavor to him. His eye is mild; his voice is milder; his sermons are mildest. He's a clerical error. Nature intended him for a nun. Don't give him a right to our verandah, Nellie, and spoil all our good times."

Nell did not disagree audibly with his dictum, but she knew if Rob could see Kenneth Belton as she had seen him he would recognize the man and welcome him to the verandah.

II.

The Sunday school festival was always the event of supreme importance to Mountburg folk. The mothers had to see that for this happy occasion Mary had a new dress and fresh ribbons, that Johnny's present jacket was replaced by one that was large enough and that his boots were blacked at the heels. Father must find some money for the new finery, and also listen patiently while "pieces" were rehearsed before him. Passive roles, these, but of value in the final results.

And the youngsters, themselves—alternate thrills of bashfulness and pride chased one another up and down their spinal columns. How splendid to give a recitation before that vast audience! How awful to break down!

Kenneth Belton, the mild curate, had planned it all, and now with his sister's help was carrying it out. He was here, there and everywhere and everything went smoothly. Rob Hughes declared he had been bullied by his sister into being chairman, but once in the chair he did the honors and duties of his high position nobly and vigorously applauded every number on the program.

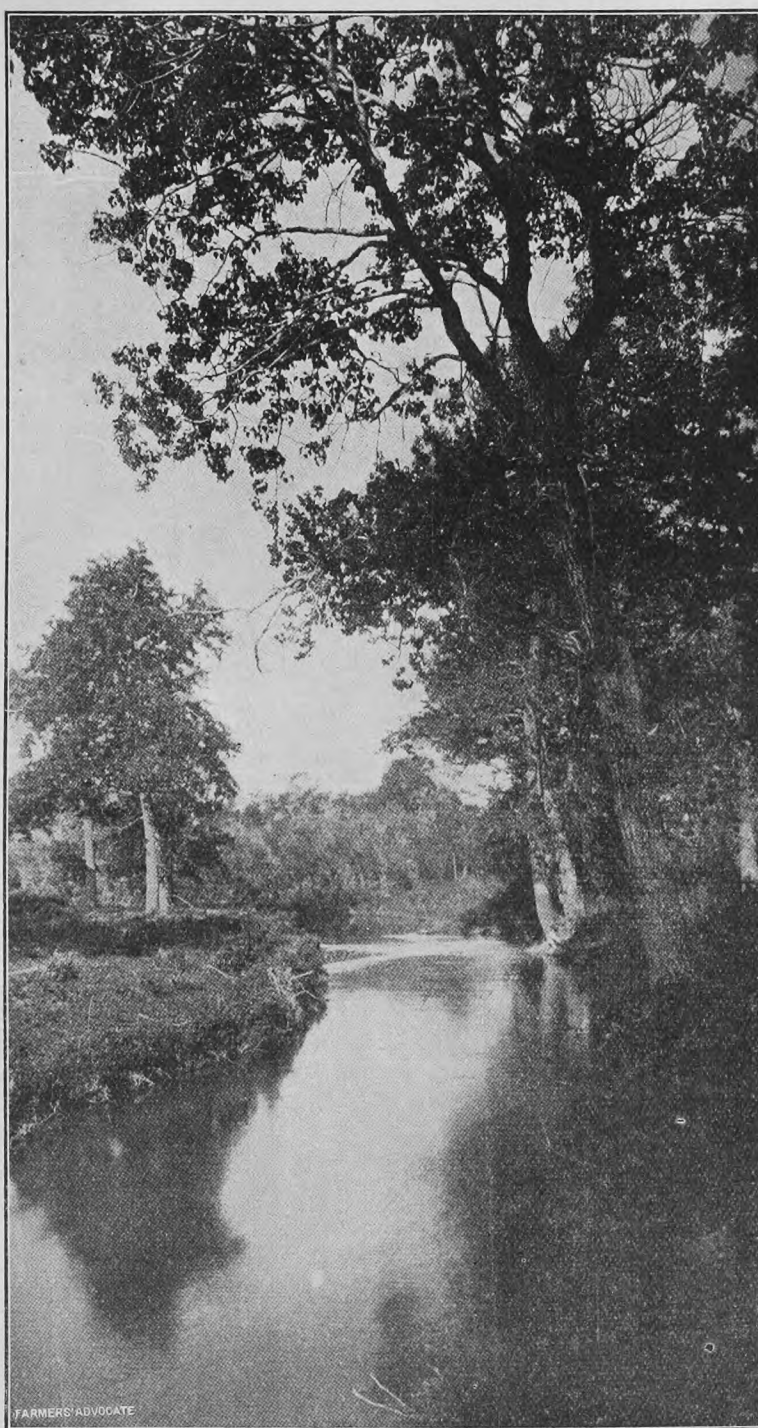
Closing time had come, and the chair announced a "good-night speech by our worthy curate." Nell thought she could detect a slight flavor of sarcasm in the announcement, but the rest of the audience considered it just praise and responded with loud acclaims, for they liked him in spite of his quiet ways. The curate walked from vestry to platform, smiled at his people and said, "My good-night speech is just 'Good-night. God bless you all.' Let us sing." Then he turned to Rob, and whispered: "The room at the side of the vestry is on fire—march them out while they sing—my sister will play—sing with all your might—don't come—get them out quick!"

Away he rushed, and the crowd passed out unwittingly to the strains of Onward Christian Soldiers. Nell and Miss Belton waited in the aisle, and were surprised to see Rob rush to the vestry. They followed, and looked upon a wreck of the once neat little room—but the fire was out.

The curate, very dishevelled as to hair and clothes and very white as to face was leaning against the wall, and Rob was saying in unmistakably admiring tones: "Well you are a brick, and better than a whole fire brigade," and made as if to grasp the hand of the man he had once despised for his lack of energy, but when he saw the poor burnt hands, his arm went round the slender shoulders, and he cried: "Sis, he's a man." And Nell knew that the man who had won her heart had won his welcome to Rob's verandah.

* * *

Fred Lennox, spending the summer in Chicago, took a flat close to a railroad, which he surrendered after a week's occupancy. "I think I could have become used to the trains going by in the night," he said, "but every morning at eight o'clock two engines came under my window and rehearse until noon."



Nature Undefined

"How about Blain Archer, Nell? He was camping on this verandah a good deal of the time when I left."

Nell replied serenely, "I don't know 'how about' him. He hasn't used your precious verandah for a month."

"What's up?"

"Oh, just that he wanted the verandah for keeps and me with it, but—"

"You turned him down? Good for you, Sis! Better for you, I might say, for if by any evil luck you had let him stay, your big brother would have been compelled, more or less reluctantly, to have lifted the gentleman out of this hammock and kicked him to the gate. I'm sorry I didn't have time to warn you before I left but he seemed to be on just ordinary calling terms then."

"What do you mean, Rob? I

bliss for a while. Then there was an explanation—usually written—that owing to family circumstances he could not marry yet, and he couldn't trust himself during a long engagement, and he wouldn't like to stand in his dear girl's way, so perhaps it would be wiser to be just friends, the best of friends, of course, and so on, *ad nauseam*. The result he had had and experience, and the girl a bruised heart. Do you think he's in town yet? I want to go and kick him now."

"How dreadful! But are you sure it's all true?"

I know it, Nellie, girl, and—I never told you before—but I know because I—I loved one of those girls myself."

Nell gave Rob time to recover his breath by saying: "I didn't like him and I'm glad of it now, but it seemed

THE WESTERN WIGWAM

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND

It was dark and cold in the cottage,
For the fire was burning low,
And the one rushlight was hoarded,—
The hand of the midnight snow.

Beat, beat at the narrow casement,
Like the clods on a coffin thrown,
And a mother, widowed, and young,
and fair,
Sat holding her child alone.

When, hark! a knock at the doorway—
Unbidden a guest came in;
A trav'ler, aged, and bent, and frail,
With cloak wrapped to his chin.

"Good Hausfrau, lost on the mountain
A wandering one am I;
Oh, give me a place, and a fire, and a
sup,
Or else in the storm I die."

She paused—one hoarded rushlight,
A meagre handful of food,
And to keep her child from the bitter
cold,
A bundle of kindling wood!

Could she give of her store? Oh, hush!
oh, hark!
From the steeples far below,
The wind was bringing the Christmas
chimes
Through beat of the falling snow.

And she said: "For the sake of the
Christ-Child,
I give you all my store;
For the Christ-Child goes on Christmas
Eve
With blessings from door to door.

"Perchance there are some who need
Him more
With whom He is called to stay;
He has missed my door this Christmas
Eve—
'Tis far up this mountain way—

"And He astray in the snowfall
May be seeking a place to rest;
For He is only a Kindchen,
Like the weanling at my breast."

She rose and went to the cupboard—
And 'twas stored with wholesome
food!

Amazed, she sought the faggot,
And the basket was heaped with
wood!

She turned to the ragged stranger,
And lo! in his humble stead
Stood One in shining raiment,
With a halo round His head—

The snow beating in at the casement
Could not drown the steeple din—
When she opened her heart to the
beggar,
The Christ-Child, had entered in.

—MARY CLARKE HUNTINGDON.

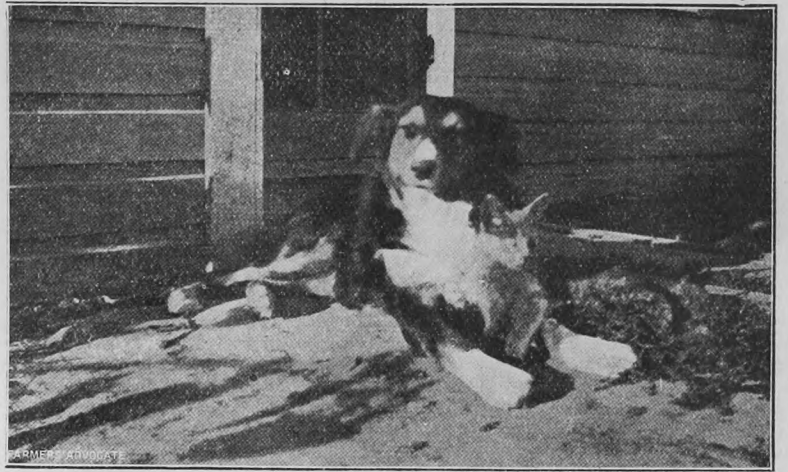
AN INSPIRING LETTER

Dear Cousin Dorothy :—It is now
nearly a year since I wrote to you, but
I guess you haven't suffered much.
I go to school now, and walk a mile.
I passed my entrance last June, and
got my name in the two honor lists for
my division, and for those who had
over 75%. I am now taking first part
of third. I would like to take ma-
triculation, but that is impossible in a
country school.

Our school is decidedly cosmopolitan.
We have Dutch, Polish, British, Cana-
dians and a few who could, if they wish-
ed, trace their ancestry back to some
noble Red man. Our school stands on a
hill, not very high, but nice for coast-
ing and sliding. The river will soon be
safe for skating. When it is, we will
have fine times, till it drifts.

We have a couple of cats (I think
them lovely, but opinions differ), which
we are trying to keep in the barn out of
the house. But they are wily. Some-

We have a lovely dog—a Scotch
collie. He is almost human. When-
ever any of us come home, after being
away perhaps only a few hours, he



True Friends

CHRISTMAS FAIRIES

Oh, the Christmas fairies are in the air!
They're flitting about us and every-
where;
There's the Fairy of Peace, and of
Good-will;
And the Fairy of Love that bids no ill
Come on this Christmas Day.

Oh, the Fairy of Cheer sings in the
heart,
For the Fairy of Gifts has played
its part
And has brought the Fairy of Grate-
fulness
For the Saviour's dear Gift of full
Redress
On that first Christmas Day.

The Fairy of Laughter goes hand in
hand
With the Fairy of Feast throughout
the land
And the Fairy of Song its music brings,
While the Fairy of Bells its rapture
rings
On this glad Christmas Day.

IN BETHLEHEM

The night is all a Christmas Tree,
With candles set therein.
Open the door both wide and free,
For Poor Folk to come in
From Bethlehem, from Bethlehem
Across the frozen moor.
God pity us like Bethlehem
If They find fast the door!

Light up! Fling logs upon the fire,
Yea, make a goodly show!
Lest there should come the Heaven's
Desire
In from the frost and snow.
From Bethlehem, from Bethlehem,
Her hour is well begun.
God pity them in Bethlehem
Who turned away His Son!

Now in the finest guest-chamber
Heap down-beds warm and full.
Bring sheets all sweet with lavender
And coverlets of wool.
Bethlehem, in Bethlehem,
It came to pass, alas!
They had no hosts in Bethlehem
Except the ox and ass.

Oh, close no door on Christmas Eve;
Lest these Poor Folk should come,
And once again sweet Mary grieve
Because there is no room.
God save us if, like Bethlehem,
When snows are soft and carled,
We closed the door, not knowing Them
Against the Hope of the World.

—London Times.

AN OLD CHRISTMAS CAROL

O, wake ye, little children,
And be of goodlie cheer.
Your sun so high along the sky
Hath shone two thousand year.
And once it saw a little Child
In manger lying undefiled,
And all about the cattle mill
Did lovingly draw near.
So, wake ye, little children,
And be of goodlie cheer.

O, wake ye, little children,
And let each heart be gay.
Good-will to men they caroled then,
And why should ye delay?
Awake, awake, and rise and sing,



An Aristocratic Pose



Queen of the Garden

times they will be back to the house
before us, or they will go in the cellar
window and wait patiently for the
door to be opened.

One old hen foolishly molted all
her feathers, and now that there is six
inches of snow on the ground, with a
corresponding temperature, she is nearly
frozen. So we put her in a box, down
in the cellar, and at present she is going
around, croaking. I wonder if she has
pneumonia?

We had very early frosts this year,
even with the tempering river, so that
the autumn glory of colored foliage
did not last long. While it did, you
may be sure that my chum and I ex-
ercised our privilege of studying out-
side to its fullest extent.

There was an abundance of wild fruit
around here, especially strawberries,
raspberries and pincherries. I picked
a good many quarts. I do enjoy berry-
picking, don't you?

This summer I learned to row. We
have a boat, the "Dipper," and I can
guide it about as straight as a palsied
man can draw. I never tried to go
anywhere, so that it did not matter
much. I enjoyed myself, so did the
onlookers, but maybe not my pas-
sengers.

I went to the Winnipeg Exhibition
in the holidays. I was very much
pleased with the sewing done by the
girls of the school I attended when I
lived there. They made a lovely
dining-room set. I helped to make the
bed-room linen.

wrinkles his nose and makes the queer-
est noises in his efforts to talk. He
nearly wags his tail off, too. He
draws my little brother on the sleigh.
To-day I found him curled up in the
Morris chair! Quite a suitable place
for the pet of the whole family. Some-
times we call him the "talking canine."

Last winter we hung meat bones and
bread on the trees in front of our win-
dows. Bluejays and chickadees came
around and ate them. It was nice to
watch them. It is hardly cold enough
yet for them to be tame.

I am glad to see that the girls are
writing nice letters. The Boys' Club
was better for a while, but we're just
as good, if not better than boys any
day; let's just show them so. Some
of them brag about their page being
better than ours; make them swallow
their words.

How many of you have tasted wild
grapes? This summer my chum and
I found several vines in a deep creek
near the school. They were not quite
ripe, so we tried to keep their existence
a secret. We told the others that we
had found some, just to tease them; but,
like the gun-powder plot, the secret
got out by us showing and telling some
other friends, so they were torn down
while still pretty green. We got some
ripe ones afterwards, though.

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas.

BOOKWORM (13).
(What a splendid letter! We shall
hope to hear from "Bookworm"
regularly.—C. D.)

And greet ye every living thing,
For man and beast did greet your King
On that first Christmas Day!

Then wake ye, little children,
For this is Christmas Day.
—Everybody's.

The Haunted Cupboard

Written Specially for Our Boys' Club

The Traynors had moved to the country. They had always wanted to do it but now with the desire realized they felt that the week before Christmas was not just the best time to have the wish fulfilled. Father and Mother Traynor felt that way about it, but Jack and Bunny had no room for any other feelings so full were they of delight at being in the real country and of curiosity about the roomy, rambling house that looked so big after a city flat. It had lately been a legacy from an old uncle to Mr. Traynor, and the lease having just expired on the flat it seemed best to move at once.

None of them had even seen the house before and now they stood on the doorstep to get a first view. The place lay in a hollow and no other houses were in sight. The little town was only a half mile away but it lay over the edge of the hill. The snow had come early and abundantly and the narrow path that the teamsters had tramped from the picket gate to the door was the only break in the immediate whiteness.

"This place looks like a fly in a pan of milk," Jack said. "Come on and let's explore, Bun. There's all sorts of doors and stairs."

"We'll use just this one room until you come back, Hugh," said Mrs. Traynor. "Set up the kitchen stove here and the beds in the bedroom right above it and we'll have room enough and comfort till you get back. I wish you didn't have to leave us."

"I wish so too, dear, but we came in such a rush that the business couldn't be finished. I'll be back sure the day before Christmas, with the rest of the parcels."

"Christmas," shouted Bunny, bursting into the room. "How will St. Nick ever find his way here?"

"There's a dandy chimney for the old boy to come down in the next room," announced Jack, whose clothes proclaimed that he had been investigating dusty and cobwebby corners. "There's about a dozen pieces to this house, dad, and stairs and halls and cupboards all over it. But half the doors are locked and no keys to be seen. It's going to be fine sport exploring—as good as a robber's cave."

"Don't explore any more just now but throw in that jag of wood we had sense enough to bring with us. Pile it up neatly here behind the stove. I don't know where the woodshed is and haven't time to look if I'm to catch that six o'clock train. Good-bye."

"Shoot it! This is no fun. That snow puffs like powder and gets up my sleeves every load. Here, you Bun, come and help a fellow. It isn't fair for you to explore when I have to work."

Bunny, being a right-minded little sister, turned in and helped and the wood was soon in the house, a fire lit and the few pieces of furniture they had brought arranged in something like order. A stairway led to a big room above, and here the beds were put up with curtains between.

Then it was time to get supper and the children were clamoring for something to eat. The baskets were unpacked and cupboards investigated as safe places for the food that was to last them till father came back.

"Here's a cupboard for the dishes, mother—hooks for the cups and all," said Bun throwing open a door with a glass front.

"Don't put anything in here, children," directed Mrs. Traynor, who was peering into a sort of closet in the wall; there is paper all chewed up and that means mice."

"Here's a queer one, mother," announced Jack. "It's only a half-grown affair. Look at it."

It did look queer. It stood about four feet high and had a level top about two and a half feet square. The front was a door which when opened disclosed a set of shelves filling the whole inside space, all very clean.

"Looks like a young refrigerator without an ice box," was Jack's comment on the oddity.

"It's clean and dry and that bottom shelf will be a fine place for our Christmas turkey. I guess I'll put the bread and Aunt Anne's home-made buns in here too. They won't get quite so dry."

"Mother," called Bun, who was hunting in a big box. "Here are some of our Christmas bells and decorations. Put them on the top shelf of our dear little cupboard and then they won't get all broken up."

"Very well. Bring them here," and in a minute the shelves had received their load and the door was shut.

That night the trio slept soundly after a stirring day but even sleepy-headed Jack was awakened by terrible creakings and groanings.

"What's that?" he called.

"I don't know, dear," said his mother. "Are you sure we closed the doors?"

"Yes, sure, mum. Don't you remember how the bolts shot into place like guns?"



A Dethroned Monarch

"I'm afraid, oh I'm afraid! Cuddle me, mother," wailed Bun, and Jack refrained from saying that he wasn't afraid for fear of being called upon to prove it.

"Oo-oo-ah-oo!"

The groaning stopped for a minute then began once more and then silence. Mrs. Traynor lay awake for an hour after the children slept, but there were no further sounds and blaming a loose shutter or door for her startled nerves she too fell asleep.

"More porridge, Jack?" she asked next morning at breakfast.

"No thanks. I'd like one of Auntie's buns though. I'll get them—where are they?"

"In the half-grown cupboard," laughed Mrs. Traynor, and Jack went that way in a hurry.

"No, they're not."

"Oh, yes, I'm sure that's where I put them."

"Yes, you did, mother. I saw you do it," said Bun.

"I guess I can see," retorted Jack, rather indignantly, "and there isn't a bun in this thing. Here's an empty plate."

They looked everywhere. There were no buns—that was certain. Also there were no crumbs nor any other clues.

"Queer thing—and that door has a spring and catch. It won't stay open if you want it to."

"Why didn't something happen to the turkey and the decorations?" asked Bun, but neither of the others ventured an answer.

"I bet it's haunted with a spook and it makes that noise to scare folks away while it eats. Would a ghost pick up every crumb, mother? Must be a tidy beggar."

"I'm not very well up on ghosts," said his mother laughing, "but if a disembodied spirit can eat buns it can clean up the crumbs, too. But," she added quickly noting a look of alarm in her little daughter's face, "that's all foolishness. We are just imagining things."

"But where did the buns go, mother? And why didn't the turkey go too?" Bun's curiosity wasn't a bit satisfied yet, but her mother only said, "I don't know" and tried to interest her in other things, though her own mind searched all day vainly for an explanation.

That night the contents of the mysterious cupboard were the turkey and decorations, a bottle of milk, half a loaf of bread and a few slices of cold ham.

Jack said he was going to stay awake all night to find out just what did happen, but a few minutes after his head touched the pillow he was deep in sleep, for he had "explored" all day in half a dozen different directions and there were still other worlds to conquer. Mrs. Traynor lay awake for an hour or more but soon sleep claimed her also.

the limit. Don't expect me to believe it."

His wife was a patient woman and only said, "Well, you'll see."

That night Mr. Traynor insisted upon having everything put in the cupboard that could be kept there and offered to keep watch.

"You go to bed and I'll ferret out this wonderful mystery and explain it all to you in the morning."

He smoked and read for an hour or two, then replenished the fire and sat down again. He must have dozed a little and was roused by a faint squeak. "A mouse," he thought, but to satisfy himself he went over to the cupboard and opened the door.

"Well, by the great Horn Spoon!" —Then words failed him! For the cupboard was gone! Only the outside remained—shelves and food had vanished like magic. He got down on his knees and peered in, but all for nothing.

For three hours he sat with that cupboard door wide open and nothing happened, then he went up to bed and (too tired and sleepy even to wonder) slept soundly till daylight.

In the morning he had to endure the family's enquiries and general air of "I told you so." It determined him to devote the whole day if necessary to the investigation, even in the face of sundry Christmas preparations that should have engaged his attention.

After breakfast he and Jack got into outdoor clothes and started to reconnoitre from the outside. Jack pointed to the tracks he had made in the snow while conducting his earlier explorations.

"That track goes to that wing on the west. It's just got one room in it with a fireplace; it would make a dandy museum for my specimens, dad."

"Where does this go? We'll see about museums later."

"Oh, this goes—this goes—to that little greenhouse on the south side. You know we saw it from the gate the night we came. And this one goes—where does it go? Why, dad, I never made that track at all. Crickey, let's follow it up! Whoever made it had some feet for size!"

They followed and wound round one end of the rambling house, along the side, and stopped at what looked like a mound of snow against the wall. The footmarks led round it and on the far side was an opening. It was a little roof over a flight of stairs leading to a cellar.

Down they went, pushed open a door, and there sat an old man smoking. He looked as much surprised to see them as they did to see him.

"What are you doing here?" Mr. Traynor asked abruptly.

"What are you doing here?" was the counter-retort.

"Well, I own this house and that seems to give me some slight right. Doesn't it look that way to you?"

"Yes, I guess so," said the old man with a grin. "So you're old man Traynor's nevy."

"Haden't you better explain a little?" suggested Mr. Traynor.

"Maybe so, maybe so. You see I'm a brother to Martha who used to be your uncle's housekeeper, and Martha though a little bit short in the temper, always done the fair thing by her relations. I'm not very strong and can't work hard so—"

"You look very healthy to me."

"You can't always judge by the looks and I'm a sick man. Martha knew about this little room and as they was a chimbley to it she put in this little stove and a cot, and I just come in and out this cellar way for the last three years whenever I wasn't working."

"But what did my uncle say about it?"

"Bless your heart, he didn't know! He wasn't payin' much attention to things for a long while before he died."

"What did you do for food?"

The old man hesitated and seemed unwilling to answer, but Traynor pressed the question.

"You must have had food. Where did you get it when you weren't working?"

"Well, sir, since you insist—I used the dumb waiter. Martha used to put things into it left from dinner and I'd pull it down at night, take the food and shove it up again."

He laughed and ridiculed the idea: "My dear, it's absurd. Skeletons in closets and ghosts in tower rooms are strain enough on one's imagination, but spooks in a pantry—that's beyond

"The haunted cupboard!" shouted the two listeners both at once, but the old man only looked puzzled.

"Where is the thing?" cried Jack greatly excited. "Show me!"

The old man rose reluctantly and went over into one corner. Here he released a spring to which a chain was attached and down came a skeleton cupboard fitted with shelves, complete except for a door. On the top shelf were Bun's Christmas decorations! The top of the cupboard remained on a perfect level with the floor above.

Jack and his father stared at one another and then Jack flew for his mother and sister, yelling "Don't say another word till I come back," as he went.

When the whole family were gathered the story was started over again and as curiosity seemed to be stronger than wrath in his hearers the old man's explanations began to be tinged with pride.

"I'd heard of the old man's death—pardon, I mean your uncle, sir—but didn't know whether Martha had gone or not, so coming this way I slipped into the old place. There was only a crust in the waiter that night but I had some in my pocket. Next morning the ground was covered with snow and I lay round all day and heard you folks come in the afternoon. So I tested the source of supplies that night and got some cakes—pretty good ones, too, mum."

"Was it you made the awful noise?" asked Bun.

"What noise? I was quiet."

"Oh, it went 'Oo-oo-ah-oo,'" chanted Bun.

"That was the waiter. It had got rusty for want o' use and screeched as it went up and down. I oiled it with some of the ham the second night and stopped its racket. I hope you're not vexed, sir. I'm an old man and not very strong."

"You're an old humbug, my man. You can't stay down here; some day the place will burn up from this stove. You can come upstairs and have a room and food as long as you work for it but no longer. You can't stay here."

"Our ghost is gone. There is no more haunted cupboard. I'm sorry," shouted Jack and Bun.

"I'm glad," said Father and Mother Traynor together.

JIMMY'S CHRISTMAS EVE

No curly locks adorned young Jimmy's head,

And he was *not* his mother's *only* joy. If people thought aloud, they would have said,

"Now that's a very ordinary boy." But, as it was, they only smiled at him, And helplessly observed, "So this is Jim!"

He was, in fearful fact, the fifth of nine, And not the least the cotter's dying child,

To feel no pain dear mother now, or pine Away, or own that he had been too wild.

His one and only aim, his great ideal! Was, stiff with food, to rise from every meal.

With one or two to tend, his mother might Have noticed that his greedy ways were such

That they exceeded healthy appetite, And that he always swallowed much too much;

But, with nine children clamoring for more, He often got three helps and sometimes four!

His father was a farmer, and did well With geese and turkeys at this time of year;

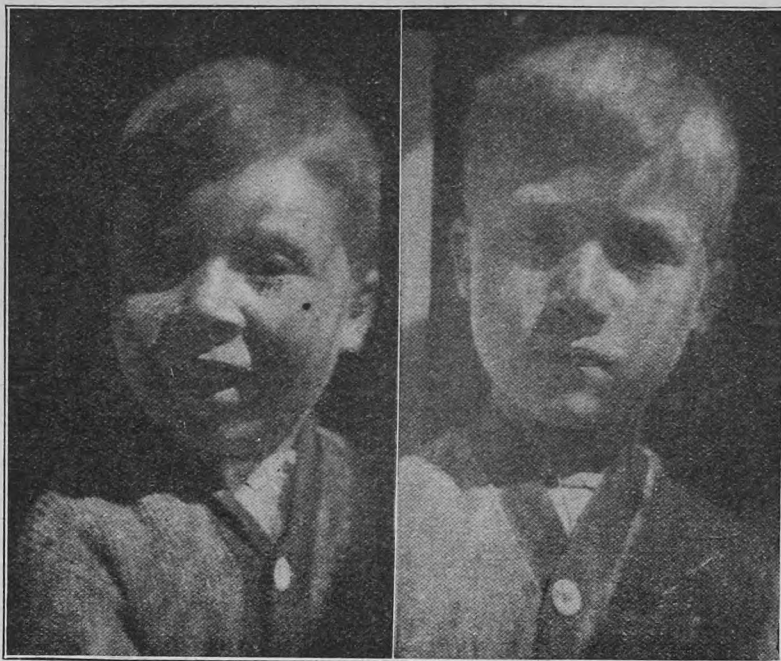
But two of each he did not try to sell, For he would say as Christmas Day drew near,

"My motto always is to choose the best

And keep them for ourselves, and sell the rest."

This sentiment was perfect, Jimmy thought;

And, when he saw his mother much engaged



Frivolity and Gravity

In coping with some secret parcels bought

On market day, the greed within him raged

To such a great extent, that soon she said,

"You either go a walk or go to bed."

So Jimmy went to tell all he might meet About the treat in store for him next day.

He quickly gained the little village street;

But there was no one there to whom to say,

"I'm going to have a better time than you;"

And yet the wish to say so grew and grew.

The village church was lighted, he looked in

And saw some children there: and then he thought

"I'd love to see their eyes when I begin To tell them what I think my mother bought;

I'll wait till they come out!" He took a seat,

His mind still running on his Christmas treat.

The preacher gently bade all present hear

The lovely facts of Christmas, in what way

The Heavens to the shepherds had made clear

The miracle of Christ and Christmas Day.

"The shepherds saw an Angel; so you might

Behold an Angel, too," he said "to-night."

"The reason that we all will not rejoice

At Christmas time is that so very few Desire to listen to an Angel's voice;

And yet the splendid words are ever new,

The song that old of God's good-will to men

Will sound to-night as sweet as it did then."

And Jimmy, hearing, knew that Christmas meant

Much more than he had ever felt before;

And when into the cold the people went He let their numbers lessen at each door

Without a word; and, when in easy sight

The farmhouse windows shed a welcome light.

He smiled, and, with his fancy all aflame,

Did not go up the path, but turned aside

To seek the field that bore his father's name,

There, like the holy shepherds, to abide

And watch the flock. He heard the frequent bleat

And hurried through the snow with eager feet.

He rather hoped to find some shepherds there,

"But I am here," cried Jimmy, "I am here,

And keeping watch." He made a little prayer:

"Oh! Angel of the Lord, please soon appear;

I'd not mind waiting much, but then you know

I must not stay out late in all this snow.

"And truly I am getting very cold: Besides, I do not want to miss my tea,

And there are crackers; and my father told

Us, after, we should see what we should see;

I won't be frightened, and the sheep are near,

So please be quick—you'll find me kneeling here."

But while he prayed the moon was hid from sight;

The snow fell fast. Still Jimmy waited on.

"Five minutes more and I shall see the light,"

He whispered softly, then, five minutes gone,

"Just five more minutes!" Till a numbness crept

About his limbs, and little Jimmy slept.

His father's shepherd, fearing that the sheep

Would suffer if the snow fell through the night,

Approached the field where Jimmy lay asleep,

And chanced to turn his lantern's meagre light

Upon his face. "Pray God he be not dead!"

And then, "He lives! Thank God, he lives!" he said.

At last, beside the farmhouse fire, he woke

And whispered in his sobbing mother's ear:

"I saw the light and then the Angel spoke;

He looked so gentle that I felt no fear; Glad tidings of great joy to you I bring,"

He said, and soon I heard all Heaven sing."

And Jimmy never afterwards forgot That he had heard the Tidings of Great Joy,

For though the boy had heard what some had not,

He, being from that time a kinder boy,

Did not give way to pride, but there and then

Began to think of God's Good-will to Men.

—Standard of Empire.

FROM OUR PRIZE WINNER

Dear Editor:—I received the prize of a book, and I am writing to tell you that I am very pleased with it, and also to thank you very much for same. I always admired Fenimore Cooper's books, but this book is different to ones that I have read, such as Deerslayer, Pathfinder, Last of the Mohicans, and many others that deal with the Indians.

We are having very cold weather up in this part of the country, besides a deep fall of snow. Threshing operations have been suspended and a lot of settlers are not threshed out yet. Two of them round here had their homes burnt to the ground, and they could not save a thing but what they stood up in.

Any of the boys had any skating yet? We have a small lake about a mile and a half from here, and we had some dandy times there last fall, but this fall the snow covered it up as soon as it froze thick enough to skate. Wolves are very scarce around here this year, we see one about once a month. My brother saw a fox not long ago, that was the first we heard of for three or four years. What fun we used to have in the Old Country running after the fox-hounds. They would sometimes come round by the schoolhouse at dinner time, and we would follow them for one or two hours and then go back to school and get a good licking for being late. The foxes were very numerous where we lived but the farmers were not allowed to shoot them or kill them in any way, because if they killed one and were found out there would be such a fuss made about it that any one would think that they had killed a man instead of a fox. I remember one day my brother and I went out in the fields to shoot some rabbits and we came upon a fox sleeping peacefully under a hedge. My brother said, "Watch me scare that fox," and he put the gun to his shoulder and fired over the top of it. He jumped up and went off like a streak of lightning. One day some one found a litter of young cubs, and thinking of playing a joke upon the huntsmen, cut their tails off and let them go. They hunted those foxes time upon time but they could never catch them, because they lost the scent in a few minutes. Well, this letter is getting a bit too long so I will close.

"LOVER OF DOGS."



On Pleasure Bent

Acquiring the Laugh Habit

"He! He! He! He!" in a thin voice like the first strains of milk in a tin pail.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" came after a short interval.

"You was a little slow coming in with that laugh, Roger," said the thin voice in a critical but not unfriendly tone. "Couldn't you have laughed a little prompter? It wasn't such a bad joke."

"It was a good one all right, but you didn't give me a chance before you started in to laugh yourself. We haven't any Hoyle on this laugh business but I think you should wait till I see the point and start to laugh," was the apologetic reply of the big voice.

"Maybe you're right, Roger, maybe you're right," said the old man, dubiously, "but ye see, some of my finest might never get a laugh on account of you not seein' the point—and they're so blame hard to make I hate to see 'em wasted."

"Well, give me a signal then—three fingers up, or something like that and I'll be ready for you."

This seemed like remarkable dialogue to me and I listened barefacedly when not engaged with the instruments. The two men sat outside the station on a bench near the open window and one could hear every word from inside. I had been relieving agent in this dull little town for a week and had at least four months more of it ahead of me. The life up to date had been tiresome and the future looked no less monotonous, so you can't blame me for pricking up my ears over a conversation that had nothing to do with the price of hogs nor the extreme rottenness of the service the railway gave to the town.

The call came from the division superintendent's office and kept me busy for a few minutes, then I heard:

"Told me what an ordinary old rascal I was, and said he believed in telling people just what he thought of them to their faces because he wouldn't cut any man's throat behind his back."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"He! He! He! you got that one right smart. Didn't get a chance to raise my fingers on you."

"What did you say to him, Dad?"

"Say? A year ago I'd have slapped his face, I would, but—'cut a man's throat behind his back'—my sense o' humor has been cultivated to that point that I just laughed till I couldn't breathe and the old lunatic was madder'n if I'd hit him."

"Do you think we're improving any, Dad?" and there was a wistful sound in the big voice that seemed out of place considering the subject under discussion.

"I think we are, Roger, boy. Yes, I really think we are. Why, how many times have we laughed to-day, and yesterday and last week? The neighbors think we've gone crazy so we must be improving. By the time she gets home—I'm dependin' on her coming home for Christmas, Roger, and it's going to be a merry Christmas, m-e-r-r-y. Do you hear? He! He! He!"

"There's the whistle."

I didn't see them go away after the train came in but almost every day I'd hear them laughing outside the window, uproarious almost over the most trifling forms of humor. Then cold weather came and the window was closed.

The place was mighty lonesome at night. I had to stay on duty till the nine o'clock train from the city came through, and though it was an early hour it seemed ages between supper and closing time. On Christmas Eve I prowled around the office and then into the waiting room—a typical country station waiting room. It was lighted mainly by the flame from the big square stove in the centre of it—the little oil lamp stuck in a bracket in one corner, being only an assistant illuminator. A pile of logs on one side and a bench on the other side of the stove completed the furnishings.

Sounds were confined to two—the click-click-click of the instrument and the howling of the wind as he attacked

the chimney or made a sudden surprise movement on the keyhole. At long intervals the ticker would stop suddenly and the blast, recognizing an opportunity took advantage of it to rage more furiously. Or, sometimes, exhausted by its own fury the wind would pause a while and then the instrument seemed deafening. Once both sounds ceased together, and for a long, long minute there was silence that could be heard.

But the moment passed, and presently a vigorous gust blew into the room a human being—a man of some sort. He stamped his feet energetically then proceeded to unwind from his person an almost endless red scarf and disclosed a little old man, white haired and wrinkled, but active as a bird.

"Good-night. Is my ear froze?" he asked and hopped over for my inspection of that member.

"Yes, just a spot on the tip."

Without a word he opened the door a crack, seized a handful of snow and rubbed vigorously.

"Guess Jack Frost wanted that ear for a souvenir," he puffed. "He! He! He!"

I knew him. He was my outside-the-window man, and regardless of the villainy of the pun I roared "Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!" quite shamelessly.

He was delighted, so I laughed again just for good measure.

When he had arranged his clothes to his satisfaction, he blew his nose loudly on a red bandana and sat down on the bench, evidently prepared to talk after he had found out exactly what time the train was expected and compared his big silver watch with the station clock.

"It's a cruel, bad night," he said sociably, and it was easy to agree. "I don't mind such a night for many a year."

"Are you expecting some one on the train?"

"I'm expectin' my daughter, Mary, sir. I'm—always expectin' her."

"Didn't she send any word?"

"No, of course not. She knows I'd be lookin' out for her. Besides, it's this way: She left here the night before Christmas two years ago and I've

always had a feelin' that 'twould be the night before Christmas when she'd get back. She doesn't send any letters because she wants to surprise her old Dad, but I'll surprise her"—and he laughed gleefully as any child.

"It was all my fault that she went away, but when the wife died I felt dead, too, and I guess I didn't tend to the little one very well—clothes and food y' know in plenty but a famine of lovin' and playin'. I see it all now. It's a dull life even in the town and we live a mile out. As she grew up I was at her to marry Roger Lane, a good lad he is, too, but gloomy as a hearse then, thinking it a sin to laugh."

"Roger? He's the Ha-Ha-man!" I said, involuntarily, but the old man took no notice.

"I see now that to her mind marrying Roger was just like changing from one funeral to another, and she couldn't stand it."

"I'm going to the city," she said the day before Christmas. "I can't stand this any longer. I want to go where there is some life and cheerfulness, and where people laugh and make jokes and siag because they're happy."

"Not the day before Christmas, surely," I said, and Roger said the same words at the same time.

"Yes, this very day. Christmas isn't merry here—it's the saddest day in all the year. Merry, indeed! You two do not know the meaning of the word."

"This hurt me some and I see Roger felt hurt too, but we both said at once as if we were singing a duet:

"But what will I do? I love you, Mary."

"No, you don't; neither one of you or you'd forget your gloominess and laugh sometimes and try to make me happy. I'll come back when you can do that."

"And she went away. Me and Roger talked it over and after a while we see she was right. It wasn't easy for either one of us to get over them broodin', ruminatin' habits we had made, but we've stuck to it and it looks to us as if she could come home pretty soon now from the progress we've made. How does it look to you, sir? That



A Manitoba Garden

Mrs. Rogers, Plumas, believes in beautiful surroundings

wasn't such a bad one I made when I came in, was it?"

"It was a peach," I said enthusiastically; "and your laugh—why any one would think you had been laughing all your life."

"Roger's not so good at makin' them," he said, "but he can laugh hearty."

Roger came in then and said "Train's

coming. I heard her whistle," and I got busy about my duties. The conductor blew across the platform and when he had his orders I went to the door with him. One passenger got off—a woman, and young—and I heard an old thin voice and a big, booming one say in chorus: "Merry Christmas, Mary! He! He! He! Ha! Ha! Ha!" I didn't laugh; there was too big a lump in my throat.

The Songs of Christmas

A PRAIRIE LULLABY

In a little rough shack does my baby lie;
Her cradle is rude and mean,
Not fit for a treasure that came from the sky—
Not fit for our sovereign queen.

My little one,
My shining sun,—
A message from Heaven, I ween!

Oh baby, look out on the golden wheat;
Oh baby,—the blue, blue sky!
Turn not your eyes, my sweet, my sweet,
On the poverty close by.

My very dear,
My jewel, hear—
Your mother is hovering nigh.

The prairie is always so wide and still,
But now it is always fair,
Since baby has come my heart to fill
I do not think it bare.

My blossom sweet,
My pulses beat
With joy—I have banished Care.

Great Prairie, be kind to my little one,
Give her thy liberty
Shine on my child, oh blessed sun,—
Stars, her guardians be
Keep her from fears,—
Through all the years
May she thy beauties see.

RING SWEETLY

Ring sweetly, merry Christmas bell,
Your glad tones we may hear.
Oh, let your holy music swell
In vibrant strains most clear.
Oh, let the glories of all time
Concentrate their glad mirth;
Ring forth, sweet bell, o'er every clime;
Chime sweetly o'er the earth.

Ring sweetly, merry Christmas bell,
Your tidings mean great cheer;
Glad are the glories that you tell,
Your music men revere.
The message that the angels sang,
O, silvery bell, repeat;
Oh, ring again as once you rang,
Your music rare and sweet.

Ring sweetly, merry Christmas bell,
Christ's advent unto men;
O'er the mountains, mead and dell,
Through canyons, over glen,
Bell, chanticleer of Christmas morn;
Silvery bell, ring, ring!
Unto man a Saviour's born,
Redeemer and a King.

—JOHN J. BEEKMAN.

ONCE MORE

While passing days are short, and cold,
and drear
While nights are long, the longest of the year,
While cruel winter solstice reigns supreme
O'er earth and air, o'er field and wood and stream,
Glad Christmas comes with glowing heart of cheer,
The brightest, bravest day of all the year.

Once more, o'er life's dark hills the shining star,
Once more, the wise men bring their gifts from far,
Once more, amid our ceaseless toil and strife
Begins for us anew the Christ-Child life.

What matter, then, the shortness of the light,
What matter, then, the darkness of the night?

AT CHRISTMAS-TIME

At Christmas-time on Judea's hills
The moonlight falls with silver glow,
And shepherds watch their flocks by night,
Just as in ages long ago.

At Christmas-time our hearts still turn
With loving thoughts to that far day,
When angel hosts proclaimed the birth
Of Him who in the manger lay.

Though centuries have passed away
Since earth its Christmas-time first knew,
The centuries that are to come
Will celebrate His birth anew.

The light of Bethlehem's wondrous star
Has shone through all the ages long
And round the world on wings of love
Has rolled the angels' glorious song.
—W. G. PARK.

CONSTANT CHRISTMAS

The sky can still remember
The earliest Christmas morn,
When in the cold December
The Saviour Christ was born.
And still in darkness clouded,
And still in noonday light,
It feels its far depths crowded
With angels fair and bright.

O never-fading splendor;
O never silent song!
Still keep the green earth tender,
Still keep the grey earth strong;
Still keep the brave earth dreaming
Of deeds that shall be done,
While children's lives come streaming
Like sunbeams from the sun.

No star unfolds its glory,
No trumpet wind is blown,
But tells the Christmas story
In music of its own.
No eager strife of mortals
In busy field or town
But sees the open portals
Through which the Christ came down.

O angels sweet and splendid,
Throng in our hearts, and sing
The wonders which attended
The coming of the King,
Till we, too, boldly pressing
Where once the angels trod.
Climb Bethlehem's hill of blessing,
And find the Son of God.
—PHILLIPS BROOKS.



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CHRISTMAS CAROL

The earth has grown old with its burdens of care,
But at Christmas it always is young.
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music, breaks forth on the air
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, old earth, it is coming to-night,
O'er the snowflakes that cover the sod;
The feet of the Christ-Child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ-Child tells out to the night
That mankind are the children of God.

On the soul of the lonely, the wretched and poor,
The voice of the Christ-Child shall fall,
And to every blind wanderer open the door
Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome to all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field,
Where the feet of the holiest have trod;
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed
That mankind are the children of God.

—PHILLIPS BROOKS.



Where Summer Reigns

The Christmas Party at Mrs. Conigle's

By J. D. A. EVANS

CHAPTER I

Possibly some of you may enjoy the friendship of Mrs. Conigle, an estimable old lady living in a district with which many residents of Winnipeg are familiar. From her home, on a still day, one can hear the shrill siren of the Canadian Pacific shops, and, in the hours of darkness the lights of Winnipeg twinkle like stars in the southern sky.

In the summer months the woods surrounding Mrs. Conigle's residence are beautiful in leafy raiment, the air is redolent with the perfume of wild roses, the bracken fern flourishes amidst the oak, elm and balsam, while buttercups and marigolds peep forth from the meadow land.

Should you wish to journey to Beautadale, follow the road which runs north along the banks of the Red River, past the Seven Oaks Monument and the historic Kildonan Church, in which the fathers of our province worshipped many, many years ago.

It was Christmas Eve. That night of nights when the juvenile population awaits the visit of Santa Claus, the invisible philanthropist, who speeds across the snow, leaving mementoes of his mysterious visits to be found in the early Christmas morning by joyous children who have broken one more vow of Christmas Eve wakefulness. The years slip away into the shadow-land and Christmas memories carry many of us back to our childhood in lands across the sea.

Now, this particular Christmas Day at Mrs. Conigle's was of good, old-fashioned pattern. The snow was deep, the wind whistled a mournful dirge in the treetops, and it was cold—extremely cold—the thermometer hovering around forty below. However, the merry party cosily wrapped up in Mrs. Conigle's sleigh cared nothing for the weather and we sang and laughed and shouted in high glee until we reached Mrs. Conigle's door, where the motherly old soul stood ready with her cheery greeting. Her girls and boys, she called us; the dear woman who loved to gather round her at the Yuletide those who were strangers in a strange land.

Such fun as we did have that evening

and when bedtime came it was not our fault if the cheers we gave for our hostess were not sufficiently loud.

Christmas morning was intensely cold but bright and clear; the sky tinted in those glorious colors which are only seen by dwellers in a northern clime. Even the sun endeavored to impress upon us the fact that he was God's lamp in the daylight hours.

We all went to the little church at the cross roads and listened to the sweet carols of Yuletide and heard again the story of the shepherds and the star of Bethlehem, the angels who sang Glory to God in the Highest, and the Infant born in the Manger.

When we returned to Mrs. Conigle's another visitor had made his appearance, a bachelor who lived in the bush six miles away and who had been invited to spend Christmas Day with our jolly crowd.

CHAPTER II

Many residents of Manitoba are acquainted with Devon, the land of apple blossoms. Merriton Court is situated in North Devon and has been, from time immemorial, the home of the Barews.

There is a skeleton in the cupboard of nearly every ancestral home in England but the inhabitant of this corner at Merriton had left deserted his post. Where had he gone? Manitoba of course!

Basil, eldest son, was the black sheep of the House of Merriton. According to the testimony of his father, Sir Maurice Barew, seventeenth baronet of the line, Basil was a simpleton. This opinion was based on the fact that Basil had permitted his affections to be captivated by the prepossessing governess under whose rule the juvenile Barews were being introduced to matters scholastic.

Granted that Miss Murray was not the equal of Basil Barew, according to the unwritten law of society, at least she was endowed with a great deal of common sense, and Dame Rumor, always busy in the rural districts of England, had whispered that Basil was not the first member of his family to set his affections on one who would be described by silly society dames as much beneath him in rank.

Mrs. Spreadit, who kept the village

shop and was a recognized authority on village affairs, shared this opinion. This amiable lady was commonly supposed to have at her finger ends the complete history of the Barews from the first baronet down.

According to Mrs. Spreadit, Miss Murray was the daughter of an impecunious baronet and the good woman was particularly impressed with the fact that a lady should earn her own living and not consider that she was lowering her dignity.

A noted county gossip, seeing Miss Murray at a garden party, remarked upon her graceful carriage, and Lady Barew replied that she considered her governess above the usual standing of her tribe.

"Of course she is. The metal rings true. Why do you not ascertain exactly who she is? There are rumors going round which, if true, might surprise us all."

On the evening following this garden party, Lady Barew came upon Basil and Miss Murray enjoying a stroll in the oak avenue. Her ladyship turned coldly away and the next morning delivered a stirring lecture to her son. The idea of a governess inveigling herself into the good graces of the heir to the baronetcy of Barew! She should be dismissed forthwith!

His mother's attitude did not unduly disturb Basil. He felt quite able to traverse life's highway on his own merits in spite of the idiotic ideas of the English aristocracy.

Miss Murray departed from Merriton Court, after hearing Lady Barew's opinion of her conduct. She went to visit a friend in London and was soon installed as governess in the family of a peer.

Mrs. Spreadit was much edified by these occurrences. "The young lady has good blood," she remarked to John Pitts, the butler from the Court. "Do you imagine I don't know them what be ladies, me as was upper chambermaid at Lord Thurlock's. She's too much of a lady—that's what's the matter."

CHAPTER III

Christmas dinner was finished at Mrs. Conigle's and the young people were gathered in the sitting room, playing games and having an hilarious time;

Basil Barew being the merriest of the boisterous group.

"Son of an English nobleman," remarked Mrs. Conigle, "Mr. Barew is an extremely nice man but I believe he has had an unfortunate love affair. I understand the young lady left England and he can not learn where she is."

"No," she continued, in answer to a question, "his people do not correspond with him and his mother has influenced his father to have nothing to do with him."

Two of Mrs. Conigle's guests had found it impossible to come on Christmas Eve and George, the hired man, was now dispatched to meet them.

The afternoon passed quickly away and the announcement of supper interrupted a game of Kiss in the Ring, and we had just finished this meal when the sound of sleigh bells announced the arrival of the belated guests. Mrs. Conigle entered the room followed by an elderly lady and a tall, fair-haired woman.

But what was the matter! Basil's face had become ghastly and the young lady was staring at him as if he were a ghost. He arose from the table and went quickly into the sitting room, followed by the girl.

"Basil, Basil," we heard her say. Then there was silence broken only by sobs.

When Mrs. Conigle entered the room, they told her the story of how Miss Murray, after living for some time in Germany, had come to Manitoba and had resided in Winnipeg since early summer. She had written many letters to his first address in Saskatchewan, but as he had left no directions for the forwarding of his mail, they had failed to reach him.

When we left the next morning, Basil expressed the hope that we might meet again and this desire was realized in May of the next year when we attended the wedding of Ada Murray and Basil Barew, farmer, of Beautadale, and heir to the baronetcy of Barew.

CHAPTER IV

Once more it is Christmas and a trio of Mrs. Conigle's guests of long ago are celebrating the festive season in a land across the sea.

A large number of guests are assembled at Merriton Court. Sir Basil Barew stands in the hall to receive his friends and by his side is the young Lady Barew. A little fair-haired youngster is clinging to his mother, another Basil some day to reign in his father's stead.

They are awaiting the arrival of some Manitoba friends who are spending their Christmas in England. Indeed, since Sir Basil and his wife returned to England it has been a yearly custom to send an invitation to Mrs. Conigle to spend Christmas with them. The dear old soul is too feeble now to undertake the journey, for the three-score years and ten of the Psalmist are to her as a tale which is told. She is looking forward to her last journey to the land of eternal sunshine but she is happy to know that her kindness to a lonely neighbor is never forgotten.

Sir Basil's first question is for Mrs. Conigle and then we talk long into the hours of the night, telling over and over the story of the eventful Christmas when a heart bowed down with sorrow found solace.

Early on Christmas morning the bells of Merriton Church once more pealed forth the Yuletide message of peace and goodwill. In the church we hear once more the same sweet carols to which we listened in the little Beautadale church and once more the story of the ages is told.

What do you think now! Just as the writer of this story is completing his task, a young lady who has been standing for some time behind his chair, remarks, "I know what you are writing about. It's that Christmas party at Mrs. Conigle's where you first saw mother."

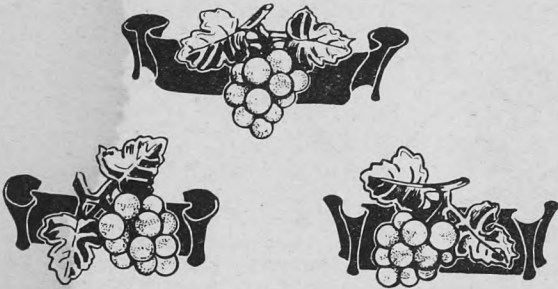


A Peaceful Scene

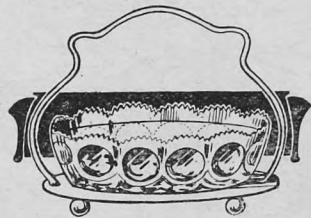
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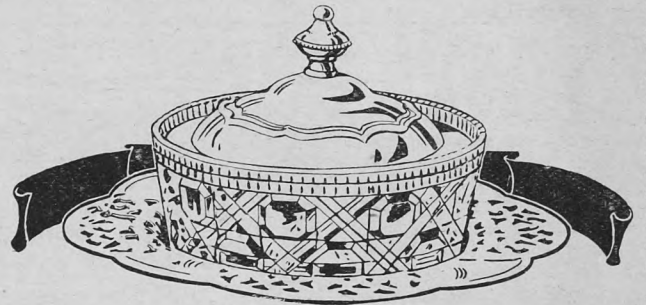
We illustrate a few articles which make seasonable suggestions.



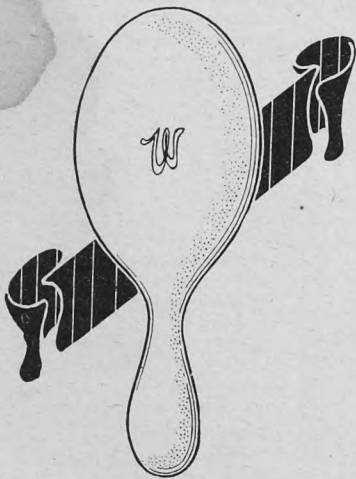
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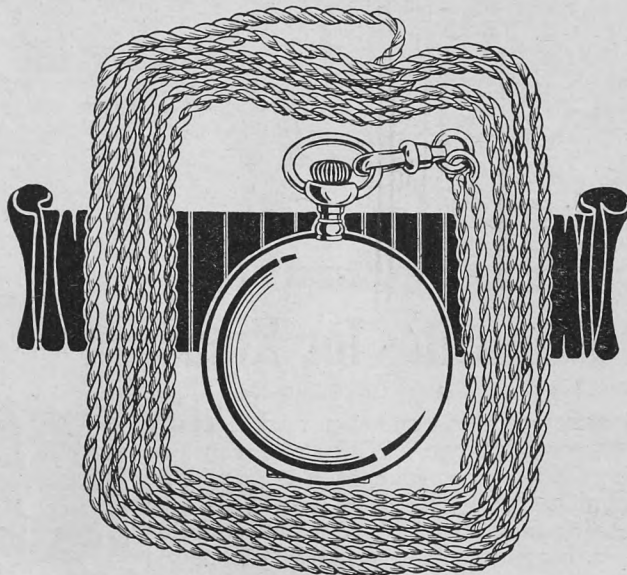


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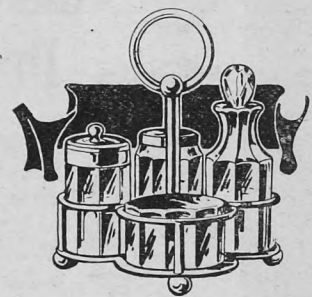


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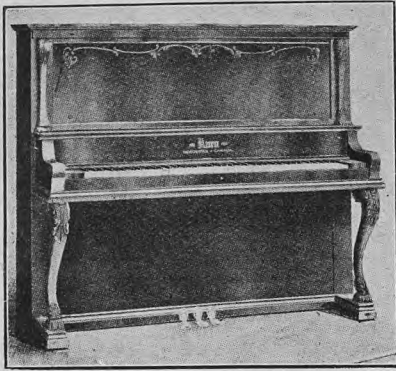


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GIFT SUGGESTIONS

A very pretty tie rack may be made from an embroidery hoop, the oval shape being prettier than the round. Cover the hoop with ribbon, shirred on, leaving a heading on the outside and

finish with bows and a strap of ribbon to hang it up by.

The other hoop of your pair may be covered with ribbon in a dainty shade. Fasten a pincushion inside the hoop, tying it to the sides with baby ribbon.

Screw three brass hooks in at the bottom and put ribbon hanger and bow at the top.

Glass hat pin holders may be fastened to each side.

CHRISTMAS RECIPES

Fondant for Creams.—Two cups granulated sugar, half cup water, a quarter teaspoon cream tartar, one tablespoon flavoring extract. Boil sugar, water and acid until a soft ball can be formed in cool water, cool slightly, beat until thick, turn out on a large buttered platter and knead until creamy. Form into shape and press nuts on top.

For fruit creams, take some fondant while it is warm and work in grated cocoanut, finely chopped citron, currants, figs or other fruit, form into balls, bars or flat cake and set aside to dry.

Divinity Candy.—Boil three cups brown sugar, one-third cup corn syrup and two-thirds cup water until, when tested in cold water, a soft ball may be formed. Have ready the whites of two eggs beaten dry, onto these gradually pour the hot syrup, beating constantly, continue beating until mixture begins to harden, then beat in a cup of nut-meats and pop the whole into a buttered pan. Before the candy is cold, cut into squares.

Fudge.—One and a half cups white sugar, three-quarters cup milk, two teaspoons butter, half a cup chocolate icing, half a teaspoon vanilla.

Boil everything together until it forms a soft ball in boiling water. Remove from fire and allow to cool, then beat until thick and put on greased plate.

Peanut Candy.—One cup coffee or granulated sugar, one tablespoon water, Boil till it will harden in cold water, add a pinch of cream of tartar and stir in one cup of shelled peanuts.

Pinoche.—One and a half cups brown sugar, half a cup milk, half a cup chopped nuts, half a teaspoon almond flavoring, two teaspoons butter. Boil sugar, milk and butter till it forms soft ball in cold water. Add nuts and flavoring and beat until thick. Pour out on greased plate.

Caramel Bavarian Cream.—Stir two-thirds cup of sugar over the fire until it melts and becomes caramel; add half a cup water, and boil till caramel is melted. Soften one-quarter box gelatine in one-quarter cup cold water, and dissolve in the hot syrup. Strain into a dish set in ice and water, and stir occasionally until it begins to thicken; then stir constantly and fold in one and one-half cups cream beaten until nearly firm throughout.

Opera Coffee Caramels.—Boil two cups sugar and one cup strong, clear coffee to soft ball, or between 236 degrees and 238 degrees on a sugar thermometer. Stir until sugar is melted; cover and let cook two or three minutes, watching lest it boil over (on account of the coffee), then remove the cover, and let cook as above, without stirring. Add three tablespoons of butter. Place in pan of cold water, let stand a few minutes, then beat until creamy. Turn out on plate and knead into a ball, with a rolling pin; pat and roll into a sheet half an inch thick; then cut into cubes.

Christmas Salad.—Use white grapes, sliced peaches and pineapple (canned). The grapes should be skinned, cut in halves and seeded, the other fruit cut in small pieces. Serve on lettuce leaves with golden dressing.

Golden Dressing.—Heat one-quarter lemon juice and one-quarter cup other fruit juice, pineapple, orange and the like, in a double boiler. Beat two eggs; beat in one-quarter to one-half cup sugar, and cook in hot liquid until spoon is well coated. Place in dish of cold water and beat a few minutes. When cold and ready to serve, fold in one-third to one-half cup of cream, beaten firm.

Paradise Cakes.—Beat two eggs; gradually beat in one cup sugar, one-quarter pound each blanched almonds and candied lemon peel and citron, all chopped fine. Add two tablespoons strained honey, beating in very gradually; then add two cups sifted pastry flour, mixed with a level teaspoon of baking powder. Turn into small, well-buttered tins, and bake about half an hour in a slow oven.

Kisses.—Take well beaten whites of three eggs, add five tablespoons powdered sugar and flavor with lemon, vanilla or rose extract. Drop on buttered paper with a spoon, sift sugar over them, and bake thirty minutes in a slow oven.

From Ox-Carts to Air-Ships

BY CECIL E. SELWYN

A STORY OF WESTERN CANADA

[Continued from last week]

So he went off among the standing timber to select his trees, and I skidooed with my cattle for the logs—well, I hooked on to the first I came to by making the oxen step over it and turn round to go away from it. Then when the big chain came jangling on top of its butt, I called out—

"Whoa—Back—Tom!"

Tom stood still, and when Tom stood still, Jerry had to stand still too, he being the smaller ox, an' Tom absolute boss over him.

I got the big hook worked under the butt end of the log, behind the heels of my horny horses.

"Get up!" exclaimed I.

Their noses went down and their tails went up, as the heavy strain came upon their necks.

The log gave a lurch and away they went, making me think of a tug with a steamer in tow, and while I was making that comparison the log almost went over my toes.

I got beside Tom's head and he being chummy with me and tractable as a French poodle dog, he followed me round with the big twenty-four-foot log coming behind till I had the butt end of it by the front wheels of our wagon. Then I only had to make him and his mate step backwards till the chain was slack enough to unhook, and away we went for the next log—Tom following my swinging ox whip like a needle comes to a magnet.

We were well on our road to the wagon with the log coming sliding and jumping behind, when ker-chuck she went against a stump and the ox bows rattled like the spars of a ship when she strikes a rock, while the oxen went staggering backwards with the shock.

Bill stopped chopping and looked across the clearing to our anchorage.

"What shall I do?"

"Get a handspike!" he shouts.

And what in thunderation may that be? thought I to myself.

I walked over to the tree Bill was chopping at—

"What was it you said?"

"I thought I told you loud enough to wake the dead, to get a handspike."

"I don't know exactly what that is. I have got a nail in my blouse pocket over beyond by the wagon."

Bill looked at me as though he were going to eat me, and then he picked up a big stick about four inches thick, six feet long and sharp at the end. By all the saints, I thought he was surely going to hit me with it.

"G-g-g-go and p-p-poke that in under the butt end of your log and l-l-l-lift it sideways from off against the stump and when you have done that with fifty or sixty logs, you will keep them clear of stumps and know what a handspike means in lumberman's language."

I knew by his stammering that Bill thought I was a fool; but then he should have considered that it was merely Murphy's lack of education—because after that I paddled logs down the skidways to the wagon with the greatest of success.

About eleven o'clock we decided to get a load of logs on the wagon and go home for dinner.

Lifting at those poplar logs pretty well convinced me, Patrick Percy Murphy, that had I known what was good for me I should have remained a bank clerk. However, what I lacked in muscle my chum supplied, and when we had half a dozen loaded we put the oxen on the wagon pole and started off.

Arrah! But it was a late dinner we ate that day. Before ever we reached the door of our house which was to be, we had stuck in the sod three times, the wheels sinking and going down almost to the axle of the wagon.

Each time the cargo had to be unshipped and shipped again. And wasn't I tired and starving hungry be-

fore I could anchor myself in Blanket Bay for the night!

God bless the pioneers! They surely earned all they ever got and more than that!

It was better than a week before we got the timber all hauled to the place where our dwelling was to be, our building site being located on Section eighteen. The nearest habitation in the way of a settler's hut was on Section four, a little over three miles to the southeast. Here lived an Ontario farmer originally from Scotland, John Drennan with his brother-in-law, Angus Wheatley.

Westward towards Mowbray were five more settlers—Huston, Shaver, two brothers named Johnston and Beatty, and this sparse settlement was

the sum total of human beings in nearly thirty-six square miles.

We peeled the bark off our logs with a draw knife, and then we had to go to our neighbors for assistance.

We made a "bee."

Now don't you laugh! It had neither wings nor sting, this bee of ours!

It's an old Ontario or Yankee word for a gathering together of pioneer neighbors to help a man do what he could not do by himself, such as the framing of barns and buildings of heavy logs, and for this there was no charge but "Thank you," and "When you need me I am at your service in return for anything of the same nature!"

Early on the morning of the day appointed for the work, our friends arrived each with his axe.

They being mostly of that sturdy Canadian type, of whom it has been said that they were born with axes in their hands; the walls of our future home soon rose straight and plumb to the required height. The logs being dovetailed together at the corners by clever axemanship.

After the walls were high enough for the rafters to be put on we had supper—potatoes, roasted ducks, and stewed prunes, with the inevitable dough-god, and after that we listened

to blood-curdling stories concerning the country until the moon rose and our kind assistants took their departure.

Then came the trip down to Nelsonville to Mr. Henry Landerkin, the land agent, for our homestead entries.

After that the freighting from Emerson, of finishing materials for the shanty, in the way of shingles for roofing, windows, doors and flooring material, there being no lumber dealers any nearer than this town, and it more than a hundred miles away.

Two hundred miles there and back again, through mud, moonlight and mosquitoes, sticking in slough-holes, loading and unloading freight, sleeping on the bare ground as often as not, and next morning, "Whoa—Haw, Buck and get up!"

Crickey! But you of later days may bless the C. P. R. for the alteration.

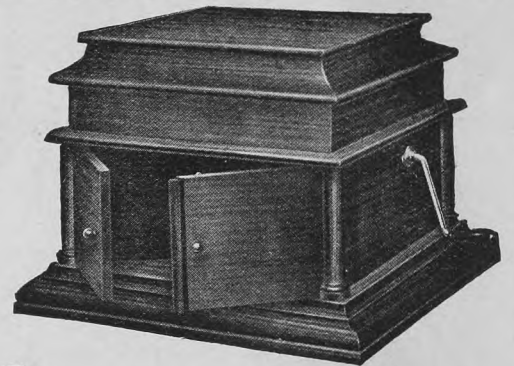
It was Murphy who did the freighting, Bill being the more useful man round home. And I surely had a hard, unholy time of it! But the coarse, wholesome food, with the sweet air and constant exercise made me healthy and hardened my weak muscles, and never did I want to be back at desk work again.

So the summer of 1880 glided on into autumn, I freighting supplies from

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**Portage Avenue,
Winnipeg**

Wash your dishes with GOLD DUST

Ordinary dish-water only cleans the surface. Put a dash of **Gold Dust** into the water, and it will go to the bottom of things, drive out every bit of dirt, every germ, every hidden particle. **Gold Dust cleanses as well as cleans.**

We promise you this, if you use **Gold Dust**: Your dishes will be sweeter and cleaner than ever before, and you will save at least half the time ordinarily consumed in washing them.

Gold Dust does better work than soap or any other dish-washing product—and saves half the time.

Gold Dust is sold in 5c size and large packages. The large package means greater economy.



"Let the GOLD DUST TWINS do your work"

Made by **THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Montreal**
Makers of Fairy Soap (the oval cake)

Emerson, and Bill fixing up shanty and stables and doing breaking for a wheat crop next year, because we had now two more oxen, called Dick and Dan—red steers of the Devon type, with long white horns. And 'twas this team I drove, Tom and Jerry being heavier and stronger for the breaking plow.

Dick was what farmers call "handy," but as regards Dan, he could kick and he could hook, and sharp horns he had to hook with, also when he didn't want to alter the programme by running away, he could lie down in the road and bellow. Oh yes! He had a lot of accomplishments this same dark red off-ox. He was clever enough to teach me to swear, but I console myself by hoping that Saint Peter when on earth owned one exactly like him, and if he did, there is hope for Murphy—he'll surely be forgiven!

In July we made our hay. It was mostly gathered from round the edges of ponds, which in the main are dry land and under wheat cultivation to-day. Bill mowed it with a scythe and built a rack of poplar poles, on which to haul it to the stable.

Gee Willikins! While that haystack

was being built Murphy's hands had more blisters than fingers, so they had! Sure it was myself wished I could be like Handy-Andy in the novel, and put a rock in the middle of it so that it might grow the quicker.

And now I must tell you about the first prairie cow I was the proud owner of.

It was John Johnston's father, the old man who lived under the brow of the Pembina Mountain, down by Morden, who sold her to me. She was a red cow with a white head and a crumpled horn, which made a good handle to lead her by when a halter rope could not be found. She might well have personated "the cow with the crumpled horn," in the House that Jack Built—the excrescence was so absolutely crooked.

And Och, Paddy from Cork! didn't she know how to kick! She'd send a pail of milk jumping twenty feet through the air with one clout of her hoof, so she would!

I called her White-head, but Bill called her "The Devil," at least I never heard him make use of any other name when he had occasion to mention her



Tamarack Avenue at Home of J. Walker, Senior, in the Plumas District

One day she piled bravely in to kick my countenance, and I said to her. "My Lady, I will most certainly sell you."

Along comes Lou Manning from Snowflake, brave and bold.

"And how much would you be asking for the cow?" Mr. Murphy.

"I'll take fifty dollars, Lou, and she's cheap at that! She's a good cow, an excellent cow, so she is!"

Away skidooed Lou Manning with his cow and left me counting the dough.

But the next time I met her new owner—"What in the name of thunder did you sell me that cow for, Pat?"

"Sure it was because you asked me to, Lou!"

"But you told me she was an excellent cow, Pat!"

"And so she is, Lou! A most excellent cow, to kick!"

Lou laughed and scratched his head, and I told him whenever he might require another milch cow I would try and have one ready for him.

That same pioneer summer I had an experience in a hail storm, such as I don't want again.

Land of Moses! Hailstones as big as hens' eggs and no shelter for Mr. Patrick Murphy but a hazel bush. Perhaps you won't believe me, but the prairie was pockmarked with the pelting of those chunks of ice for six weeks afterwards. I don't think the hail in Egypt could have been any worse. I seem to feel the pain of it to-day. Three miles from nowhere was I when the storm started and wasn't I sore and wasn't I wet when I reached home!

It was now August and the young ducks were beginning to fly—thousands of them—but at this time if you went suddenly to the edge of a pond, the flappers would run among the long grass on the banks and hide themselves by crawling under the dead herbage of the year before. This covered the ground like a carpet at the roots of the new growth, so when I wanted a duck for dinner I had but to go to a marsh with Blake, the retriever, and when I saw him stand wagging his tail over what appeared to be a lump of dead grass, from between the soil and the grass, I could pull out a fat duck which had not yet learned to use its wings.

I was by this time learning to be something more like a cook. I used to bake bread in an oven Bill had built for me in the ravine bank below our camp, because I had not as yet brought out a proper cooking stove from Emerson. It was composed of four slabs of prairie limestone set in the bank for top, bottom and sides. This fireplace was made hot with a blazing fire of small, dry sticks kept going for about two hours. Raking out this fire I used to put in my bake pans and with a sheet of tin and sods of grass close up the front for about two hours more, putting a sod on the top of the flue to keep in the heat. This baked elegant bread when all went well and the oven did not light an extra fire with dough for fuel, on account of Murphy, the chef, having overheated it.

Sometimes I had great misfortunes with my cooking.

I remember one day in September when the ducks were beginning to enlist in regiments, getting ready for their southern migration, I had a sponge of dough in the tent, made over night to bake next morning. But when I got out of my blankets, it was so foggy you could almost cut slices out of the white mist with a carving knife, and my dough was cold and solid as a bag of bullets—as heavy as lead itself.

Murphy, I soliloquized, you and Blake can go and hunt ducks together till that dough gets ready for mixing. It's close to your game you'll be getting on account of the fog!

So away we went among the marshes with mallards, pintails and red-heads sitting on the water in droves, and fine fun my retriever and I had. I remember my first shot secured a hooded merganser, a duck much more beautiful to look at than to eat. But next shot, Blake retrieved four red-head drakes, which I used to think were the most toothsome of any. This handsome duck, sometimes called pochard, is seldom seen in Southern Manitoba to-day.

WORKS WITHOUT FAITH

Faith Came After the Works Had Laid the Foundation

"While a coffee drinker I was a sufferer from indigestion and intensely painful nervous headaches, from childhood. (Tea contains caffeine—the same drug found in coffee.)

"Seven years ago my health gave out entirely. I grew so weak that the exertion of walking, if only a few feet, made it necessary for me to lie down. My friends thought I was marked for consumption—weak, thin and pale.

"I realized the danger I was in and tried faithfully to get relief from medicines, till, at last, after having employed all kinds of drugs, the doctor acknowledged that he did not believe it was in his power to cure me.

"While in this condition a friend induced me to quit coffee and try Postum, and I did so without the least hope that it would do me any good. I did not like it at first, but when it was properly made I found Postum was a most delicious and refreshing beverage. I am especially fond of it served at dinner ice-cold, with cream.

"In a month's time I began to improve, and in a few weeks my indigestion ceased to trouble me, and my headache stopped entirely. I am so perfectly well now that I do not look like the same person, and I have so gained in flesh that I am 15 pounds heavier than ever before.

"This is what Postum has done for me. I still use it and shall always do so." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ontario.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

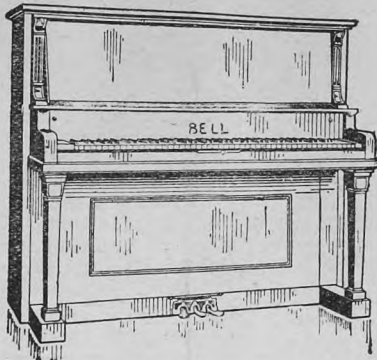


Messrs. Merrett & Nean Had a Good Collection of Vegetables in the Stoughton District

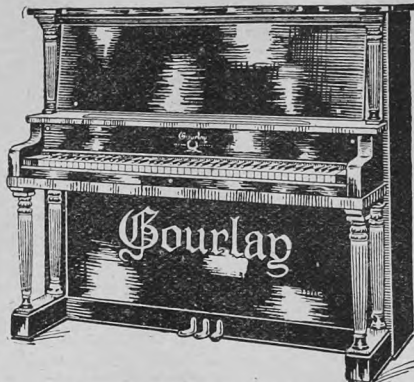
Four Christmas Favorites



SHERLOCK-MANNING
\$300



BELL
\$350



GOURLAY
\$400



ANGELUS
\$850

SAVE \$100 ON YOUR PIANO PURCHASE

By Availing Yourself of the MATCHLESS BARGAINS Offered at the WINNIPEG PIANO CO.'S GREAT INVENTORY SALE

HERE is an opportunity which no intending buyer can afford to neglect, bona-fide reductions of \$100 off the regular selling prices of above standard makes, representing Canada's best. All brand new Pianos of the very latest designs direct from the factories. Surely you can not hope to ever obtain greater values than this extraordinary sale event affords. If any agent or dealer is now negotiating with you, making you special prices, and offering you special favors, either

because it's you or for any other reason, just compare our prices with his and draw your own conclusion.

We will ship to any address in Western Canada, freight prepaid, any instrument of your choice and give you **THREE YEARS** to pay for it. Write us and we will arrange terms with you. **Fall or Monthly Payments** can be arranged. In case your choice should be a style other than represented above, let us know and we will mail you, free, catalog and prices of forty other styles and makes. Write to-day.

Old Instruments
Taken
In Exchange

WINNIPEG PIANO CO

295
PORTAGE AVE..
WINNIPEG.

Every Piano
GUARANTEED
Ten Years

The time passed quickly until the white fog rolled away and out shone the sun.

It suddenly dawned upon me that it had turned decidedly warm and that I had better skidoo back to the tent and look after my dough.

Och sirs! When I got back to that tent, closed up tight, the sun blazing hot and not the slightest suspicion of a breeze, it was hotter inside than an oven.

And my dough!

"Och Biddy, dear, and did ye hear the sad news goin' round?"

There was dough here and dough there! In the pan and out of the pan! My heavy sponge had risen up and made good measure so it had! It had blown up like a balloon and run over! Over my blankets and over my boots more dough! Stickier dough and sourer dough than I ever saw before or since. It would most certainly have been a first-rate inspiration for Service! To make bread of it was out of the question—Bill had to be content with pancakes.

Soon after this we moved into the log shanty Bill dignified by the name of house.

It was sixteen feet long by twenty feet wide or perhaps the other way round would be more accurate. But I'm an Irishman and the length on the width was not much either way, as you would have thought if you had to spend a Manitoban winter in it!

There was a door in the southeast corner, a window in the south wall and a window in the west wall, with two small garret windows looking east and west. The floor joists and rafters were poplar poles scraped clean of bark with a draw knife, and hewn flat on one side with a broad axe.

A fellow named Tommy MacWilliams came down from Snowflake settlement to do the hewing for us, Bill not being that much of a backwoodsman. But if he couldn't hew, Tom Mac surely could, and I used to watch him with a sort of inexplicable fascination, wondering how he could possibly eat so



Caught! The Christmas Dinner

much tobacco and work so hard at the same time.

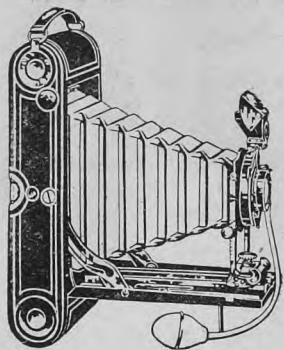
Under the shack was a small cellar six feet square and in one corner of this was a bed of sand. Whenever through the long winter I scrambled down to this sand for a supply of grit to throw to our flock of poultry, I used to feel like kicking myself because I had hauled sand a long twelve miles with the oxen, from a pit in Snowflake ravine, to plaster the log walls of our prairie home when there was plasterer's sand by the ton right underneath them.

The hut had a shingle roof, which was a comfort after the painful experiences I had in the far from water-proof tent. Its chimney was merely a stovepipe, and its stairway a poplar ladder!

Our furniture! Well it was mostly comprised of an old-fashioned stove with an elevated oven. What else there was I don't exactly remember. I know there wasn't a carpet and I know there wasn't a piano. There were two poplar pegs stuck in the wall with a board laid on them to fill the place of a dining table, and the chairs were mostly very uneasy, being anything under the sun from a pail turned topsy-turvy to a packing box. Then there were some tin plates and dishes which generally had as much pork grease about them as they had tin. For the rest of the furnishings they were mostly blankets, buffalo coats and mocassins. And through all that first winter season except for the potatoes in the cellar and the sow-belly in the pork barrel, the grub pile was not a high one, though of course we always had rabbits and prairie chickens or partridges, but of these I seemed to get tired—I'd like a partridge for dinner to-day just because I can't possibly get one!

The shanty stood in a poplar grove on the brow of the Pembina Mountain. It was in about half an acre of a clearing round which the poplar poles stood straight and tall, making a dense wind-break, through which a prairie blizzard could not come.

On the north side of the clearing stood the stable made of poplar logs, plastered with clay, and the roof was



Make somebody happy with a KODAK

There are Kodaks to fit most pockets at prices to fit all purses.

And there's no time when the possession of one is more appreciated than on the home day—Christmas. The children with their tree and toys, and the big folks, grown young again in the children's merriment, offer endless opportunities for the Kodaker.

Photography is both simple and inexpensive now; Kodak has made it so. Kodak cameras from \$5.00 up, and the Brownie cameras (they work like Kodaks) from \$1.00 to \$12.00, offer a wide variety. Even the little dollar Brownie makes good pictures and is so simple that a kindergarten child can work it. The \$2.00 and \$3.00 Brownies are practical little cameras, while in the Kodaks themselves, one may find that efficiency which comes in a perfectly equipped factory, where honest workmanship has become a habit.

Put "Kodak" on that Christmas List. To decide on which Kodak or Brownie, write us for catalogue, or examine them at your dealer's.

CANADIAN KODAK CO.
Limited
TORONTO CANADA

hay thrown over roofing poles laid on four strong beams and stacked so as to shed the rain. In this we kept the four oxen, a cow called Daisy, and the hens and turkeys which comprised our poultry yard.

Whether this clearing was covered with snow in January, or green and yellow with grass and golden rod in September, it was as pretty a barn yard as ever you saw. But never a hen or a watch-dog is there to-day. The old hut is burnt, and Bill has gone to his long rest, while the yard where he worked is overgrown with nettles and rank weeds, a cover for the coyote and the badger—as barren as a heart which is empty of love.

And now the summer was drawing to a close.

The white spikes of choke-cherry blossom had turned into clusters of fairly palatable purple fruit, and all through the woods the high bush cranberries hung in scarlet and juicy bunches.

One day I made up my mind that I'd try to make some choke-cherry jam. Off I went with a tin pail for the

A TURKISH BATH ON THE FARM

FOLKS ON THE FARM—Are you missing one of SNAP'S best services? A dip in the tub and SNAP used instead of soap makes you feel as if you had enjoyed a genuine TURKISH BATH.

It is thoroughly cleansing, removes the stain and grime of hard work, refreshes and invigorates as it cleans, and is soothing to the skin.

Be sure you get SNAP the original Antiseptic Cleaner.

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timber in which they grew the thickest. I had picked about half a pail full when I noticed that the bushes on which they grew were here and there twisted, torn and broken down, and I wondered who had been before me with such vigorous hands. I passed on down a long opening in the woods, among the dogwood and hazel scrub till I came to another bunch of cherry bushes; near to these were two very large oak trees, both dead, and one thrown down by some heavy wind storm, had the usual great lump of earth about its upturned roots, which a large overturned tree lifts out of the ground.

Ptchrrfff! Ptchrrfff! Ptchrrfff!

What in the world is that row? I said to myself.

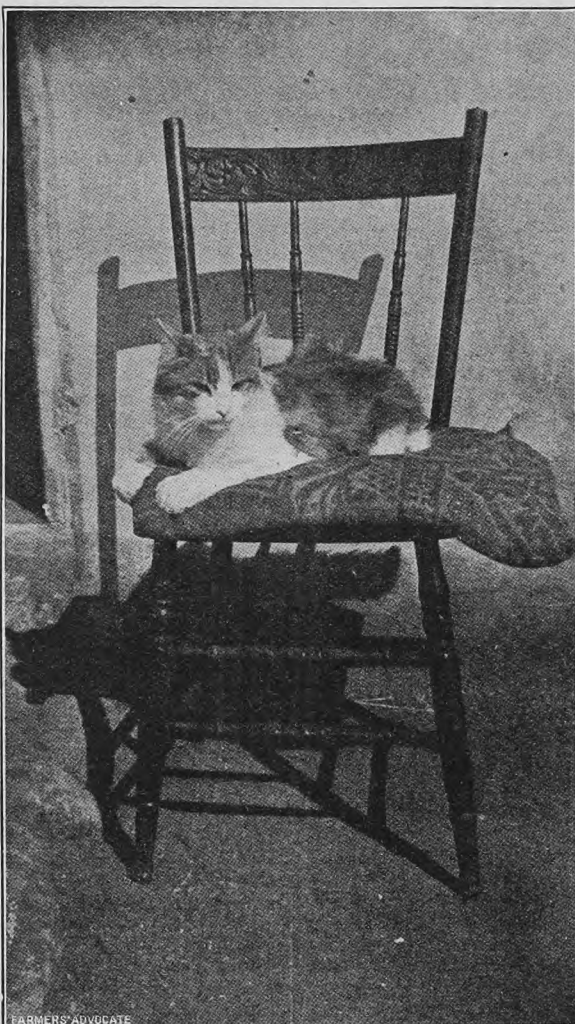
Perhaps it's a raccoon up in that big tree, sniffing at me!

With that I jumped up on to the prostrate trunk and stepped backwards along it, peering up into the limbs of the standing tree in search of my raccoon.

of autumn and the clouds of mosquitoes disappeared. It began to freeze slightly at nights. Flowers bloomed no more. Grass turned yellow and great flocks of water fowl went southwards—swans, pelicans, waders and Canada geese, not to mention every sort of duck and plover.

In the stillness of the autumn night you could hear the cackling cry of the waders or snow-geese and the honk-o-honk of their black-necked Canadian cousins, and at times the trumpet note of the wild swans making one think the whole sky was full of bird regiments.

One day I saw a golden eagle kill a swan. I was standing on the river bank when I saw the swan fall on the opposite bank as if it had been shot and the great bird of prey swooped on to it and began tearing it up. I presume the eagle had killed it in mid-air by striking it with its claws. I had no gun and the river was impassable or I should have been tempted to interfere. But then I sup-



Making Use of the Cushion

Crash! Bang! Crash!

Out of the cavity caused by the up-lifting of the oak roots, through the thick hazel bushes leaped a big black bear.

I took another step backwards wishing for a rifle.

Crash! Bang! Crash!

Away went a second bear!

Going round to the end of the trunk I found a sort of hollow scratched in the ground such as hens make when they dust themselves, only this was larger on account of the difference in the size of the claws! And in this the bears, gorged with berries, had been sleeping.

I don't grudge them the berries—I'm glad it wasn't Murphy!

I skiddooed for home without filling my pail. I was afraid the bears might get hungry and like a change of diet.

Now the fall weather came and all the prairie was white and blue and gold with daisies and sunflowers. The woodland leaves were painted with the colors

pose the eagle had as much right to eat the swan as I have to eat mutton.

The weather grew colder.

Bill gathered dry wood from the bluffs of timber and drawing it into the yard with the wagon and oxen, piled it up for winter fuel, and we were lonely for the faces of women and home comforts.

It was now November.

The prairie chickens gathered in great bands about the poplar groves and at sunrise in the mornings they might be seen crowded in the upper branches, chirping and whistling as though they might be telling one another about the coming winter.

Wolves and coyotes howled through the lengthening nights with the din of a thousand raving maniacs, and at times from the leafless forest came the blood-curdling call of a lynx or panther making one think some human being was lamenting in some terrible death agony.

(To be continued next week)

RESIST EXHAUSTION
by drinking **EPPS'S COCOA**
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EPPS'S

gives strength and staying power for the morning's work, and refreshes you when the day is over.

DELICIOUS. SUSTAINING.
Children thrive on "EPPS'S."

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Winnipeg is to be congratulated on having the largest Conservatory of Music in Canada, with branches in Toronto, Vancouver, Victoria, Edmonton and Calgary, with headquarters in Winnipeg. It is called The Columbian Conservatory of Music, controlled by some of Canada's leading business men, with Mr. S. L. Barrowclough as president. This Conservatory makes it possible for every man, woman and child to study music by the Conservatory Home Study Courses. Music is easily learned if studied in the right manner. It is only a question of method—of learning each simple, positive principle thoroughly and at the proper time and after the principles are learned it is merely a question of applying them throughout the entire subject, all its phases and branches. This is the only method by which these principles can be presented plainly, simply, thoroughly and permanently, and if the student will only study each lesson in proper order, learn everything in each lesson, do the necessary practicing and follow the instructions of the teacher, who is ready and willing at all times to assist and is as much a personal teacher in every essential sense, as would be a teacher at your side, you will be delighted with progress which you, perhaps, heretofore considered impossible. Write the Columbian Conservatory, Phoenix Block, Winnipeg, for further particulars.

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This plume is just the kind for which you would have to pay \$5.00 at any retail store. It is extra wide, fully 16 inches long, in all colors, with willow flues of great length that do not lose their curl easily. Send us \$1.00 to-day, for this is an opportunity not to be missed. We offer also an extra large and handsome \$7.50 plume at \$2.50.

Send money by mail, express or money order. Remember that your money will be refunded if the plume is not entirely satisfactory.

New York Ostrich Feather Co., Dept. TT 513-515 B'way, N.Y.

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Kill-Em-Quick Gopher Poison and kill every gopher in an 80 acre field? Less than 1c per acre to kill gophers. Money back if it fails. Now is the time to start killing gophers: squirrels, prairie dogs and field mice. Have Kill-Em-Quick ready. Ask your druggist or write us now for interesting facts. Address Anton Mickelson, President Mickelson Kill-Em-Quick Co., Dept. B, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

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ESTABLISHED 1866

WESTERN CANADA'S AGRICULTURAL WEEKLY
Published Every Wednesday

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14-16 PRINCESS ST.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

GRAIN

There has been another quiet but strong week in grain circles, most of the trading being for cash. Options for the week have fluctuated but very slightly and will close at less than a cent change from a week ago. November went out without creating any excitement and very little change in prices.

The foreign situation is very little changed. The Argentine appears to have a full crop although recent despatches report damage. The Russian situation appears to be more acute as fuller knowledge of the crop comes to hand. Reports are coming out that several provinces in the southwest are reported almost on the verge of famine and the same report intimates that the government may take measures to control the export. Of course Russian despatches regarding crops can not be depended upon as the most reliable. Nevertheless, Russia has a short crop this year; how short it will be can only be learned when the crop begins to move in earnest.

Regarding the Canadian trade there has been some slight improvement in the export demand for our low grades, and a considerable amount is being sold for all-rail shipments during December and January. This is mainly No. 4 wheat and lower and it will go to the continent. Comparatively though, it is only a very small proportion to the amount of this wheat left in the country.

A feature of this year's grain situation is the comparatively small amount of oats fit for seed. While light frosts will not affect the germinating power of wheat, oats are much more susceptible and frosted oats although plump may not germinate more than 20 to 30 per cent. This will cause a strong demand for high-grade oats, particularly if they are clean and fit for seed.

Considerable apprehensive feeling has been experienced, as a result of the reports from the Argentine Republic telling of crop damage, and an estimated shortage of portentous size. The *Inter-Ocean*, under date December

2, says: "Leading bears on wheat were not feeling easy yesterday and covered as result of Broomhall's estimate of the world's crop. Previous reports have claimed that the crop was practically the same as last year, around 3,600,000,000 bushels. Broomhall started the trade with an estimate of 3,448,000,000 bushels, or 144,000,000 bushels less than last year, and 194,000,000 bushels under the crop of two years ago. One of the largest local shorts covered and there was not such unanimity among the bears as there has been."

The whole situation appears bullish and local traders on the short side are nervous for the future of their holdings. Should the reports from Russia and the Argentine materialize there will probably be a mad rush to get on the long side of the market, in view of higher prices and an increased demand for all options of wheat.

WINNIPEG OPTIONS

Wheat—	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.	Sat.
Nov.	98½	98½	98½	99½	99½	99½
Dec.	95½	94½	95½	95	96	96½
May	98½	98½	98½	98	99½	99½
Oats—						
Nov.	40½	39½	40½	39½	38½	38½
Dec.	38½	38½	38½	38½	38½	38½
May	41½	40½	41½	41	41½	41½
Flax—						
Dec.	174	174	168½	167	166	169½
May	179	179	172	173	172½	175½

WINNIPEG CASH PRICES

Wheat—	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.	Sat.
No. 1 Nor. ...	96	94½	95½	95½	96	96½
No. 2 Nor. ...	93	91½	92½	92½	93	93½
No. 3 Nor. ...	86	84½	85½	85½	86	86½
No. 4 ...	79	78½	78	78	78	79
No. 5 ...	68	66½	67½	68	68	69
No. 6 ...	61½	60½	60	60	60½	61
Feed ...	59	57	57½	58	57½	58
Oats—						
No. 2 ...	38½	38	39	38½	38½	38½

The Simpson-Hepworth Co., Ltd., 450 Grain Exchange, Winnipeg, pay very careful attention to farmers' shipments. They make a specialty of handling farmers' cars on commission, and the producer can rest assured that he will at all times get the last fraction of a cent possible to be obtained for his grain. The Simpson-Hepworth Co.'s success depends upon their ability to satisfy the shipper.

MARKETS

Grain values were decidedly strong last week. The looked-for slump in prices, particularly in wheat, did not materialize, and shorts were driven to cover, with prices closing Saturday about a cent all around over the previous week's close. Inspections for the week show the number of cars to be greatly in excess of last year, and 1,724 cars in advance of the previous week. Certainly, the prospect looks bright from the farmers' standpoint, with this heavy delivery facing navigation close, and prices advancing, nothing could be more promising for the man who has wheat to sell. Apparently

the bottom has fallen out of the flax markets with values as low as \$1.66 per bushel, with heavy deliveries, and a big crop yet to come. The yield of this grain has been good, evidently much better than was expected. Altogether, the situation in grain looks bullish, but of course this can easily change, and may be bearish in less than a week's time.

The close of the week marked a very keen demand for all classes of live stock with calves, hogs and prime beef getting the most attention. Good prices were realized on these classes of stock, which will likely continue unless there are larger offerings.

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Uni-Spoon Skim-
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Not a Penny Down—30 Days Free Trial

Some people pretend to give you a free trial, but they ask you to give them your money first. We are not afraid to let our separator speak for itself. We send it to you for you to use it for thirty days absolutely without charge. Test the Amsterdam Cream Separator in every way, watch your profits go up, watch the increase of the amount of cream—then if you do not believe that you ought to have a cream separator, just send it back at our expense. If, however, you decide to keep this genuine Amsterdam—the separator that makes every cow you have give you 100 per cent greater profit than ever before—we will allow you to keep this separator on such extremely easy monthly payments that you will hardly notice them. You can have the separator right in your dairy house while you are paying for it from your increased profits. In reality you are not paying for it at all. The separator pays for itself.

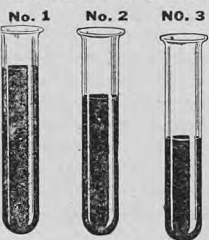
The Wonderful

Unispoon Skimming Device

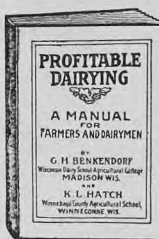
The greatest discovery ever made in the history of separator construction. The one skimming device that is absolutely perfect. No more drudgery of old fashioned discs, wings, floats, beaters and all the other insanitary and labor-making appliances that lie hidden in the ordinary type cream separator.

The wonderful Unispoon Skimming Device is complete in one piece. Made of the finest German nickel steel. Not a single way in which it can possibly wear out or get out of order. Is washed thoroughly in 20 seconds.

Positive Proof of Superiority



We give you here positive proof of the superiority of the Amsterdam Cream Separator over two other separators of acknowledged high grade. We show you here three test tubes, all of the same size. Three equal portions of milk were taken from the same cows. One portion was run through the Amsterdam and the other two portions were run through the others. Figure No. 1 illustrates the amount of cream extracted by the Amsterdam. You can see for yourself that it is at least 25 per cent more than that extracted by the separator whose product in cream is shown in figure No. 2. This separator cost \$35.00 more than the Amsterdam and yet you can see that only three-fourths as much cream was taken from the same amount of milk. This test was made over and over again until there was absolutely no doubt in the minds of the judges of the superiority of the Amsterdam. In figure No. 3 we show the amount of cream extracted by a separator well known to the trade and looked upon as a "good" machine. This separator cost 20 per cent less than the Amsterdam, but it extracted 50 per cent less cream. No proof could be more positive—more sure than this. The Amsterdam is the king of all separators, and we are willing to prove this by sending you the Amsterdam without allowing you to pay any money for it. We want to give you the proof in reality—before your very eyes—that we show here on this page.



Valuable Book—"Profitable Dairying"—Sent to You Free

Place your name on the coupon, cut it out and mail it at once. Then we will send you our great free book, "Profitable Dairying," telling you everything about cows and dairying—butter and cream—how to feed and care for cattle—how to make more money from them than ever before.

This book is written by two of the best known dairy scientists in America—Prof. G. H. Benckendorf, Wisconsin Dairy School Agricultural College, Madison, Wis., and K. L. Hatch, Winnebago County Agricultural School, Winnebago, Wis. We will also send you our free catalog, fully describing the great Amsterdam Cream Separator and telling all about our liberal terms. We send it free of charge. Send the coupon now.

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Babson Bros., Factory
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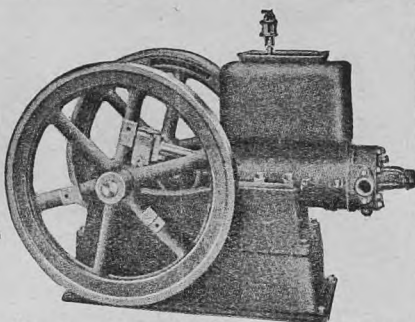
Name.....
Address.....

How many cows do you milk?..... Have you a separator?.....

Do you expect to get one soon?..... How much butter do you make a week?.....

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In the GILSON SIXTY SPEED Engine we offer

Style "G"---4½ to 27 H.P.

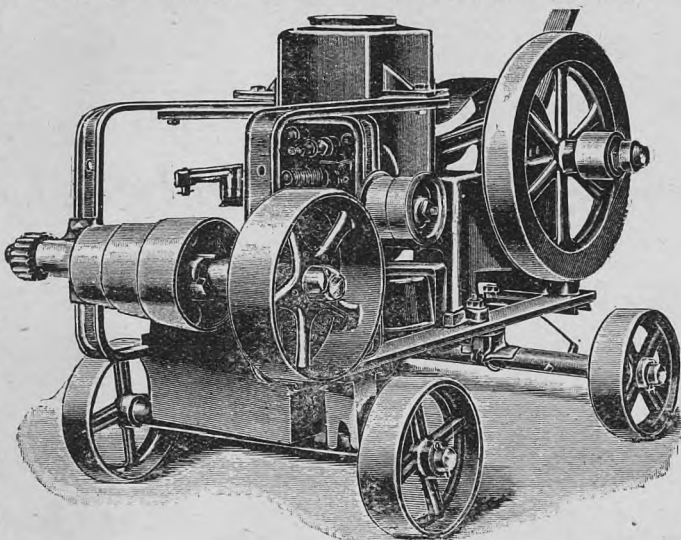
farmers the sensation of the gasoline engine world. Nothing like it has ever been produced before in the history of gasoline engine construction. THE GILSON SIXTY SPEED Engine comes to you complete and ready to run. Fully equipped with line-shaft, pump jack and interchangeable pulleys, giving SIXTY CHANGES OF SPEED. Pulleys can be changed, pump jack attached or detached in two minutes. The GILSON SIXTY SPEED will run all the machinery on your farm. It is the simplest engine made—nothing complicated—and having FIFTY LESS PARTS than others is ABSOLUTELY TROUBLE-PROOF. No extra shafting, no coupling, no hangers, no pulleys to buy with a GILSON SIXTY SPEED. Mounted on a SOLID STEEL truck—easily moved from place to place.

Write NOW for catalog and price of this engine marvel

Empire Cream Separator Co. of Canada, Ltd., Winnipeg, Man. Sole Agents for Western Canada

NOTE.—We carry a full stock of the famous GILSON Style "G" Engine, 4½, 5, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 23, 27 H.P. Also 3 and 4 Cylinder Portable Engines and 1, 1½, 2½ and 6 H.P. air-cooled. Full range of Grinders and Wood Saws.

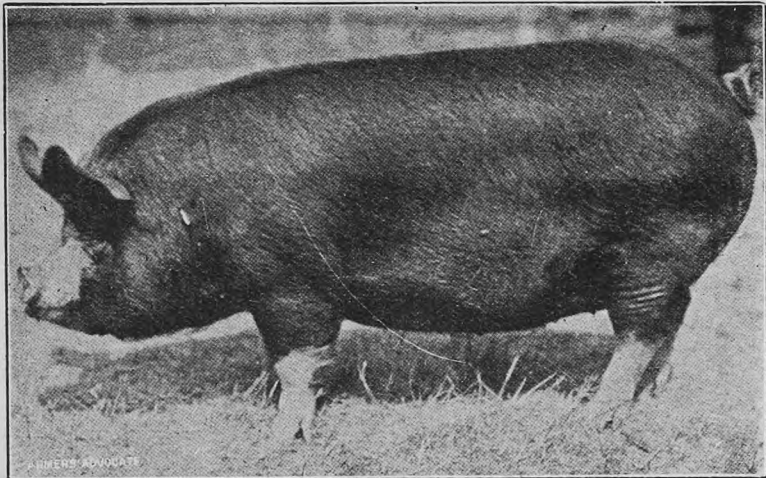
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SPEED



RUNS
THE
FARM

Rugby Berkshires

Choice Lot of June and July Boars
and Sows now Ready to Ship



The Type we Breed

Those we offer are sired by Stratton King (imp.), one of the best Berkshires in America, and by our first-prize yearling boar Brandon 1910.

McGregor & Bowman

FORREST

Farm Ten Miles North of Brandon

MAN.

AMERICAN WHEAT OPTIONS

Chicago—	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.	Sat.
Dec.	94½	93½	93½	Holi-	93½	95½
May	100	98½	99	day	99½	100
July	94½	93½	93½	...	94½	94½
Minneapolis—						
Dec.	102½	100½	101	...	101½	102½
May	107	104½	105½	...	106½	107½
July	108½	106	106½	...	107½	108½
New York—						
Dec.	98½	97½	97	...	96½	97½
May	104½	102½	102½	...	103½	104½
July
Duluth—						
Dec.	102½	99½	99½	...	100½	101½
May	106½	104	103½	...	105	106½

DULUTH FLAX

	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.	Sat.
Nov.	199	195	192½
Dec.	197	184	192	...	194	196½
May	201	198½	197	...	199	202

LIVERPOOL WHEAT PRICES

	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.	Sat.
Man. No. 2 N.	113½	113½	113½	109½	...	113½
Man. No. 3 N.	110½	109½	109½	113½	...	109½
Dec.	104½	103½	104½	104½	...	104½
March	103½	103½	103½	102½	...	104½
May	102½	102½	102	101½	...	103

STOCKS IN TERMINALS

No. 1 Hard.....	5,429.40	22,848.20
No. 1 Nor.....	257,364.40	1,295,104.00
No. 2 Nor.....	913,868.00	2,190,595.40
No. 3 Nor.....	1,424,766.50	2,257,413.30
No. 4	929,799.50	704,761.20
No. 5	876,475.30	293,764.50
Other grades	2,955,354.30	1,072,919.30
	7,363,059.00	7,837,407.10

Stocks of oats—		
No. 1 White	43,037.08	265,400.20
No. 2	519,113.16	3,031,879.27
No. 3 White	108,814.09	311,177.29
Mixed	4,970.20	5,911.26
Other grades	616,272.18	476,440.23

Barley	1,292,208.03	4,090,810.23
Flax.....	831,957.00	609,537.00
	646,438.00	471,311

CANADIAN VISIBLE

	Wheat	Oats	Barley
Total visible ..	11,131,444	4,667,946	1,059,652
Last week	12,427,308	4,653,756	1,115,116
Last year	12,047,865	7,185,268	758,909

Note.—There are 886,923 bushels of United States oats in bond at Midland and Tiffin.

LIVE STOCK

The fall trade in live stock is rapidly coming to a close this week, shipments being about half of that of the previous week. However, the class of stock is about the same as has been coming in for the last few weeks, the most of which is anything but choice. Last week's prices practically hold good again. A few steers sold over \$5.00, but most of the offerings were sold at \$4.75 and lower. Hogs are slightly lower, owing to a drop in Eastern markets, and it looks as if prices might go as low as \$7.50.

On the Chicago markets, choice beefs have been having an aerial flight. Several bunches of very choice have caught prices ranging over \$9.00. This is partly owing to the lack of this grade on the market, most of the sales ranging from \$6.00 to \$7.00.

Rice & Whaley's market letter, dated November 30, sums up the situation in Western Canada, as follows :

The receipts of cattle this week as compared with last have been about half as many, and nearly everything on sale was of the common and medium kind, barring one or two bunches of fairly good butchers. There was one choice load of steers on the market, averaging around 1,300 lbs., that we sold at \$5.40, which is the top for the week. We also sold 243 steers and heifers that averaged around 1,090 lbs., at \$4.75. The bulk of the medium butchers sold this week around \$4.00 to \$4.25, with the common stuff from \$3.00 to \$3.50. The packers are all pretty well supplied with beef for the present, and the congestion of a week ago is not yet cleared up, and until the yards get cleaned out of abattoir cattle the demand is going to be weak, especially on the common and medium grades. Some real choice heavy steers would find a good outlet just at present for the Christmas trade, but they must be good, well finished stuff in order to come in this class. We would advise careful marketing as under present conditions any over-supply would mean still lower prices. Packers at the present time are in such shape, having good supplies on hand, that the outlook is not encouraging for any boost in present values.

The hog market this week started out in rather active shape, the bulk of the good hogs selling at \$8.00, but the big break of 50 cents per hundred in the East caused packers here to lower prices, and to-day hogs are selling at \$7.75, with the prospects for \$7.50 market next week.

But few sheep and lambs on sale this week, but all the packers are filled

We back up all our statements with the facts.

Ask For Our Bills Of Lading

Randall, Gee & Mitchell, Ltd.

237 Grain Exchange

Winnipeg, Man.

up with this class of stuff, and it is hard to sell any large number. The best lambs are quotable from \$5.00 to \$5.50, and the best sheep from \$4.00 to \$4.50.

MARKET QUOTATIONS

Steers and heifers, choice, 1,200 lbs. and over	\$4.85 to \$5.00
Good butcher steers and heifers, 1,000 lbs. to 1,200 lbs.	4.50 to 4.75
Common butcher stock	3.50 to 4.25
Stockers and feeders	3.00 to 4.00
Good fat cows	4.00 to 4.25
Common fat cows	3.40 to 3.75
Canners	2.50 to 3.00
Choice bulls	3.25 to 3.50
Common bulls	2.75 to 3.00
Choice milkers and springers (each)	45.00 to 55.00
Common cows (each)	25.00 to 35.00
Veals, choice	5.50 to 6.00
Veals, common heavy	4.00 to 5.00
Hogs, select bacon	7.50 to 7.75
Hogs, good	7.00 to 7.50
Sheep	4.00 to 4.50
Lambs	5.00 to 5.50

TORONTO LIVE STOCK

Light runs of cattle tended to keep the edge on the Toronto market. Good and medium cattle ruled strong at from \$5.00 to \$6.10, and even common stuff was cleaned up at satisfactory prices. Fat cows and bulls sold at \$5.00 to \$5.40; canners, \$2.00 to \$2.75; milkers were strong at \$5.00 to \$9.00; calves, \$3.00 to \$8.00; hogs, \$6.25; sheep, \$3.00 to \$3.75; lambs, \$5.00 to \$5.35.

CHICAGO LIVE STOCK

Cattle.—Beefes, \$4.40 to \$9; Texas steers, \$4 to \$5.70; Western steers, \$4.40 to \$7.30; stockers and feeders, \$2.90 to \$5.65; cows and heifers, \$1.80 to \$5.80; calves, \$5.50 to \$8.

Hogs.—Light, \$5.40 to \$6.20; mixed, \$5.80 to \$6.40; heavy, \$5.85 to \$6.45; rough, \$5.85 to \$6.05; good to choice, heavy, \$6.05 to \$6.45; pigs, \$4 to \$5.40; bulk of sales, \$5.95 to \$6.25.

Sheep.—Natives, \$2.25 to \$3.90; Western, \$2.50 to \$4.00; yearlings, \$3.75 to \$5; lambs, native, \$3.75 to \$6; Western, \$3.75 to \$6.

PRODUCE MARKETS

Following were the quotations last week for farm products in Winnipeg:

Cream—	
Sour, per pound butterfat	30c.
Sweet, "	35c.
Butter—	
Creamery, fresh, in boxes	30 to 32c.
" " bricks	33½ to 34c.
No. 1 dairy	22 to 25c.
No. 2 dairy	23c.
Low grades	15 to 18c.
Cheese—	
Ontario make	16½ to 17c.
Eggs—	
Fresh gathered, cases returned	30c.
Live Poultry—	
Boiling fowl, per lb.	9c.
Turkeys, per lb.	14c.
Chickens, per lb.	12c.
Ducks, per lb.	12c.
Geese, per lb.	10c.
Meats—	
Cured ham, medium size, per lb.	17c.
Breakfast bacon, per lb.	18½ to 19c.
Dry, salted sides, per lb.	15c.
Beef, hind quarters	10½c.
" front	7c.
Lamb	14c.
Mutton	11½c.
Hogs	12c.
Veal, per lb.	11½c.
Hides—	
Hides, country cured, per lb.	10 to 11c.
Hides, frozen	9 to 10c.
Sheep and lamb skins	10 to 25c.
Feed—	
Bran, per ton	\$20.00
Shorts, per ton	22.00
Chopped barley, per ton	29.00
Chopped oats, per ton	27.00
Chopped barley and oats	29.00
Prairie Hay—	
No. 1	\$10.00
No. 2	9.00
No. 3	8.00
Timothy—	
No. 1	\$14.00
No. 2	13.00
No. 3	12.00
Potatoes—	
Per bushel, in small lots	75c.
Per bushel in car lots, f.o.b. Winnipeg	60c.

Why hesitate ?

We are young in years,
Old in experience,
Strong financially,
Active and particular,
Working for a long list of satisfied customers.

ASK FOR OUR BILLS OF LADING

Randall, Gee & Mitchell, Ltd.

237 Grain Exchange, Winnipeg, Man.

Topics for Discussion

In recognition of the fact that valuable hints always are obtained from men engaged in actual farm work, THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE has adopted the "Topics for Discussion" column, in order that our readers may see an open channel through which they may inform their brother farmers as to practices that are worth adopting and warn them against methods that prove unprofitable. Not only do we wish our readers to discuss the topics announced for the various issues, but also we desire that they suggest practical subjects on which it would be well to have discussion.

The questions dealt with from time to time cover all branches of the farming industry. Letters should not exceed 600 words and should reach this office 10 days previous to the date of issue. They are read carefully and a first prize of \$3.00, and a second prize of \$2.00 awarded each week. Other letters used will be paid for at regular rates to contributors.

December 13.—What advice have you to give on growing flax? Some report

poor returns from flax sown on summer-fallow land. What has been your experience on soil of different kinds? What preparation of the land do you find gives best returns? Give us some idea as to date of seeding and quantity to the acre.

December 20.—Too many farm horses come out in the spring in anything but working condition. How do you feed your idle farm horses, and what exercise do you give them? Or do you continue to give them some light work? Do you stable, or do you let them run out?

December 27.—"My favorite house plant and why." If you know anything at all about house plants write us in response to this topic. Give specific reasons for your preference, and also outline in full how you would advise friends to make a start and also to attend to the plants in their homes.

January 3.—What system have you for rearing winter calves? This is the season when many winter-born calves are stunted through improper care. Have you any suggestions to offer as to how and what to feed, and how to stable to give best growth?

Field Notes

M. A. C. Team Second at Chicago

In the live stock judging competition held at the Chicago International, the Canadian boys made a very creditable showing. Highest honors for any one college went to Macdonald College, St. Anne de Bellevue, Quebec, who get the principal prize. The Manitoba Agricultural College boys secured second place, and the Ontario Agricultural College stood fourth. Canada can well be proud of these winnings, which show the efficiency of training, and competence of students within the various agricultural colleges of the Dominion.

Ten colleges had teams entered in the competition. The total possible score for the grand trophy was 5,000 points. The rating was as follows:

Macdonald College, St. Anne de Bellevue, Que., 4363½.
Manitoba Agricultural College, 4335½.
University of Missouri, 4315.
Ontario Agricultural College, 4205.
Iowa State College, 4154½.
Texas Agricultural College, 4121.
Montana Agricultural College, 4120.
Ohio State University, 4108½.
Kansas State Agricultural College, 4069½.
Nebraska University, 4032½.

In individual judging, Canada had seven out of the first ten, of which three were members of the Manitoba team, three of Macdonald, and one of the Ontario team.

The highest number of points which any student could make was 1,000, and ten students were placed as follows:

H. Williams, Missouri, score 924½.
G. H. Jones, Manitoba, score 911½.
G. J. Robertson, Macdonald College, Quebec, score 896.
E. A. Weir, Ontario College, Guelph, score 890.
A. Campbell, Macdonald College, Quebec, score 883.
P. F. Brett, Manitoba, score 880½.
W. Gibson, Macdonald College, Quebec, score 874½.
W. H. Hicks, Manitoba, score 872.
E. C. King, Missouri, score 865½.
Carl Kennedy, Iowa, score 863½.

The judging was done on Saturday, December 2, which for the boys proved a very heavy day. In all there were twelve classes of animals to place, being three classes each of horses, cattle, sheep and swine. The total aggregate for placing three classes of each breed of animals, amounted to 1,200 points. The following gives the standing of colleges, and their total scores:—

SWINE JUDGING

Manitoba, score 1089.
Montana, score 1084.
Macdonald, score 1072.
Nebraska, score 1024.
Missouri, score 1024.

Kansas, score 1016.
Ohio, score 1010.
Texas, score 988.
Iowa, score 982.
Ontario, score 972.
Last year Manitoba boys stood eighth in swine judging.

SHEEP JUDGING

Ontario, score 1111.
Macdonald score 1105.
Manitoba, score 1087.
Ohio, score 1086.
Missouri, score 1084.
Texas, score 1083.
Montana, score 1039.
Nebraska, score 1032.
Kansas, score 1032.
Iowa, score 1008.
Last year Manitoba stood ninth on the list in sheep judging, but this year is only 44 points behind Ontario, the greatest sheep province of the times, while Canadian colleges captured the three highest scores in this class.

HORSE JUDGING

Iowa, score 1146.
Manitoba, score 1111.
Macdonald, score 1081.
Missouri, score 1061.
Ontario, score 1021.
Texas, score 992.
Kansas, score 967.
Montana, score 886.
Nebraska, score 866.
Last year Manitoba was fourth in horse judging.

CATTLE JUDGING

Missouri, score 1145½.
Macdonald, score 1105½.
Ontario, score 1102½.
Nebraska, score 1089½.
Montana, score 1088½.
Kansas, score 1060½.
Texas, score 1050.
Manitoba, score 1045½.
Iowa, score 1018½.

This is the only class where the Manitoba team did not improve on last year's record, when the team stood third in cattle judging. Otherwise, this team has decidedly done better than last year's team, the opportunities and competition being equal.

Prof. Peters, of Manitoba Agricultural College, has been showered with congratulations for the splendid work done by the team he has been training. His time with this class has been limited, and of the members of the team, there are no fifth-year men, G. H. Jones and J. G. Rayner are fourth, while P. F. Brett, A. K. Olive, and W. H. Hicks, are only third-year men. The praises due to these young men will be sounded at the banquet to be tendered them on Friday night, December 8, at the Manitoba Agricultural College.

To The Grain Shipper:

Have you been securing full value for your grain? Are you sure that you are getting the proper grade? The large spread between grades means the loss of several cents per bushel to the shipper, who does not get the grade he is entitled to.

We are experienced grain men and watch the grading of each car to see that you get the highest grade possible; our many satisfied customers testify to this. Ship your grain to us and you will be well satisfied with the results obtained. We get the highest prices; the best grades, and make prompt returns. Liberal advances on Bills of Lading.

PETER JANSEN CO.

Grain Exchange Winnipeg

Licensed and Bonded Grain Commission Merchants.

REFERENCES:—Canadian Bank of Commerce, Winnipeg, or any of its Western Branch Managers.

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Randall, Gee & Mitchell, Ltd.

GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANTS

237 Grain Exchange

Winnipeg, Man.

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MacLennan Bros., Limited, Winnipeg

Wheat, Oats Car Lots Option Trading Flax, Barley

Agents wanted at all points where we are not already represented.
WRITE US FOR TERMS

NET BIDS wired on request. CONSIGNMENTS sold to the highest bidder

McBean Bros.

GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANTS

This season it is imperative for the farmer to get every cent possibly out of his grain, and as we have been in the grain business since 1882, we should be able to offer the farmer the best advice possible on the subject of marketing his grain to advantage. The closing of navigation is no argument why grain should be lower in price. Write us for full particulars how to ship grain, and also why we contend that markets should not go lower.

Send us a 6 or 8-ounce sample of your grain, and we will grade it and advise you its real value. You will then be convinced when you make comparison with street prices that this is the only proper way to market grain. We are licensed and bonded, and we UNDERSTAND this business THOROUGHLY and that COUNTS.

Reference: Bank of Hamilton, Winnipeg, Man.

NOTE.—Farmers who are near enough the Great Northern Railway to load cars with barley should write us for particulars about shipping to Minneapolis. We are netting our farmer customers, who can ship barley on this road, from 10c. to 15c. per bushel more than by shipping to either Fort William or Port Arthur, besides paying the 30c. per bushel duty.

McBEAN BROS.

GRAIN EXCHANGE

WINNIPEG, MAN.



CHOICE VIRGINIA FARMS

C. & O. Ry—As Low As \$15.00 Per Acre

Fertile 10 acre (adjoining) tracts of land, suitable for poultry, truck and fruit, near Railway station, only \$275. 20 acres for \$500. "Country Life in Virginia" booklet of 134 pages gives full description of broad tracts for alfalfa, corn, and other grains and grasses. Abundant rainfall—excellent markets—delightful climate. Low excursion rates and booklet free. Address: K. T. CRAWLEY, Industrial Agent, Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, Richmond, Va. Box D

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The Waltham Colonial possesses great beauty and will give a life-long service of accurate time-keeping. It is the most reliable watch in the world—adjusted and cased at the factory.

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Picking Turkeys for Laing Bros., on Saskatchewan Poultry Farm

Poultry season, especially for turkeys, is now on. We want to buy all we can get. Will pay top prices for well-dressed birds. Write for particulars as to dressing and prices, stating what you have to sell. Ship us your eggs and butter.

LAING BROS., 307 Elgin Ave., Winnipeg



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Can Afford a Gasoline Engine With Galloway's New Low Prices

You've never before heard of such startling values—I've never offered anything like them and you know full well that no one else has ever come anywhere near my regular prices. But this time I've a startling reason—I want 10 men in every township in Canada to own and operate a Galloway Engine—I've decided to double my factory capacity by increasing the sales twice and sell two where I formerly sold one—this calls for unusual values—hence, the greatest offer I have ever made. I can save you from \$25 to \$300 on an engine according to the H. P. needed. It doesn't matter what sized engine you want I've got the one to fit your wants and do more work and better work at less actual cost than any other engine in the world. Write at once for full information of the Greatest Offer Ever Made To Canadian Farmers—don't delay but send me your name and address now, before you do anything else. Let me prove to you in cold facts why I can put \$25 to \$300 in your pocket.

WM. GALLOWAY COMPANY
Wm. Galloway, Pres.
1275 B Galloway Sta., Waterloo, Ia.

No Such Quality in any engine—no matter what price you pay—the Galloway price saves you \$25 to \$300



That Christmas Present

What shall I give for Christmas? Let us come to your aid and suggest that you send THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME JOURNAL every week for the next year. It will reach your friend every week in the year, 52 reminders of your goodwill, including a Christmas and an Exhibition number, either of which is a suitable present in itself. To one interested in agriculture or interested in Western Canada, no better present can be made.

The subscription price of THE ADVOCATE is \$1.50 per annum, or by taking advantage of our special renewal offer you can make this gift at a cost of only 50 cents, as we will accept \$2.00 to pay for your own renewal and one new subscription, both for one full year. If you state in your letter that it is a gift subscription we will mail the following card to the recipient of the present, timing it to reach him Christmas.

.....of..... has requested that we send you The Farmer's Advocate and Home Journal every week during the coming year with his compliments.

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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

The first division of the new House of Commons at Ottawa stood 121 Conservatives and 77 Liberals.

* * *

Glen Campbell, ex-M. P. for Dauphin, has been offered the position of superintendent of Indian Agencies by Hon. Robt. Rogers, the minister of the interior.

* * *

A deputation from Winnipeg has presented a memorial to the members of the Dominion government anent the deepening of the Red River, and the institution of a harbor commission.

* * *

It is rumored that W. H. Sharpe, M. P. for Lisgar, will present a largely signed petition to the House at Ottawa, asking the Dominion government to establish an experiment farm at Morden, Man.

* * *

The Fort Osborne barracks in Winnipeg have been transferred from the Dominion government to the provincial government for the consideration of \$200,000, and will be devoted to government building purposes.

* * *

It is announced that the new government has dispensed with the services of W. S. Fischer, Dominion trade commissioner at Berlin. Mr. Fischer was appointed to this office in 1908 at Glasgow, and was since transferred to Berlin.

* * *

The late enquiry into express rates and charges has resulted in an order from the Railway Commission to the express companies to graduate under the lowest through or aggregate rate per 100 pounds. This will result in a considerable lowering of express charges on parcels or packages.

* * *

Premier Palmer, of Prince Edward Island, and his cabinet ministers, have sent in their resignations as leader and ministers of the province, to the Lieutenant-Governor at Charlottetown, and recommend that Mr. Mathieson, the Conservative leader, be called upon to form a government.

* * *

The famous McNamara case, which has been attracting so much interest since April 12, 1911, has had a most sensational development. Up to December 1, the McNamara Bros. plead not guilty, but on that date, in the Los Angeles court, James B. McNamara made a full confession that he caused the explosion which destroyed the Los

Angeles Times building on October 1, 1910, and his brother, John J., to causing the blowing up of the Llewellyn Iron Works, in Los Angeles.

SCHOOL FAIR AT VANSKOY

The second annual school fair of the Krumpelman school district of Vanscoy district was held November 17. M. D. Worden, teacher of this school, believes in teaching agriculture and home-making to the boys and girls of to-day so that they will be the successful farmers and homemakers of to-morrow. He has done much during the past two years in interesting not only the pupils of his own school, but those of neighboring schools as well, in agricultural work, both grain growing and live stock.

This was the second school fair held in the province, the first being held at the same school last year, with only one school taking part. This year exhibits were included from pupils of seven surrounding schools. These consisted of wheat, oats, barley, flax, potatoes, carrots, turnips, cabbage, radishes, and bread shown by the girls and baked by themselves. The exhibits were all very creditable, but special mention may be made of the first and second prize loaves of bread, both of which scored over 85.

The close proximity of this school district to Saskatoon, being about seventeen miles west, makes it possible for the College of Agriculture to co-operate with the teacher and pupils at these fairs. Dean Rutherford and Professor Bracken, of the agricultural staff, accompanied by the Hon. W. C. Sutherland, drove out and took part in the exercises. The forenoon was spent in judging the exhibits and placing the awards.

Professor Bracken led the boys in a discussion on wheat and oats, the value of the score card, emphasis being laid upon the purity of the seed, freedom from weed seeds and other varieties—and strong vitality. Following this discussion the boys and girls engaged in a seed-judging contest.

At noon a dainty lunch was served at the school house to the visitors from Saskatoon.

The afternoon session included a discussion on the dairy cow led by Dean Rutherford, and a talk by the Hon. W. C. Sutherland on agricultural education. In the discussion on the dairy cow, emphasis was laid especially upon such conformation as would give her a strong constitution and a large digestive capacity for taking care of the roughage and grain foods given her, and a capacious mammary system consisting of udder, mammary veins and milk wells, indicating large powers for manufacturing milk.

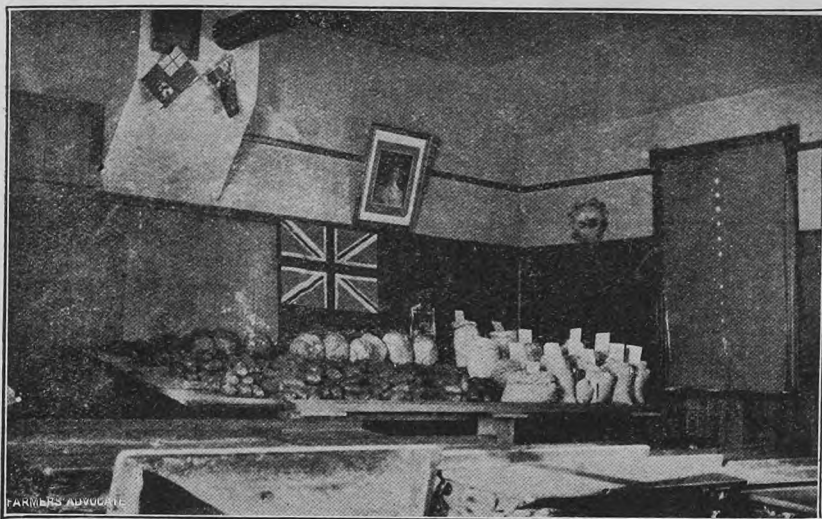


Exhibit of Grain, Roots, Bread, etc., at the Vanscoy School Fair in Saskatoon District

Following this discussion the boys made careful observation on a cow brought to the school for the purpose, prizes being given for the best work in scoring.

Hon. W. C. Sutherland pointed out to the boys and girls the value of an agricultural education, one that would fit them especially for better service in the rural communities, which would mean better and happier homes. He spoke particularly of the value to the boy or girl, man or woman, of doing something well, and cited several instances of men like Cruikshank, of Scotland; Dean Willis, of England; Seager Wheeler, of Rosthern, Sask., and others, in which the man had set a high standard and had striven through many years of his life to attain it.

The meeting was concluded by a few remarks from Dean Rutherford, in which he made complimentary reference to the work of Mr. Worden in the Vanscoy district, and expressing the hope that in a few years there would be many more school districts in the province similar to this one.

Real Significance of Irrigation

It is a fact that there are four essentials for the growth of all crops—heat, air, plant food and moisture. These may vary with different crops, altitudes and localities, yet the fact remains that the four are necessary. Now, as this paper is to deal with the real significance of irrigation we shall eliminate three of the essentials, and confine ourselves to the one which is most directly concerned under the system of irrigation—that is, the water.

We find that there is no marked relationship between the percentage of water applied to the crop, whether this be artificial or natural, and the resultant crop. If we could eliminate for the time being all external influence except the water feature, then we might establish a definite relationship between the water and the resultant crop. For instance, experiments have shown that where six inches of water is applied, and where every drop of the six inches is used in the growth of the plant, there is sufficient moisture to produce a 20-bushel crop of wheat, and relatively a 12-inch application of water will produce a 40-bushel crop of wheat.

However, there are other conditions that enter into and influence this relationship, such as evaporation and subsoil conditions, that very materially interfere with this proportionate relationship. Both evaporation and subsoil conditions must be taken into consideration very seriously in the practical application of water to land. These two, with the general slope and contour of the land, together with the irrigating head, will determine the ease with which water may be distributed, and also the amount of land that may be irrigated in a given time.

In considering the amount of land that may be irrigated successfully in one season, it brings us to what we think is the most serious drawback to all irrigation schemes, and that is the large

farms, or in other words, the large acreages that men attempt to irrigate. We do not find so much fault with the large acreage as we do with the crops that must necessarily be grown upon these large holdings. All men desire to become wealthy quickly, and for the majority of irrigators the grain field presents the quickest way of attaining this object. Hence nearly every irrigation project upon this continent has been very seriously hindered at the start by the grain farmer, who, in his insane desire for wealth, will take the grain "short cut" to the object of his desires—a short cut that in a great many cases out of every hundred is impossible, and at the same time a "short cut" that is a "short cut" to the end of soil fertility. Grain-growing is a system of soil-robbing instead of a system of farming. Whether it is irrigated lands or not the same thing is true, grain-farming is soil-robbing. We can all point to districts in Canada and the United States where a few years ago 30 to 35 bushels of wheat were grown per acre, and to-day the average is 12 to 14, and, as a consequence, the farmer must feed the nitrates, phosphates and potashes before he can even grow the small yields that are possible. Some Eastern experiment stations turn out as half of their annual grist of bulletins those dealing with commercial fertilizers, and when that is the bulk of the information coming from an institution, it tells its own tale. Some grain farmer robbed that soil, and as a consequence the present-day farmers have to feed it to produce the crop.

With our irrigated farming the same thing will inevitably be true if we stick to grain-growing, and as we have

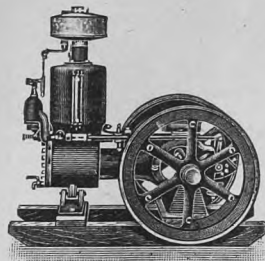
already said, nearly every irrigation project is cursed with certain individuals who want to gain wealth at the expense of future generations.

In this connection we can not say that those who launch many irrigation projects are altogether blameless, for frequently the literature that is placed in the prospective buyers' hands flaunts about nothing except the golden wheat harvest and the golden shekels that come so easily with the harvest of golden grain. This may bring eager buyers from among those farmers who

are not practical irrigators, but the result is the same—it brings into the district those who wish to obtain the wealth promised as quickly as possible, and who almost invariably attempt to do it with grain-growing. There never was an irrigated project built that attained to its highest development under a system of grain-farming. Literature bearing upon any irrigation project should only mention grain-growing incidentally, and very incidentally that. The dairy cow, the sheep, the hogs and the fat stock, the poultry and

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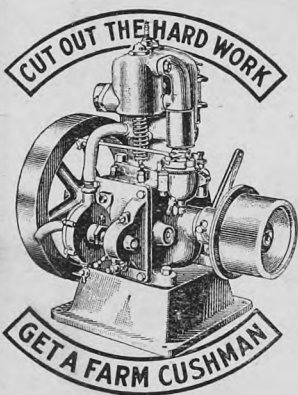
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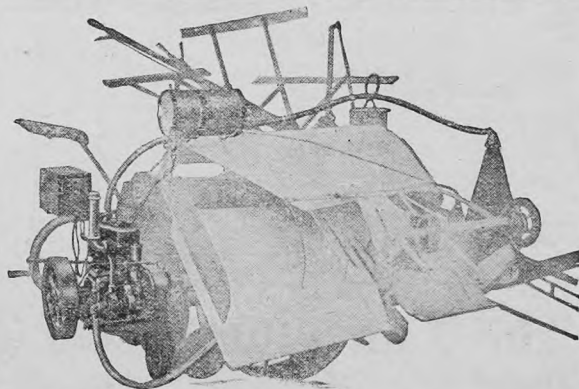
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intensified farming should be the burden of every pamphlet sent into circulation. In the West from Alberta to Kansas, the one thing that the grain-grower fears perhaps more than any other, is the hail; but if our system were built upon right lines the dairy cow and the hogs, the sheep, the fat stock and the poultry are not likely to be hailed out. Then "the true significance of irrigation" will be fully appreciated when we fully appreciate the real purpose of irrigated lands and intensified farming. Under a system of diversified farming, where a great variety of crops are grown for the purpose of feeding stock, and so turning the raw material on the market, as the finished product, irrigation may find its highest development. Grain-growing requires all the irrigation water in from four to six weeks, while diversified farming needs it from early spring until late fall.

Then, again, there is not only the question of grain-farming as compared with diversified farming, but there is the size of the farm. This is exceedingly important; 99 farms out of every 100 are too large for successful operation, and the work becomes "a struggle to get through," and consequently the result is half-worked lands, weeds and low yields. These conditions are exaggerated, too, because of the fact that

competent help is hard to obtain. Here, again, the true significance of irrigation will lead a man to reduce his acreage to a point where he can rightfully and carefully handle it, and it is a fact that with a smaller acreage more carefully handled it is possible to receive larger returns than from a larger acreage poorly handled, and besides, the work may be well done and the resultant satisfaction to the individual is much greater.

We are therefore confident that the true significance of irrigation must inevitably lead us to the small farm, every acre of which is used and every acre of which will produce more dollars than by any other system.

It is astonishing what may be produced on an acre of land under a system of intensified agriculture. Here are three crops grown upon our demonstration farm at Strathmore this year, which will open the eyes of some of us in this district as to the possibilities of this soil and climate. We must remember in this connection that these crops are grown under practical farming conditions. The first is a patch of strawberries one acre in extent. To date we have taken from this patch \$350. The berries are good for another two weeks, and a careful estimate will indicate that we will yet receive from this patch at least \$150, making a total

of \$500 gross. The labor for picking, boxes for shipping, etc., will amount to \$200, leaving us a net profit of \$300 per acre.

The second was a crop of green garden peas. Up to date this acre has produced \$300, and it has been carefully estimated that it will produce at least \$110 more, making a total of \$410 for labor of picking, etc. This acre will cost us \$150, leaving a net profit from the acre, of \$260.

The third crop is table turnips. We only have half an acre of these turnips growing, which on a careful estimate will produce three tons. You will note that this is a low yield for this class of vegetable, but we are pulling them quite small, consequently the yield will not be as though we were to let the crop mature. However, the half acre will produce three tons of turnips, which at three cents per pound will bring us in \$180, the cost of lifting \$40, leaving a net profit of \$140 for the half acre, or \$280 for the acre.

We have simply cited these instances to show the possibilities of a small acreage of land when handled carefully.

Some of you may know that in the publications regarding our irrigation projects lying to the east of this city, we have given considerable thought to the possibilities of an 80-acre farm. When

such a farm is handled simply as a general farm with dairy cows, hogs, and such crops as potatoes, etc., it is quite possible for the individual to have as representing his labor for the year anywhere from \$1,500 to \$1,800. Remember, this is when the farm is handled only as a small, general farm. If the growing of special crops was to be undertaken this sum would be increased very materially. In this connection we might say that many of the farmers of the Huntly irrigation project are becoming wealthy on 40 acres of ground. We are thoroughly convinced that under a system of irrigation no farm ought to be larger than 160 acres, and if the highest development is to be secured, half or a quarter of this amount will be found to be more satisfactory.

Aside from the crops as mentioned above, there are other special lines that may be conducted with considerable profit on these small farms. For instance, for the man who is willing to take up the hand selection of grain, there is almost an unlimited market and field in the West. Farmers are generally beginning to realize the value of pure seed, and the man who will get his reputation up as producing the best seed in the district will sell all that he may produce at a very enhanced price.

The few samples submitted may give you an indication as to how this work may be carried out and as to what the C. P. R. demonstration farm at Strathmore is doing along these lines for the settlers in this district. It is gratifying to note that there are a considerable number of farmers in the irrigation district who are carrying on this same line of work. Work of this kind is made possible where irrigated land is available because of the fact that the small acre plots may be cared for much more carefully than in districts where the rainfall must be depended upon.—PROF. W. J. ELLIOTT, of Strathmore, Alta., at Western Canada Irrigation Convention held in Calgary last August.

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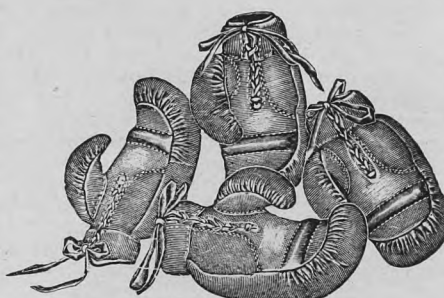
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Teddy—Aunt Jane's Christmas Present

(Continued from page 1661)

Aunt Jane often looked back with self-reproach on her state of rebellion against the upsetting of her former plans.

"I might have remembered that all things work together for good for those who do their best, and who look for the best, and expect it. I wouldn't have missed knowing Teddy for anything. She's been a joy in this house. Oh, dear, I hate to say good-bye to that child."

In a week they were Eastward bound, Teddy enjoying to the full the excitement of going somewhere. Aunt Jane and George were to go to London and see Laura and Teddy safely in the care of their friends, then they would go to Woodstock to visit George's father, before going on to Toronto to see Aunt Jane's many relatives.

Aunt Jane nursed Teddy very much more than was necessary during that trip; and though she smiled and romanced with her in the usual way, a great sigh came often to her lips and the little hand would be pressed and caressed while rhymes of white rabbits and silver moons were being manufactured.

At London the partings were even gay. Laura, weary with travel, was glad to get to the end of her journey, and Teddy was delighted to see her hero, Uncle Fred, again. George and Aunt Jane promised to come to London on their way back to Manitoba, so this was not really good-bye.

* * * * *

It was five o'clock Christmas afternoon by the big clock in Jackson's hall. The blinds were drawn to hasten the already approaching darkness, for the glow of the fire and of the red and blue and yellow Dutch lanterns was enough to flood the room with mellow light, and cause the tinsel angels and the red-faced Santa Claus to glisten and gleam with Christmas cheer. Even the red holly berries and the coquettish mistletoe pretending to hide under the red ribbon could plainly be seen.



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Outside, the window-sills were piled high with snow, while large flakes clung to the window panes, peering inquisitively in at the crackling fire. Every twig on every tree held its silent white burden; billows of snow were piled high around fences; indeed all outside nature seemed intent on painting one vast Christmas card.

Inside, cheer and happiness filled the room. It glowed from the matronly faces of Mrs. Jackson and her cousin Sarah. It danced in the children's bright eyes as they sat on the rug in front of the fire. It fairly shone in old Cousin Martha's round face as she sat with her favorite niece, Katie, on one side, while Katie's fiance, Charlie, sat on the other. Katie's head rested affectionately on Martha's soft shoulder while her arm was round the ample waist. Charlie had discovered the straying hand and was now holding it in his own under cover of the folds of Martha's skirt.

Even keen-eyed Lawyer Jackson, and hustling Ed. Lauder, had forgotten business, and were quietly exchanging stories of boyhood days, which were eagerly listened to by two half-grown youths who, sitting on cushion and stool, were trying awkwardly to keep their long legs from getting in the way.

Aunt Jane, looking quite fine in her gray silk dress, was back in the shadows by the piano in a large wicker chair, evidently lost in the strains of low, soft music which came from the magic fingers of the sweet-faced, dark-haired girl at the piano. This was her niece, Edith, and that happy-faced boy at her side was Edith's husband.

It may have been the shadows of the room, but Aunt Jane's face, while smiling and kindly, seemed to lack something of the general Christmas cheer, and often as the sweet music fell on her ear a deep sigh was scarcely suppressed. Indeed, if the truth were known, there was a shadow over Aunt Jane's heart in the midst of all this good fellowship. A week before she had received a letter from London saying that Laura had suddenly taken a bad turn, from which there was slight hope of her recovery; the letter had been followed by a telegram telling of Laura's passing away. Aunt Jane had written asking for particulars of her illness, and of the provisions made for Teddy's future and she was daily expecting a reply. In the meantime her thoughts often wandered to the witching little maiden with her fertile imagination and daring ways. How Teddy would have loved to be here, the centre, as she surely would be, of this happy company! Poor little girlie!

A lively strain on the piano now made every one look up with expectation. It was plainly a Christmas air with a Santa Claus driving his reindeer. There was the jingle, jingle, jingle of the sleighbells; finally one loud, sharp chord and silence! Instantly the far end of the room which had been mysteriously shrouded in dark curtains, was flashed full of light, and a veritable fairy-land Christmas tree was exposed.

George and Anna Jackson, a tall, fair, lovely girl, who had been tip-toeing through the hall and room on mysterious errands, now came to the tree and commenced removing the presents. These were carried by the tiniest tots to the ones for whom they were intended.

Then the chatter began:—
"Oh, thank you, Auntie."
"Oh, what a beauty of a cushion! Thanks ever so much, Edith."
"A pair of bed-room slippers! Oh, Martha, how lovely of you!"
"I dot a dolly, mama."

"Thanks, Dad! These skates are bully. You bet that's what I wanted."
"Charlie, what a love of a pin!"

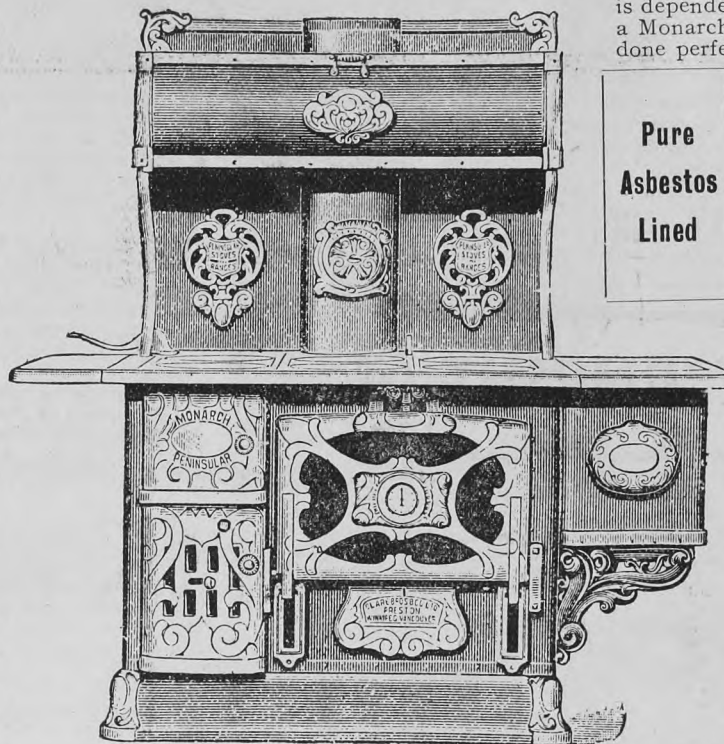
Every one had got something, though the tree was not half stripped of its burden, when George and Anna disappeared for a few moments. They soon appeared in the hall doorway with a wonderful parcel drawn in a little red wagon. It was wrapped in building paper and tied with holly ribbon. It was over three feet high, and of a round rather irregular shape.

"For Aunt Jane!" announced George. All laughed and gathered round to see Aunt Jane's present. Aunt Jane herself untied the parcel where it stood on the wagon as it was too big to handle.

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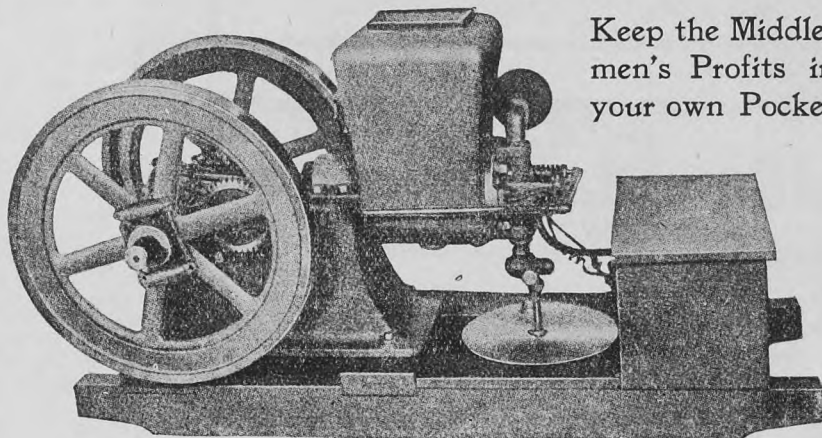
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160 Princess St., Winnipeg, Man.

No sooner was the ribbon untied than the paper fell away, and all held their breath with astonishment.

"Teddy!" cried Aunt Jane, with amazement as with a cry of delight Teddy sprang into her arms.

"I'm your Christmas present, Aunt Jane," she cried gaily. "You mustn't eat me up for I'm not candy, I ain't."

It was necessary now for George to make some explanations. He had received a letter from Laura's sister telling him that it had been Laura's taken to Edith's home. Teddy had

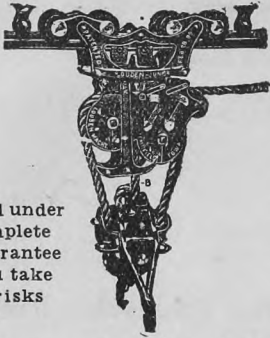
entered delightedly into the scheme to be a Christmas present for Aunt Jane.

Many more presents had to be distributed among which were some wonderful ones for Teddy (George and the girls had spent a busy day).

Teddy was happy. She was admired to her heart's content, and she was reposing in the lap of her dear Aunt Jane.

But what was the matter with Aunt Jane? Surely that was a tear on her cheek!

THERE'S MORE MONEY THAN YOU THINK IN A PERFECTLY EQUIPPED BARN or STABLE



Sold under complete guarantee You take o risks

Nothing tends to keep your horses and cattle in the pink of condition so much as an absolutely clean, bright and sanitary stable. You will do it perfectly and for far less money with the LOUDEN EQUIPMENT, than by any other system or means you can adopt.

LOUDEN'S STEEL STALLS and STANCHIONS, LOUDEN'S JUNIOR SLING CARRIERS, LOUDEN'S GOLD MEDAL LITTER CARRIERS will save you infinite worry, time and toil.

They mean the saving of every needless step and your help will earn more money for you because they will be contented and do twice the amount of paying work.

GET FREE CATALOGUE OF OUR COMPLETE LINE.

LOUDEN HARDWARE SPECIALTY CO. ELMWOOD WINNIPEG

THE "BARRIE" ENGINE

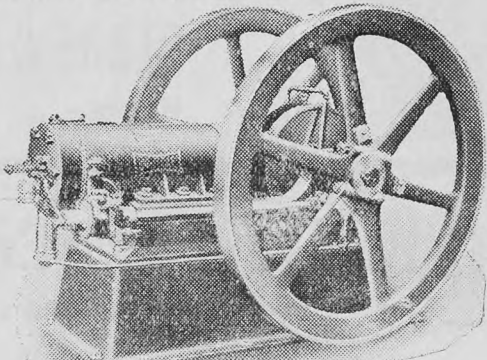
Stationary and portable, from 3 to 100 horse power. For gasoline, distillate, natural gas, city gas, or producer gas. It is a perfect running engine. Notice the balance and few moving parts. It is reliable and economical. Guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

Good reliable Agents Wanted. Write for our terms.

Built by
THE
CANADA PRODUCER
AND
GAS ENGINE CO., LTD.
BARRIE, ONT.,
CANADA

JAS. RAE MACHINERY
CO., MEDICINE HAT, Dis-
tributors for Alberta.

McCUSKER IMPLEMENT
CO., REGINA, Distributors
for Saskatchewan.



"Don't you like your present?" whispered Teddy, wiping away the tear.
"Like it, darling? Like my present? That tear is for pure joy, child. I can't help it. Some folks cry when they are sad, and I can't help it because I'm so glad."

TRADE NOTES

NEW EDITION OF BRITANNICA

The Cambridge University Press has opened a temporary office at the Russell, Lang Co.'s store in the Somerset Building, Winnipeg, where representatives have on hand a complete set of the new Encyclopædia Britannica. Visitors to the city as well as residents are invited to call and inspect the exhibition. Representatives of the publication will be on hand to give full information.

In announcing the publication of this the 11th edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica the publishers state that over 34,000 sets were sold before publication, that is to say before the book was issued or known save by description.

This work of 29 volumes of about 1,000 pages each is now offered at a very reasonable rate, namely \$4.50 a volume for ordinary paper edition bound in cloth, instead of \$7.50, at which price the corresponding style of the last edition was sold. Prices in the better binding and of India paper impression, are proportionately low. The complete work will be delivered upon payment of \$5.00. The purchase can then be completed by monthly payments of the same amount. See front page of last week's issue for particulars.

"STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER"

"Straight from the Shoulder" is a neat booklet published by the Gas Traction Company, of Minneapolis, Minn., and dealing with the merits of the "Big Four 30" engine, which is manufactured by this company.

The booklet of some eighty pages, is made up entirely of cuts of the "Big Four 30" at work and of letters from users and owners, who speak of the value of this farm tractor in actual work.

A letter to this firm at Minneapolis will bring you this booklet, which will be of interest to users and prospective users of motor power.

TUCK'S CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES

THE ADVOCATE has received a sample collection of the "Art Publications" for the Christmas season, published by The Raphael Tuck & Sons Co., of Montreal. These are very tasty publications and are fully up to the standard of this firm's high-class work. Particular for the season are their calendars, Christmas and New Year cards, autograph Christmas stationery and private greeting cards.

There are also their art and toy novelties and books for children, these latter include "Father Tuck's New Annual," "The Children's Shakespeare," "Children's Stories from Dickens," and others. These are got out in the firm's well-known style and are most attractive.

NEW HOME FOR ONTARIO WIND ENGINE AND PUMP CO.

The Ontario Wind Engine and Pump Company have just moved into their new quarters on Logan, Arlington and Trinity streets, of which the cut on the following page gives some idea of their building, being one of the most handsome implement warehouses in Winnipeg. It is finished in Twin City buff brick with cut stone trimmings, four storeys high with basement, having a 100-foot frontage on Logan Ave., and 70-foot on Arlington street. The company have their offices on the second floor, which are large and roomy and are arranged in the latest design, having excellent light. Their show rooms for their small lines are also on the second floor, while the larger lines will be shown on the main floor. At the rear of the building is a platform 30 x 100 feet, adjoining which is a metal-clad warehouse 100 x 86 feet, and their spur track which comes off the Pembina



This Coat Sweater combines protection for the throat with a neat appearance. The Military Collar makes it possible to wear a tie.

The Cost is \$5.00

Including Toque to match Sweater.

The Saving is 100%

Through buying from us.

We solicit correspondence with organizations requiring special colors and designs, but for ordinary use we suggest the following:

Navy Blue, Purple, Black, Brown, Grey, White, Yellow, Green, Khaki, Fawn, Maroon, Cardinal, or Smoke.

Our trimmings are appropriate and vary according to your selection, but if you wish you can specify the color trimmings desired. Mention body color first.

We guarantee extra heavy weight as we use all imported worsted yarn and best of workmanship.

Free \$50.00 in Cash

under the following conditions: Each order entitles the purchaser to one guess as to which of the above enumerated colors will prove most popular. State in estimate the number of sweaters of the color you select which in your estimation will be sold prior to February 15th, 1912.

In the event of a tie the winner will be determined by precedence of receipt of order.

Please mention this paper when ordering.

Remit \$5.00 by money order or cheque, when we will immediately acknowledge order and send sweater and toque by Parcel Post, registered.

No orders accepted at this price for delivery out of Canada.

Packed in "Holly Box" only when requested.

Norwood & Norwood

High-Grade Sweaters Exclusively
Somerset Blk., Winnipeg, Man.

Make your selection now and fill in the following as a reminder.

Chest Measurement

Color (Body)

Color (Trimmings)

THE Central Canada Insurance

COMPANY
THE

Saskatchewan Insurance

COMPANY
THE

Alberta - Canadian Ins.

COMPANY

INSURANCE AGENCIES, LIMITED, General Agents

Winnipeg, Man. Regina, Sask. Edmonton, Alta.
Brandon, Man. Saskatoon, Sask. Calgary, Alta.

And more than 1,000 Local Agents in the three provinces.

Fire Insurance Live Stock Insurance Hail Insurance

Written under Policies free from harassing conditions.
We give the best possible Insurance Service at the lowest possible cost.

Our organization is the best in Western Canada for giving such service.

That the public recognizes and appreciates the service we give is shown by the remarkable increase in our business from year to year.

If placed with us your insurance will be carefully attended to. We devote all our attention to the needs of our home field—Western Canada.

Any information desired will be furnished on request.

JOS. CORNELL, General Manager

When Answering Ads Kindly Mention This Paper

CO-OPERATION ASSURES SUCCESS



As a representative of The Dominion Co-Operative Realty Co., Ltd., I hereby state that I earned in 1911 the sum of \$6,009.25, by selling Real Estate.
(Sgd.) D. T. Theall,
Newton, Mass.



Co-Operation helped me to earn \$1,250.00 during my university vacation, 1911, as a representative of The Dominion Co-Operative Realty Co., Ltd.
(Sgd.) O. L. Clipperton,
Toronto.

\$16,777.00 earned by 4 Co-Operative Representatives

"What Others Are Doing, I May Do"

"I am of the opinion that your instructions are absolutely necessary for any one engaged in the Real Estate or any other business, and I consider the first two lessons worth the price of the whole course."

J. F. M.,
Winnipeg, Man.

"I must say that these lessons are excellent for any young man, whether they intend to act in a business capacity or not. Any man who would follow the rules that you have laid down and live by them, would make a name and place for himself in society, and in the business world"

J. M. H.,
Kenmare,
N. Dakota, U.S.A.



YOU CAN EARN
\$2,000 TO
\$10,000
A YEAR
IN THE REAL ESTATE BUSINESS

Are you ambitious? Write us to-day
Free 40 Page Book
We will teach you, by mail, the Real Estate, General Brokerage and Insurance business and appoint you our
Co-Operative Representative
in your own town.
We are the oldest and largest co-operative real estate company in
CANADA
Representatives are making \$2,000 to \$10,000 a year without capital.
One student, upon completing his course, and without capital, made a profit of \$2,714 in his first month's work.
Be Your Own Master
Good judgment and ordinary education and ambition with our course of instruction, will quickly win for you an independent life.
Free legal advice to each representative.

DOMINION CO-OPERATIVE REALTY CO. LIMITED.
WESTERN OFFICE
114 NINTH AVE. EAST
CALGARY, ALBERTA.

"Without these lessons I could never have had an idea of the importance of the subject."

N. S. C.,
Brockville, Ont.

"These first two lessons contain an amount of pointers and information that in my estimation is of great value, not only for a Real Estate Dealer, but for any man of whatever calling."

G. A. DeB.,
Stavely, Alta.

"I have been fifteen years in the Insurance and Real Estate business, and notwithstanding my experience I feel that I will derive substantial benefit from your excellent system of business instruction."

R. H. L.,
Maple Creek, Sask.



We very much regret the death of Mr. H. S. Percival, about November 1, 1911, who, as our representative, earned \$5,887.00 by selling Real Estate in 1911.



I hereby state that I earned \$3,681.00 in less than six months by selling Real Estate as a representative of The Dominion Co-Operative Realty Co., Ltd.
(Sgd.) A. F. Bragdon,
Seattle, Wash.

**The Dominion
Co-Operative Realty Co., Ltd.**
114 9th AVE., EAST
CALGARY, ALTA.

branch of the C. P. R. will accommodate about twelve cars, thus giving them splendid facilities for handling their rapidly growing trade.

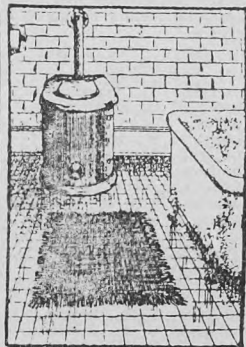
The rapid development of their business in the West made this change absolutely necessary, and they are now in the best possible shape to take care

of their trade and handle all orders without delay.

They extend a cordial invitation to dealers and customers throughout the country to visit their new quarters when in the city. Same can be reached by the Logan avenue car line, which passes their door.



New Home of the Ontario Wind Engine and Pump Co. in Winnipeg



"Parkyte" Improved
(Trade Mark Registered)

Sanitary Chemical Closets

No water, No Plumbing, No Excavating, No Burning, No Traps or other useless appliances to break or get out of order

"PARKYTE," is the only Chemical Closet on the market that is giving satisfaction and the only one that has earned the name of **SANITARY**. It is recognized everywhere as being the **"STANDARD OF QUALITY"** and carries the endorsement of the leading Health Inspectors, Physicians and Architects in the Dominion, as well as thousands of satisfied users.

With "PARKYTE" Closets all rural districts can have modern conveniences. Write for catalog.

Parker & Whyte, Limited

Head Office, 1203 McARTHUR BUILDING, WINNIPEG
Branches: 61 St. James St., Montreal. 49 Canada Permanent Building, Toronto. 5-6 Crown Bldg., Calgary

Winnipeg Tanning Company

Leather Manufacturers---Custom Tanning a Specialty---Ship your hides, pelts and tallow to us and receive highest market prices.

GENUINE GALLOWAY COATS AND ROBES

A Galloway coat and good fur robe are indispensables on the cold winter drives. From now until January 1, 1912, we are making special prices on coats and robes. All farmers know that

A Galloway Coat

Considering cost is the best appearing coat worn. In pliability it rivals the coon and is by far its superior in wearing quality.

Black Robes at \$17.50. Red Robes at \$15. Black Coats at \$25.

WINNIPEG TANNING COMPANY, LIMITED

382 Nairn Ave. Winnipeg, Man.

N. B.—We will exchange a first-class robe or coat for hides, allowing the best possible price.



Give Him A Gillette

A Pleasing Christmas Gift? It certainly is. Few articles for man's use are so handsome as a heavily plated, superbly finished Gillette Safety Razor Set.

A Thoughtful Christmas Gift? Decidedly. It shows that you care for his personal appearance, his comfort and his Savings Bank account—for the Gillette ministers to all three.

A Suggestive Christmas Gift? Perhaps—but what's the harm?

If you want him to enjoy every day the keenest, quickest, handiest, smoothest-shaving razor in the world, give him a Gillette for Christmas. Look over the Gillette Styles shown by your druggist, jeweler or hardware dealer. Standard Sets \$5.00—Pocket Editions \$5.00 to \$6.00—Combination Sets \$6.50 up.

The Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Limited
Office and Factories, 63 St. Alexander St., Montreal.

Offices also in New York, Chicago, London, England and Shanghai, China.
Factories in Montreal, Boston, Leicester, Berlin and Paris.



The Veterinary Association of Manitoba

Under the authority of Secs. 18, 19, 20, 22 and 26 of the Veterinary Association Act, 1890, (53 Vic., Chap. 60) the following persons only are entitled to practice as Veterinary Surgeons in the Province of Manitoba, or to collect fees for services rendered as such:—

Alton, A. L., McGregor.
Armitage, S. B., Crystal City.
Baker, G. P., Togo.
Barry, W. H., Cartwright.
Bescoby, B., Winnipeg.
Bonnet, J. C., Snowflake.
Bowman, E., Gladstone.
Braeken, G. E., Eden.
Bradshaw, H., Portage la Prairie.
Broadfoot, J. W., Binscarth.
Bryant, F. W., Dauphin.
Clark, J. L., Russel.
Cline, J. T., Glenboro.
Cook, W. S., Virden.
Coxe, S. A., Brandon.
Collet, H. B., Gainsborough, Sask.
Cruikshank, J. G., Deloraine.
Coombs, F. M., Oak River.
Dand, J. M., Deloraine.
Dunbar, W. A., Winnipeg.
Elliott, H. J., Winnipeg.
Frame, A. S., Miami.
Fisher, J. F., Brandon.
Golley, J., Treherne.
Graham, N., Swift Current.
Green, E., Birtle.
Hackett, J. A., Hartney.
Hassard, F. J., Deloraine.
Harrison, W., Cypress River.
Hayter, G. P., Birtle.
Hilliard, W. A., Winnipeg.
Hilton, Wm., Winnipeg.
Hilton, G., Regina.

Hinman, W. J., Winnipeg.
Husband, A. G., Winnipeg.
Irwin, J. J., Stonewall.
Irwin, I. B., Stonewall.
James, N. V., Gladstone.
Jamieson, J., Hamiota.
Keleher, J. J., Portage la Prairie.
Kennedy, M. S., Elm Creek.
King, T., Souris.
Lake, W. H., Morden.
Lawson, R., Shoal Lake.
Lee, W. H. T., Minto.
Leslie, W., Melita.
Lipsett, J. H., Holland.
Little, C., Winnipeg.
Little, M., Pilot Mound.
Little, W., Boissevain.
McDougall, J., Kenton.
McFadden, D. H., Emerson.
McGillvray, C. D., Winnipeg.
McGillvray, J., Winnipeg.
McIntosh, R. A., Morden.
McLoughry, R. A., Moosomin.
McLeish, W., Oak Lake.
McMillan, Brandon.
Mack, J. S., Neepawa.
Manchester, W., Wawanesa.
Marshall, R. J., Oak Lake.
Martin, W. E., Winnipeg.
Martin, S. T., Winnipeg.
Maynard, E. R., Dauphin.
Molloy, J. P., Morris.
Murray, G. P., Fishburn.
Munn, J. A., Carman.

Ovens, Hugh, Swan River.
Part, J. H., Swan River.
Pomfret, H., Winnipeg.
Potter, G. G., Swan Lake.
Preston, M. J., Moosomin.
Robinson, S., Brandon.
Roe, J. S., Neepawa.
Rombough, M. B., Winnipeg.
Rutherford, J. G., Ottawa.
Rutledge, T. J. E., Carberry.
Sirrett, W. F., Minnedosa.
Still, J. B., Winnipeg.
Stiver, M. B., Elgin.
Shoults, W. A., Winnipeg.
Smith, H. D., Winnipeg.
Smith, W. H., Carman.
Stevenson, C. A., Reston.
Stevenson, J. A., Gretna.
Strett, W. F., Minnedosa.
Swanson, J. A., Manitou.
Taylor, W. R., Portage la Prairie.
Thompson, H. N., Bannerman.
Thompson, Wm., Minnedosa.
Todd, J. H. C., Grand View.
Torrance, F., Winnipeg.
Walton, T., Killarney.
Welch, J., Roland.
Westell, E. P., Winnipeg.
Whaley, H. F., Kylemore.
Whimster, M. A., Hamiota.
Wilson, A. F., Portage la Prairie.
Woods, T. Z., Winnipeg.
Young, J. M., Rapid City.

The practice of the veterinary profession in Manitoba by any other person is direct contravention of the statute and renders him liable to prosecution.
FREDERICK TORRANCE, Registrar.

REDUCTION IN PRICE OF CEMENT

In November, 1910, it was announced that the price of cement had been reduced. That announcement was admitted by many as corroborative of the opinion that the merging of the cement interests in Canada would prove a good thing for the public. The theory of a consolidation such as the Canada Cement Company is that the consolidated interests are in a position to effect economy in production and distribution.

That the Canada Cement Company are working upon the idea of increasing consumption by lowering prices, rather than curtailing production and obtaining higher prices, is shown by its president's report to the shareholders at the last annual meeting, when he stated: "It is confidently expected that the increased demand and increased output will result in further savings in the cost of manufacture and distribution, and it is the policy of your directors to give your customers the benefit of these reductions."

This is further evidenced by the announcement, which was made on November 1, 1911, of a still further reduction in the price of cement. The reduction in some districts is 10c. per barrel, and in others, 5c. On the whole it will probably average 7c. per barrel. This reduction, with the reduction made last year, should mean a very large saving to the cement consumers of Canada.

We trust that the expectations of lower cost, voiced by the president of the Canada Cement Company, will be realized again next year, and that the company may continue its policy of giving the benefit of these reductions to its customers—thereby enlarging the number of uses to which cement may be put.

GOSSIP

UNITED STATES FARM AND FOREST PRODUCTS

Reports to the United States Department of Agriculture show that the United States imported during the year ending June 30, 1910, \$688,000,000 worth of farm and forest products, an increase of \$49,000,000 over the previous year, and an exportation of \$891,000,000, of the same products during the same year. The value of all merchandise imported in 1910 was \$1,557,000,000 an increase of \$245,000,000, as compared with 1909, and an increase of \$363,000,000 compared with 1908. Imports of farm products formed 44.2 per cent. of total imports of all merchandise in 1910, 48.7 per cent. in 1909, and 45.2 per cent. in 1908. The value of farm products imported in 1910 was \$78,000,000 more than the average for the same products for the five years, 1906 to 1910; but the percentage of farm products of total imports was 1.1 per cent. less in 1910 than for the five years 1906 to 1910.

The value of imports of forest products in 1910 exceeded those of each previous year and amounted to \$179,000,000, an increase over 1909, of \$55,000,000, and an increase of \$81,000,000, as compared with 1908. Of the increase in 1910 over 1909, to the value of \$39,000,000 was due to india-rubber.

Farm products valued at \$232,000,000, or more than one-third of the total farm products imported in 1910, came from Europe; \$181,000,000 from North America; and \$275,000,000 from the other four grand divisions. The grand divisions showing important increases in imports of farm products in 1910 over the previous year were: North America, \$29,000,000; Europe, \$17,000,000; South America, \$9,000,000; and Oceania, \$9,000,000.

The value of forest products imported from South America in 1910 amounted to \$55,000,000; North America and Europe each \$54,000,000. Imports of forest products from Europe in 1910, compared with 1909, increased

FIRE
Protect your homes and property.
THE VICTOR FIRE EXTINGUISHER
Always Ready



FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

Papers report daily loss of farm house or buildings by fire, where one or two fire extinguishers would protect the savings of years.


WATEROUS ENGINE WORKS CO.
WINNIPEG, MAN.

FREE LAND

Another allotment of very choice valley fruit land, is now ready for distribution. Write immediately to the Jantha Plantation Co., Block 1596, Pittsburg, Pa., for application blanks. The only requirement is that five acres be planted in fruit trees within five years. Authorized improvement companies will plant the trees at reasonable prices, and market the fruit for the owners on shares.

CHURCH BELLS

CHIMES AND PEALS
MEMORIAL BELLS A SPECIALTY
FULLY WARRANTED
McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY CO.
BALTIMORE, Md., U. S. A.
Established 1856



SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTHWEST LAND REGULATIONS

ANY person who is sole head of a family or any male over eighteen years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties.—Six months' residence upon, and cultivation of the land in e. n. of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside of his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties.—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and can not obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, \$3.00 per acre. Duties.—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for

THOMSON, KENNEDY & HORD

Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc.

WOLSELEY - - SASK.

Money to Loan at Current Rates

Levi Thomson Crown Prosecutor

D. P. Kennedy, B.C.L., A. H. Hord M.A.

LOOK over our advertising pages carefully every week. If you happen to be paying for space see that your advertisement reads to suit you. If it requires changing, write at once. In order to ensure change in any issue instructions should be in the office of The Farmer's Advocate at least nine days prior to date of issue.

\$22,000,000; South America, \$15,000,000; and North America, \$13,000,000.

The aggregate value of the six principal groups of farm products imported in 1910 was \$469,000,000, as compared with \$437,000,000 in 1909, and \$353,000,000 in 1908. These six leading groups and their values in 1910 were: Packing-house products, \$126,000,000; sugar and molasses, \$108,000,000; coffee, \$69,000,000; silk, \$67,000,000; wool, \$51,000,000; and vegetable fibres, chiefly cotton, sisal, manila, and jute, \$48,000,000. The values of other important imports were, in round numbers: Tobacco, \$28,000,000; fruits, \$24,000,000; alcoholic liquors and vegetable oils, each \$23,000,000.

Shipments of farm products to the United States from its island possessions and Alaska were valued at \$88,000,000 for 1910, \$71,000,000 for 1909, and \$73,000,000 for 1908. Shipments of sugar, principally from Hawaii and Porto Rico, and vegetable fibres, chiefly manila from the Philippine Islands, formed more than 92 per cent. of the total shipments of farm products from all its non-contiguous possessions to the United States in 1910. The sugar sent to the United States from these possessions was valued at \$71,000,000; vegetable fibres, \$11,000,000; fruits, \$3,000,000; and tobacco, \$1,000,000.

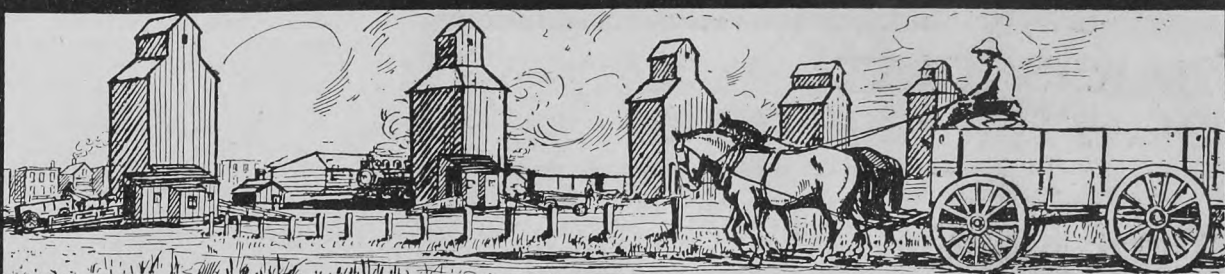
The exports of farm products were smaller than for any fiscal year since 1905. The average yearly exports of domestic farm products for the five-year period of 1906-10 were greater in value than for each preceding five-year period and amounted to \$964,000,000, an increase over the preceding five-year average of \$90,000,000. The percentage of domestic farm products of total domestic merchandise exported decreased from 80.4 per cent. for the period of 1851-55 to 55.1 per cent. for the period 1906-10.

The trade of the United States with its non-contiguous possessions in 1910 exceeded that of any former year. The shipments of domestic farm products to these possessions was valued at more than \$25,000,000; while the shipments in the opposite direction aggregated nearly \$88,000,000. The shipments to and from the non-contiguous possessions consisted mainly of prepared food products, such as meats, grain and grain products, rice, and sugar; and showed an increase in 1910 compared with 1909. The shipments of domestic farm products from the United States to its non-contiguous possessions in 1910 formed 30.6 per cent. of the total outward shipments of all domestic merchandise to them; while the farm products received from the possessions was 81.3 per cent. of total inward shipments of all merchandise from them. As a destination for domestic forest products, Hawaii held first place in 1909 and 1910, with an increase of \$307,000 in 1910, as compared with 1909, and of \$495,000 compared with 1908. Shipments of domestic forest products to the non-contiguous possessions for 1910 consisted chiefly of lumber, most of which was shipped to Hawaii.

CONCRETE MATERIALS FOR FARM IMPROVEMENT

Early settlers, colonists, and pioneers encountered a trackless forest extending from the Atlantic to the prairies, the removal of which was necessary before they could create farming land. As the country began to be settled demand upon the forests was made for building material. A hundred years ago almost all agricultural structures, and buildings of all kinds in farming communities, were constructed from lumber procured from nearby forests. Even a few years ago the farmer used nothing but lumber for farm buildings. The timber was cut from his own land and sawed at nearby mills, so that his own trees were converted into his troughs, dairy-houses, walks, fences, and even his house and barn; hence the high price of lumber consequent upon the rapid decrease in the country's timber supply, was felt last by the farmer—though now the demand for a new building material is nowhere more keenly felt than on the farm.

Such a material has been found in concrete, which in some instances has proved superior to lumber, brick, or building stone, and is being used for all kinds of farm structures from silos



How Much are You Getting for Your Grain?

This is the question of the hour. The value of a plow is judged by the work it does. A grain grower is known by the yield and grade of the grain he reaps from year to year.

By accident indifferent farmers may give satisfactory yields in ideal seasons but the scientific farmer obtains high averages always. He does not waste time railing at conditions. His harvest is the result of planning and knowing how to plan, long months before the grain is even sown. He's a thinker as well as a worker and draws constantly on all the sources of information, studying, thinking, planning, and working continually.

He knows that plants require food and how to cultivate to make that food available to secure his high grade, and to suit the soil he is handling. He knows how to check plant diseases and what rations will produce the maximum results for all classes of live stock, and why. He knows the value of live stock on the farm and realizes that the manure from even a small herd is worth more than the hired man's wages and plays an essential part in obtaining large yields and high grades.

Must You Accept the "Say-so" of the Elevator Man?

Through our logically arranged, complete course in scientific farming you are put in possession of knowledge that will enable you to instruct the Elevator Man. But this is only one of many hundreds of "helps" that you derive from this course. Back of the instruction are a score of men—the pick of the whole North American continent. Some of them are:—Prof. S. A. Bedford, Man. Agricultural College; Prof. Thos. Shaw, Minn. Experimental Station; R. E. Drennan, B.S.A., Pioneer Stock Farm; James Murray, B.S.A., Wheatlands, Ltd.; Prof. H. L. Bolley, N. D. Agricultural College; Arch. Mitchell, Weed Expert; Prof. W. H. Day, Ontario Agricultural College; Prof. C. H. Lee, Man. Agricultural College; W. H. Fairfield, Supt. Lethbridge Experimental Farm; Norman Ross, B. S.A., Indian Head Forestry Station; Prof. R. M. Dolve and Prof. C. I. Gunness, N. D. Agricultural College, E. F. Coke, B.S.A. and others.

How would you like to sit down at your table in your own home and talk things over with these experts this winter? This is your opportunity. If necessary make a sacrifice to take this course. All over Western Canada farmers are getting practical money-making help from these men. If they can help others, they can help you. The course is endorsed by hundreds of farmers.

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to sidewalks, and from stable floors to dwellings. This material too, like his lumber, can generally be largely produced from his own or nearby land—as nothing but the cement and metal bars for reinforcement need be purchased from afar, and much of the work can be done by the farmer and with ordinary farm labor under the direction of a skilled concrete worker. Frequently concrete users have made costly mistakes by not informing themselves properly, before starting their work, concerning the correct methods of making good concrete. As a guide in the selection of the proper materials, especially the sand and gravel which form six-sevenths of the solids used in concrete, the United States Department of Agriculture issued Farmers' Bulletin No. 461, containing suggestions which should be observed.

Concrete is manufactured stone formed by mixing cement, sand, and stone or gravel (i.e. pebbles) together with water. The cement is but a small part of the mixture, and is the product of skilled workmen under the supervision of the manufacturer, who must compete with all other makers of like material; but the sand and gravel constituting one-third or one-half of the final product must be selected and prepared by the farmer, and this is where most failures originate. Various amounts of each are used, according to the use which the finished product is to be put. The mixture in which all the spaces or voids between the stones or gravel are filled with sand and all the spaces between the grains of sand are filled with cement, is the ideal mixture. The ideal is seldom attained, but the bulletin gives detailed instructions and instructive illustrations, which should go far towards enabling the farmer to closely approach it.

Derivation and Distribution of Turkeys, Geese and Ducks

By PROF. F. C. ELFORD

Every farmer is interested in poultry; perhaps he knows little about where they came from originally but he likes them as a table delicacy both as meat and for the eggs that are produced. Details as to origin are very interesting though stories regarding some of them are conflicting.

TURKEYS

Early in the sixteenth century, when the different adventurers from Spain, France and England were exploring the eastern coast and southern part of the North American continent, they found there a bird, dark in color, stately in appearance, and possessed of a very delicate flavor. When the Spaniards captured the city of Mexico, they found thousands of these birds in the gardens of the emperor there. They were at that time the cheapest meat available, and were used to feed the vultures, eagles and other flesh-eating birds kept in the great aviaries. Numbers of these birds were secured by these adventurers and brought back to Spain, along with their other trophies. These birds were scattered all over the country in the preserves of the great land-owners, and they soon gained great popularity as a table bird.

When first studied by the naturalists of the old country, the bird was thought to be another species of the guinea, and was given a technical name signifying it to be a part of the same family. Later, naturalists followed this classification, and it still holds the technical name first given it.

Just how the bird happened to gain the common name of turkey, no one seems to know. Some have thought that this name was gained by his bumptious manner, much resembling that class of boisterous and domineering persons whom we nickname "Turks." Others say it is a corruption of the word turquoise, a term used in describing the blue wrinkles around the head. Still others say it is from his resemblance to the old Turkish uniform, composed of a red cap and flowing gown. Most likely the name came from the turkey being introduced by "Turks,"

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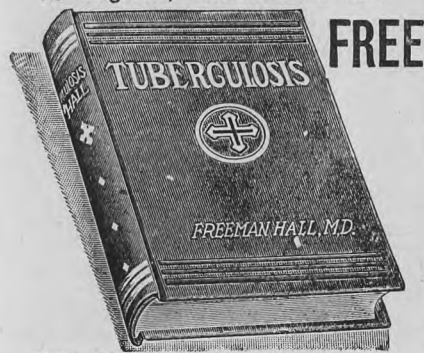


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a name by which transient sea-traders were known in olden days.

The turkey is distinctly a bird of North American origin. Various writers on poultry in other lands, and some naturalists, have tried to prove that it is not, giving as reasons the fact that the wild turkey has no white on his feathers, and by alleging that it was impossible to domesticate the American wild turkey. However, white wild turkeys have been found, and the testimony of thousands of poultry-breeders in that part of the United States where the wild turkey made its home, has shattered the allegation that our wild turkeys were untamable. Indeed, it is so much an American bird that Benjamin Franklin strenuously advocated its being placed on the coins of the United States, in preference to the eagle.

Early writers on the subject give 1524 A.D. as the date when turkeys were first brought to England. So greatly was the bird prized by the king, Edward VI., that he bestowed honors upon the importer, William Strickland, and granted him a crest, which is a turkey in his most bumptious attitude. Turkeys seem to have been in great demand, and not increasing rapidly enough, for about twenty years later we find a decree by Archbishop Cranmer prohibiting more than one dish of turkey cocks at state festivals. This restriction had the desired effect, and in another forty years we find they had increased so greatly as to become a Christmas dish with the English farmer, and from that time forth we find the turkey often mentioned in English works on poultry husbandry, and also in the English cook books.

It is not certain just when the turkey made its entrance into France, but one of the first accounts we have of it there is at the wedding of Charles IX. and Elizabeth of Austria, in 1576 A.D. Just about that time a number of these birds arrived at St. Malo, having come by boat from Boston. The provincial governor, thinking to enhance the pleasures of the wedding feast, sent a dozen of these birds to the king's chef. They were roasted and served on a spit, like so many larks, much to the pleasure of the whole company. Indeed, the guests seemed to have enjoyed themselves too well, for the account relates that "they ate so much turkey that they were troubled by indigestion." Having thus been stamped with royal approval, turkeys spread rapidly over the country, and from there South and East along the Mediterranean Sea, until now they are to be found all over Europe.

Through centuries of breeding, different strains have been established throughout Europe. The European turkeys are nearly black in color, and the largest specimens are found in Normandy and Eastern England, where the rich lands seem to be almost as well adapted for their production as their natural habitat.

On this continent the turkey has been domesticated almost since the days of the earliest settlers. Tradition says that the turkey was one of the chief items on the menu of the first Thanksgiving dinner held by the Pilgrim Fathers in Massachusetts. From their natural habitat along the Appalachian Mountains in the Eastern and Southern States, the turkey has moved westward and northward with civilization, until now there is hardly a settlement in the whole of Canada and the United States where turkeys of some description can not be found.

While rapidly becoming scarce, still bands of wild turkeys may be found in the mountainous regions of the Southern States. The turkey in its wild state is much larger than when under domestication, probably owing to the greater struggle it must make for existence and the age which it attains before being shot. Wild turkeys have been killed weighing as high as fifty pounds, while twenty-five pounds is considered a good weight for a tame turkey.

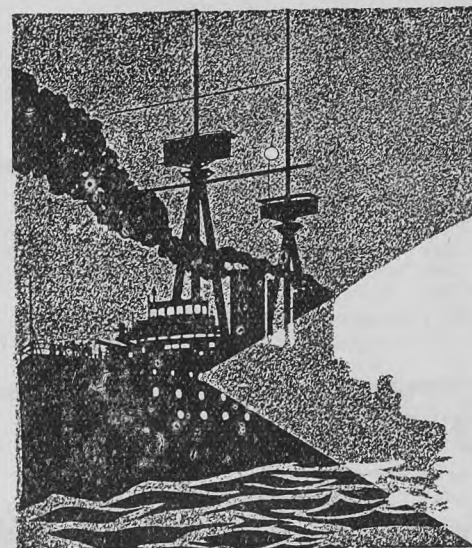
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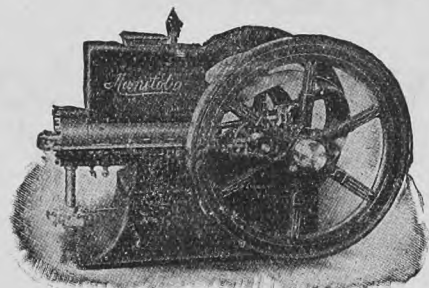
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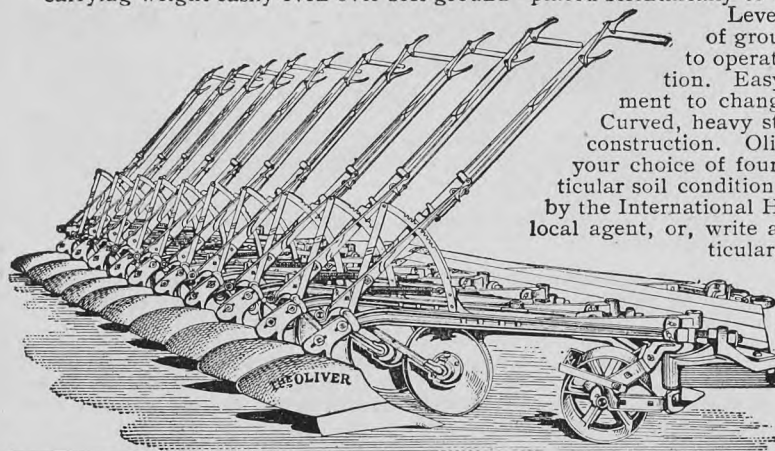
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only of our own poultrymen, but those of European countries, as well. Large numbers of the best birds available are now being exported to build up the flocks of the European breeders.

Another well-known variety is the White Holland, which is supposed to have originated from a sport of the black variety. By constant selection of the birds showing the most white for years, we now have a variety that breeds pure white, but the theory of the origin is proven by the fact that nearly all white turkeys have some black feathers at some time in their career.

By the same process of selection in various parts of the continent, breeders have produced the Narragansett, the Buff, the Bourbon Red, and a few other minor varieties which differ somewhat from the Bronze and the White in shape, build and color markings.

Each variety has its supporters, and no doubt each kind has its good points, but it matters little to us, as consumers, what color the turkey was, so long as we have turkey for our Christmas and Thanksgiving dinners.

THE GOOSE

We have all heard the expression,

"Crazy as a goose." From time immemorial, the goose has been an object of contempt and derision. In nearly all languages are to be found expressions alluding to the silliness or stupidity of the goose.

In the earliest of men's writings we find the goose mentioned. It appears to have been a native of man's earliest haunts, and from that day to this has been a matter of contempt. Just twice in all the centuries do we find the goose held in any esteem at all. One is in the legend of "The goose that laid the golden eggs," and the other is when

the cackling of the goose saved Rome from being taken by the barbarians. Even Noah when collecting the animals for the ark left the goose out but still the race seems to have thrived, and through thousands of years does not seem to have changed to any appreciable extent.

The drawings on the tombs of the old Egyptians show geese almost exactly as they are to-day. As the naturalist Darwin says, this is probably due to the fact that no one cared what the goose looked like, and so no one made any attempt at selection with a view to improving it. However, of late years, many breeders have been experimenting along various lines, and, as a result, the goose is being gradually improved in strength, vigor and value.

As the turkey has the shortest domestic history, the goose, on the other hand, can trace its family tree back further than any other domesticated fowl.

There are several varieties of wild geese, but our tame geese are supposed to have been bred from the Gray Lag variety. It is not known how this name originated, but in each flock there seemed to be some gray geese which had the habit of lagging behind when the rest of the flock flew south for the winter. Others say the name is a corruption of gray leg. However, this variety of wild geese seems to have been most in evidence, and so this was the variety that was caught and domesticated. The theory that our geese descended from the Gray Lag is further confirmed by the fact that now and then, after all these years of breeding, the prepotency of the original stock asserts itself and we have a sport with all the characteristics of the true wild Gray Lag.

In former years, when a girl married, one of the wedding gifts was likely to be a pair of geese, and, as geese are a long-lived fowl, it was not long until geese became spread all over the civilized world.

It would appear that geese were first domesticated somewhere around the Black or Mediterranean seas, probably in the Italian Peninsula, and in that country we find the Roman variety. The geese of this variety are mostly white, although there seems to be a small strain of this variety with dark-gray wings, head and back.

The Embden geese, as we know them, have existed as a distinct variety for over a hundred years, and likely the variety gets its name from the town in Hanover, where it originated. Embden was a great goose-raising centre, and as ships plied frequently between that part of Germany and England, it was but natural that they should soon spread into England. Even to this day we get a large amount of breeding stock from this very vicinity. The Embden are large white geese, with a creamy skin.

The Toulouse variety of geese developed in one of the provinces of France, and takes its name from the province of its origin. This variety follows the characteristics of the old Gray Lag goose much more closely than any other variety.

Other countries have brought forth various varieties, known as the Danubian, a native of the country surrounding the Black Sea; the Russian, a descendant of the old fighting geese that used to amuse thousands by their combats in the Russian Capitol; the Egyptian, whose history runs back to the time of the Pharaohs; the Chinese, another whose family tree is hid by the mists of centuries; and the African, a goose coming from Africa, but which seems to resemble the Chinese goose very closely. Both of the latter varieties have crests on their heads.

We in Canada have succeeded in domesticating a few of the wild geese so common to the more unsettled parts of our country. The most of the geese kept in the United States and Canada are likely from this source. One of the results of its domestication has been to greatly increase its size, and now, instead of the old, scrawny skin and bones which the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company used to shoot and make into pemmican to tide them over the long winters when game was scarce we have produced a bird with a slender

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body and a deep breast, and one that is pleasing to the taste, as well as to the eye.

THE DUCK

The numerous varieties of wild ducks seem to be very well scattered over the world. Various nations have succeeded in taming those varieties of ducks common to them. Ducks are mentioned by the early Roman writers, and in China duck-breeding has been carried on for hundreds of years.

Darwin was of the opinion that the various ducks originated from the domestication of the different varieties of wild ducks in different parts of the world. However, other naturalists point out the fact that there is but one species of the wild duck family in which the four middle feathers of the drake curl upwards. As this peculiarity is common to all tame ducks, it is argued that all tame ducks must have descended from this one species. Others argue that, as the wild duck is monogamous, that it takes but one mate, our common ducks could not have descended from the wild ones, as they are rank polygamists.

The duck does not date its history as far back as the goose, as it was unknown to the ancient Egyptians, the Jews of the Old Testament, or to the Greeks of the Homeric Period.

The Rouen duck appears to have descended from the variety of wild duck known to us as Mallards. It was domesticated in France, and from there has scattered over the world. The Rouen duck is a large, beautifully-colored duck, with a deep breast, and is probably the most tasty of the tame varieties.

The Aylesbury duck is a large white bird, quick-growing, and a great layer. This variety gets its name from the centre in which the variety was brought up to its present standard, by improving the old white ducks common to England for centuries back. As with all other white varieties, it was likely a sport of the wild black duck in the first place.

The Pekin duck is a native of China, whence it has been imported to this continent and Europe. Although Pekin ducks were only brought to this continent by James E. Palmer, of Connecticut in 1874, on his return from a visit to China, they have become wonderfully popular, and all the large duck ranches of to-day are stocked with Pekin ducks. They are white ducks, great egg-layers, and wonderfully hardy, seemingly being able to thrive almost anywhere.

The Indian Runner duck appears to have had its origin around the Red Sea, and to have been domesticated from a wild variety known as the Penguin duck, a duck easily distinguished by its longer body and more upright carriage.

Besides these, there are a number of other varieties, more or less ornamental, and taking their names from the various localities in which they have been bred. Almost every year some new breed is advertised, and breeders continue their investigations. The time may come when we will have as many varieties of ducks as we now have of chickens.

Why the Hens Stopped Laying

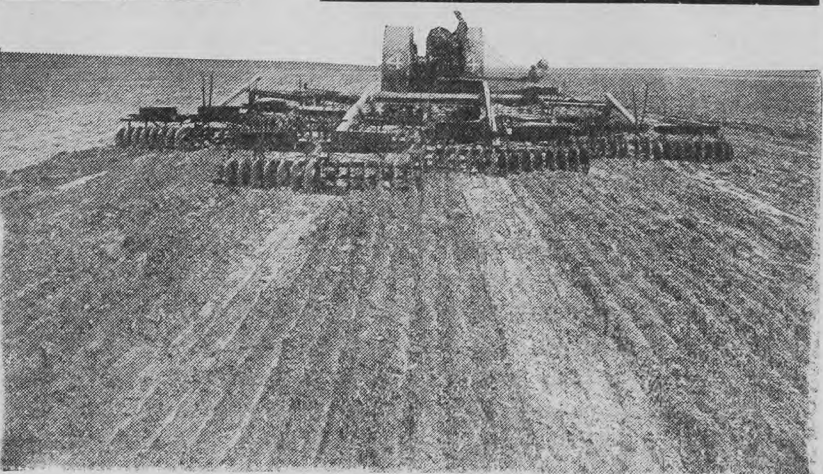
By OSCAR E. YOUNG

It was a great surprise to me when one day my wife announced she had decided to live in the country. We had both been brought up in the city, and to tell the truth, hardly knew what the country looked like. She said she knew of a small place we could get, through a friend, at a very reasonable figure. True, it was some distance out and would require an hour, more or less, for me to get into the city each morning, but she argued that the early rising and the pure, fresh air would more than recompense me for the trouble.

Then she sprung the second surprise when she announced that she intended to keep chickens. She was tired of the cold-storage variety of eggs, and knew that fresh eggs from our own hens would be fully appreciated by us both.

My argument that we knew absolutely nothing about keeping hens and that it was a matter of science to watch

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over them, had no effect upon her. She said she had been reading about the subject lately and was sure she knew all the ins and outs of poultry. I ceased to argue, knowing from past experience she would have her way in the end, as our ten years of married life most fully attested.

Within two weeks we were living in the country. At the expiration of another week things were running along quite smoothly. I had not missed my train more than three mornings out of six; a good average for one living a mile or more from the station.

Then, at my wife's suggestion, I spent a whole day tramping about the country visiting farmers and buying chickens. Breed did not make any difference. All I required was a bird of some sort covered with the usual feathers. Anyway, it was long after dark before I finished my job and locked the twelve hens up in the hen house.

Early the next morning my wife had me out in the yard digging up the ground that the hens might have a place in which to scratch. I also carried out several pails of ashes and spread them around, filled the drinking pan with water and other odd jobs at my wife's suggestion.

The hens certainly looked nice in their assorted colors, and soon fell to clucking and scratching as if they had been there all their lives. I suppose that is quite natural with hens though I do not pretend to understand their ways.

Before my departure for the city my wife informed me that we would have soft-boiled eggs for supper, and that she would have great pleasure in gathering them herself. The very thought that she was to have fresh eggs every day seemed to make her so happy I had not the heart to inform her hens did not always mean eggs; sometimes they upset calculations.

That same evening upon my return I found my wife in tears, and anxiously asked her the cause, thinking she had probably received sad news from home. But that was not what caused her grief. She was crying because—well—"Not one of the hens had laid an egg that day." I mumbled something beneath my breath, telling her to have patience; probably their strange surroundings had caused the hens to neglect their duty. I told her this would gradually wear off and they would then get down to business.

Three days went by, and still those hens neglected business. We changed their food; read every book on chicken culture we could procure but it was useless. Those hens simply refused to lay.

My wife then staggered me with the suggestion that I must take the chickens back and get others. How could I, when I had procured them from about a dozen different places? Finally, we compromised by deciding to give them one more day to make good. If no eggs were forthcoming, back they must go.

Coming home the next evening I slipped in the back way. My wife was surprised to see me enter that way, but I told her my shoes were muddy and she seemed satisfied. She then went to the hen house on her nightly quest for eggs. She soon returned, her face wreathed in smiles and coming over to me opened her apron and bid me look. A dozen large white eggs met my astonished eyes. Well, we had soft-boiled eggs for supper and breakfast too, for that matter. My wife certainly seemed to enjoy them, knowing they were fresh. As for myself, I ate them and said nothing.

The next evening my wife came in from her trip to the hen house carrying twelve more white eggs. Her enthusiasm was boundless. One thing that puzzled her though was the fact that the hens seemed to prefer laying their eggs in the dark. She said that she had visited them only a short time before and no eggs were in sight.

I said nothing, having learned it was wiser to keep silence on some subjects, and considered this one of them. Things went on smoothly for about two weeks. Those hens certainly knew their business. Every night my wife collected the usual dozen eggs. She seemed perfectly contented, sometimes poking fun at me and reminding me of the fact that keeping hens was not such a science after all. She even insisted that I eat

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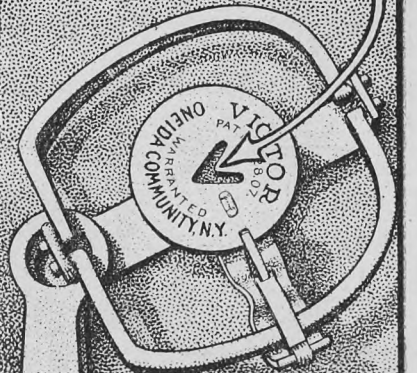
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two more eggs at each meal, as our stock of eggs were accumulating faster than the demand, but I absolutely refused to eat more than two at any one sitting.

One day I was suddenly laid up with rheumatism and had to stay in the house. Several times during the day my wife caught me in a deep study and asked the reason. I blamed it on the rheumatism and she let it go at that.

That night when my wife went out to collect the eggs, she returned with a sorrowful look upon her face, announcing there was not a solitary egg in the nests. I uttered an exclamation and explained that probably the hens had suddenly been taken sick; and that in a few days they would get back to business. But they did not. For three days my wife made her nightly trip to the hen house, only to return empty-handed. My pesky rheumatism still kept me in the house, but for that I was almost sure I could settle this egg business.

Before I could get out though the blow fell. The next morning my wife gave me a letter which the rural letter carrier had deposited in our box by the road. Wondering what it was, I opened it, my wife looking over my shoulder.

It was a bill from a New York produce dealer, which my fool clerk had thoughtlessly forwarded, asking payment for about twelve dozen eggs at fifty cents per dozen. Then my wife suddenly knew why the hens had stopped laying, and that I had been putting them in the coop each night.

It took several days for me to straighten things out, owing to my wife's strong-headedness and my rheumatism, but we are not keeping chickens now and have moved back to the city.

Homesteading in the Bush Country of the West

(Continued from page 1653)

unless it brings the root with it. The horses will stick, but the plow will stay in the ground. The coulter and share must be kept sharp to cut the roots, or the draft will be very heavy. As willow roots are surface roots, if you plow deep enough you plow under them, if the coulter will cut through.

That same neighbor taught us another trick. When coming to a bunch of willow roots, leave the handles and run ahead and sit on the front of the plow-beam. The increased weight will cause the plow to go deeper, and will give greater stability in cutting through the roots.

Any ordinary stubble plow may be fitted up with the slanting coulter by having a teat put at the point of the share, and used as a breaker with good success in land that is well scrubbed or free from roots. Of course, one must have another share and ordinary coulter for stubble plowing, but the cost is much less than for a breaker. The advantage of a stubble plow for breaking is the greater ease with which it can be pulled back, and put into the ground again. In rough land, the breaker stays in the ground better, and is not so easily broken. A light breaker with strapped beam is best.

During the last season, two breakers with the slanting coulter described above have appeared on the market. They are put out by Canadian firms. A slight objection to these plows is that the coulters were made too soft, and soon wore back, making the slant too little for the best work.

The breaking completed, haying was started. Only the choicest hay was cut. Mowing was commenced as soon as the dew was off in the morning, and the hay was raked into large coils, left until dry, loaded on wagons and good stacks built. This year we coiled our hay, and it comes out much greener and superior feed; so we will adopt this method in future. We have tried stacking by dumping with ropes, but this makes an uneven stack when it settles. We have had no success in using a bucking pole, as it leaves half the hay scattered over the meadow, and makes a poor stack.

The middle of August I resumed

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teaching school, until the end of the year. After harvesting our oats, my brothers were away threshing, so no more work was done until snow fall. In November, they got out logs for a large barn, 27 feet by 24 feet, inside measurements. This was put up by the three of us on Saturdays, handling the green logs thirty feet long. A pole roof covered with hay and mud, and more hay, was put on. In chinking, we found that split wood could be put in about three times as fast as round pieces, and also were more solid. Plastering was done in December, at a temperature of 20 degrees below, and at one time, 42 degrees below zero. The clay was obtained by clearing away the snow and digging, only the surface for an inch or so being frozen. But every morning a fresh hole had to be dug, as the frost bit deep when the snow was cleared away. Hot water was poured on the clay, and it was applied thickly with a steel trowel. It froze solid as soon as put on. We were told it would all fall off in the spring, but it stayed on all summer as well as any barn plastered with mud alone.

During January we built a log hen-house and granary, each 14 feet by 11 feet, and finished these similar to the barn. We also sunk a well 20 feet, hauling up the dirt and dumping it out of a pail. This was no joke when we got deep. A pail of mud weighs considerable, and when pulled up hand over hand it doubles in weight every second. However, we had no accidents, and did not strike any big stones. This well has been full to the brim ever since, but as we could not get lumber to crib it, it caved in and filled up about ten feet last spring, but had plenty of water all summer, despite its being situated on a knoll.

The winter of 1910-11 was a hard one. Snow came early, and cold weather and storms succeeded one another so that by January the snow was three to four feet deep on the level, and six to ten feet in drifts.

Inside the house, also, conditions were undesirable. The house was a cold one. We were still living in the rented ranch, and during the day would go to our homesteads. When we got back at night, all the fires would be out, and the first job was to light them, and get warm. Then to get meals. Here were some of the incidents to "baching." The potatoes were frozen so that the bagful would rattle like marbles; the milk a solid lump, and the bread frozen like iron.

We quite often had visitors, as ours was the only stopping-place for miles. One Frenchman from Lake Manitoba was always welcome. Alex. Bretachi used to carry his own "grub." He would come into the house, open his bag, take out his bread, chop a piece off with his axe, do the same with fish or meat; put them in the oven till thawed, and drink many cups of hot tea. After that he was ready for stories.

However, spring finally came, and I moved up to our own house, to get settled before the break-up. My brothers were again away working. In summing up our year's accounts, I found that we had spent in our first season's homesteading over \$1,100 in cold cash, with all debts paid up.

The first year had been largely one of preparation. Hauling in supplies and putting up our buildings took up so much time that we did not get as much land broken as we expected. However, we were determined to clear and break as much land as possible the second summer.

On April 15th I started to scrub a strip to the north of the house. This was mainly willows, with some large poplar, all good, high land. We wished it cleared so that the wind from the north could blow on the house and keep the mosquitoes at a distance. As a consequence, these pests bothered us very little near the house, while in the bush they were very bad.

By May 1st, I had two acres scrubbed. The larger willows held the frost at the roots till May 1st, and many were left and pulled with the chain. All the small poplars and willows were grubbed out with an axe, care being taken to get out every root. The large poplars were cut off and piled carefully on top of dead willows, the stumps being pulled with the team. By cutting the su-

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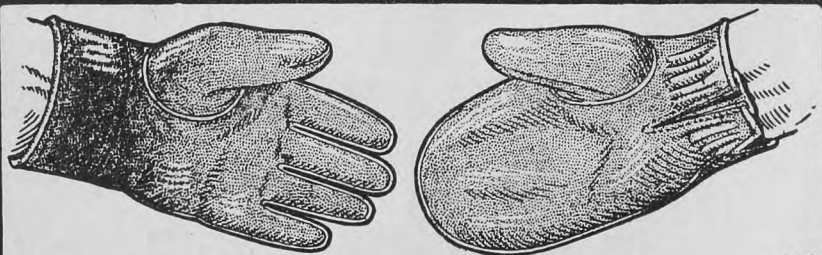
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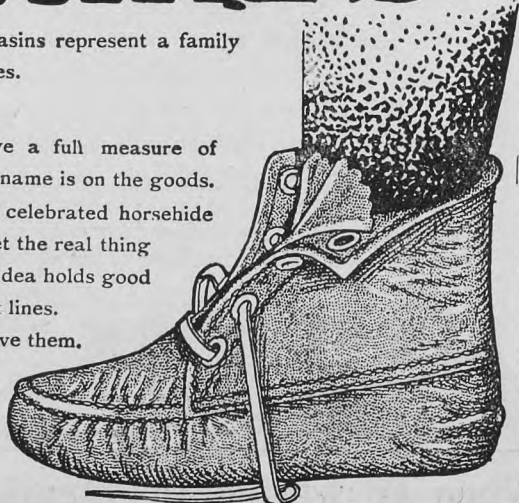
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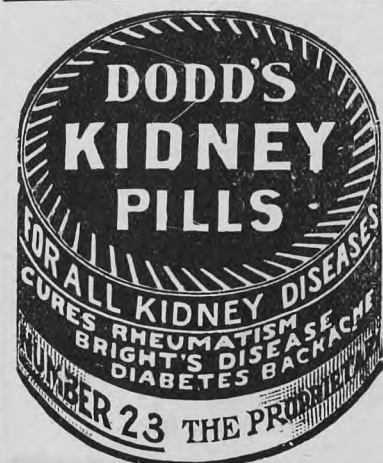
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Limited,
Toronto, Canada.



face roots with a sharp axe, stumps six inches in diameter were easily pulled. May 1st my two brothers had returned, and in another week we had enlarged the clearing to five acres. To our surprise when burning, the green poplars burnt up clean, although sometimes it took considerable hay to start a pile. My brothers immediately started to break this patch after seeding to oats the five acres broken the preceding summer. The land broke exceedingly easy, as the roots were green and easily broken by the plow, the five acres being done in a week. Before this area could be disced and



SEVERE COLD DEVELOPED INTO PNEUMONIA

DOCTOR SAID HE WOULD NOT LIVE.

Next to consumption there are more deaths from pneumonia than from any other lung trouble.

There is only one way to prevent pneumonia, and that is to cure the cold just as soon as it appears. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will do this quickly and effectively.

Mr. Hugh McLeod, Esterhazy, Sask., writes:—"My little boy took a very severe cold, and it developed into pneumonia. The doctor said he would not live. I got some of your Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and he began to improve right away. He is now a strong, healthy child, and shows no signs of it coming back."

Do not be talked into buying any other Norway Pine Syrup, but insist on getting the original "Dr. Wood's." It is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price, 25 cents.

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

harrowed ready for seeding, heavy rains came and flooded everything, and rain fell nearly every day for three weeks. When dry weather came, it was so late that we decided to sow barley instead of oats. The land was still sticky in low spots, so that only a single discing and harrowing was given, leaving the field very rough. During the wet weather, three quarters of a mile of barb-wire fencing was put up, the posts being cut green in a nearby bush.

By the middle of May I had started to clear ten acres on my homestead, one-half mile west of the house. Much

NEWFOUNDLAND TOO SENDS GOOD NEWS

Of the great work Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing

J. C. Green, a sufferer from Rheumatism and Lumbago for five years, finds quick relief and complete cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills

Clam Bank Cove, Bay St. George, Nfld., Dec. 6.—Newfoundland contributes its share of the splendid cures made by Dodd's Kidney Pills. There is a striking example at this place. Mr. J. C. Green, a well-known resident, suffered from Rheumatism and Lumbago for five years. To-day he is a well man, and does not hesitate to give Dodd's Kidney Pills all the credit for the cure.

"My trouble was caused by strain and cold," Mr. Green says, in telling his story. "And for five years I suffered from Rheumatism and Lumbago. I was always tired and nervous. My sleep was broken and unrefreshing and the pains of neuralgia added to my distress."

"I was in very bad shape indeed when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, but they soon gave me relief. It is because I found a cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills that I recommend them to my friends."

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure Kidney ills no matter where it is found or in what stage it is in.

of this land had been burnt over. The poplar trees had been killed, and had become dry and rotten and broken off by the wind, just at the surface of the ground. The place was interlaced with these poles, and it took more work than we expected to pile them, as many still were attached to the root though bent over, and had to be cut. A thick growth of gads, too small to cut with an axe, and too many of them to plow under, rendered the job slower. The last two weeks in June my brothers worked with me, and by July 4th we had the ten acres cleared, all but three pot-holes heavily covered with a dense growth of willows and black poplar. These became dry in July, and I kept on grubbing willow, while my brothers started breaking. In this they experienced great difficulty. The strings of the poplars which had been killed by the fires, and the tops broken off, had not rotted in the least, but were still half green and so tough that the plow would not cut them, but the coulter would shove the stump out of the ground and under the beam, where they clogged. In places the plow had to be cleared of these stumps every few feet, and as the land had been covered with a heavy growth of small poplar, progress was very slow. Heavy rains stopped work nearly half the time, so that by August 1st only half the land had been broken.

About August 20th, I was left alone, as my brothers went harvesting and threshing. The oats yielded a good crop on high spots, but all low land had been drowned out by the heavy rains of late May. The barley on spring breaking did not do well, but put the land in good shape for the next crop, besides giving a lot of good feed.

My agricultural college training came into good use when sowing this barley. The only seed we could get had a few wild oats in, about one or two to a handful, and rather than sow this seed, we hand-picked six bushels of barley during the rainy days. Not a wild oat grew in the crop, so we did our work well.

Last spring, I sent away to Ottawa for Gold Coin potatoes, and obtained Early Puritan and Early Eureka from the Ontario Agricultural College. A row, 99 feet long, of each of these was planted. The wet weather after planting caused many of the sets to rot, the result being 62 plants of Early Puritan, 42 of Early Eureka, and 29 of Gold Coin; 66 sets being started in each case. The vigor of the Early Puritan vines was remarkable; the Early Eureka not quite so good; while the Gold Coin vines were weak and spindly. The yield of the first two was very good, while the Gold Coin was a total failure. I believe the latter seed was from a run-out strain, and in the last Experimental Farm report I note that the Ottawa seed has not yielded well the last three years, even at Ottawa, being surpassed by imported seed from Nova Scotia. If this is true, such seed should not be distributed for experimental purposes, as farmers are apt to get prejudiced against some of the best varieties.

The past fall has been spent in underbrushing poplar scrub of willows, and cutting off ready for pulling in the spring when the ground is soft. Ten acres has been got ready to break early in the spring, and twenty acres has been cut over, and piled in places, ready to run a fire through. If a fire does its work well, very little more clearing up will be required. Fifteen acres are in fields ready for crop, so that with the breaking done in spring, we expect to raise a lot of feed.

This has been the result of two seasons' work, but we are in such shape now that I know we can do more next summer than in the past two, and this has been the experience of old farmers in this district. The start is rather slow. However, we are not discouraged, but have done about as well as we expected. We have three good horses, three cows and calves, three pigs, and 100 hens, and all the necessary machinery and tools needed so far. Next year this stock will be largely added to, as soon as we are raising plenty of feed to keep all stock in good shape.

ADVICE TO INTENDING HOMESTEADERS
The average homesteader does not take time to locate a homestead. He

My Personal Message to You

In reading this, please try to realize that I am standing in front of you and talking to you personally. That is the spirit in which I have tried to write.

What I have to offer you is the biggest bargain in warm winter footwear that you ever had offered to you. It is the greatest bargain I have ever seen myself and I have been years selling honest footwear. I offer you a guaranteed boot for \$1.75 to \$2.00. This boot is made by my Company especially for Canadian Winter wear. They call it LUMBERSOLE, because it has a 3-inch thick sole of specially prepared English beech wood. I find this sole better able to keep out cold than leather, rubber, felt or steel. Wood, being a non-conductor of cold, keeps out the cold and keeps the natural warmth of the foot in the boot. That is the secret, pure and simple.

LUMBERSOLES have uppers of strong kip leather. They are lined throughout with warm and cosy felt, 1-inch thick. Now for my guarantee! I state positively and guarantee that LUMBERSOLES will keep your feet warm in the coldest weather, even fifty below or worse. Hundreds of letters from all parts of Canada, make me so sure, that I hereby guarantee to refund your money if you are not satisfied with a pair of LUMBERSOLES.

John Barton, Balcarres, Sask., tested LUMBERSOLES IN FIFTY-TWO BELOW ZERO. His face and hands were frost-bitten, but his feet were warm. He's only one of hundreds.

GET LUMBERSOLES for yourself, your wife, your children. The low price, the workmanship, the strongest guarantee I can give, and the straight offer of money back if unsatisfied, make this the best boot buy you ever made. Fill in the coupon and send it right away. I will give all orders my personal attention.

NOTE.—Try our splendid Scottish hand-knitted woollen socks, 3 pairs \$1.25, delivered free.

PRICES DELIVERED FREE TO NEAREST P. O. OR EXPRESS OFFICE

Men's best quality, 2-Buckle style, sizes 6-12 (same as cut) \$2.00

Two-Buckle style, to fit all ages, sizes 3-12 (suitable for ladies) 1.75

Children's 2-Buckle, sizes 6-2. Fit ages 3-10. 1.35

Children's Fine Lacing style, sizes 6-2. 1.50

Sixteen other styles for all purposes. Ask your dealer for LUMBERSOLES.

SOLES.

The Scottish Wholesale Specialty Co'y.

C. H. Findlay, Manager

134D Princess Block WINNIPEG



I recommend 2-Buckle Style shown above---our biggest seller

\$1.75 or \$2.00

Delivered Free to any Point in Canada or U. S.

Mr. E. B. Findlay, Manager Scottish Wholesale Co., Princess Block, Winnipeg.

Please send..... pairs LUMBERSOLE

BOOTS, size....., at \$..... a pair.

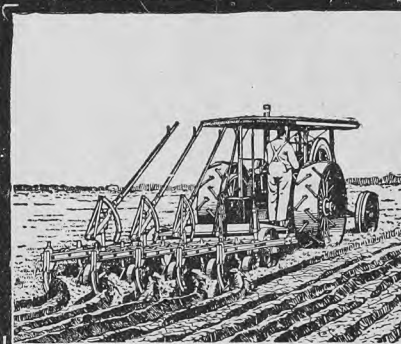
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This order is given on condition that you refund my money if I wish to return the goods.

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134D Princess Block WINNIPEG



Make Plowing The Easiest Work Instead of the Hardest

PLOWING has always been hard and the most monotonous work of farming. But now it is different. The Traction Engine has not only made plowing easy but it has greatly reduced the cost—has enabled men to do more, in less time.

You ought to know the facts and figures—what traction-power plowing means to you—how it adds to your profits. Why not investigate? We will gladly send you our catalogue and any special information you may desire.

IHC Gasoline and Kerosene Tractors

are not new. They have proved their reliability, strength, and economy in official contests, as well as in every-day tests on thousands of farms.

Not alone in plowing, but in seeding, disking, harrowing and hauling, in belt-power and draw-bar work of all kinds, I H C tractors have proved their value and superiority.

The I H C local dealer will tell you about I H C tractor victories in Winnipeg and in Europe. He will point out the many I H C tractor features and advantages in design, materials, and construction; and he will tell you about the complete I H C line, which includes gasoline and kerosene tractors, 12, 15, 20, 25, and 45-H. P. in several styles—and horizontal and vertical engines, stationary or mounted on skids or trucks, air-cooled or water-cooled, 1 to 50-H. P. If you prefer, write nearest branch house.

CANADIAN BRANCHES: International Harvester Company of America at Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Hamilton, Lethbridge, London, Montreal, North Battleford, Ottawa, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Weyburn, Winnipeg, Yorkton.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA
CHICAGO (Incorporated) U S A



I H C Service Bureau

The Bureau is a clearing house for agricultural data. It aims to learn the best ways of doing things on the farm, and then distribute the information. Your individual experience may help others. Send your problem to the I H C Service Bureau.



FREE

Send 25 cents for 12 stretching patterns 4 sets (3 sizes each) Muskrat, Skunk, Raccoon and Mink. If mention this paper will include "free" 6 trapper picture postals in 15 colors.

BAIT

Send 25 cents for trial size (3 oz.) "Betterbait" the best bait for land animals. We pay the highest prices for Raw Furs. Write today. Herman Reel Co., Milwaukee, Wis., U.S.A.

FURS

Wall Plaster

For a cool building in summer, and a warm building in winter, use Plaster Board, and the "Empire" Brands of Wall Plaster.

We shall be pleased to send you plaster literature

Manitoba Gypsum Co., Ltd.
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Write for Our Card of Advertising Rates. You will find it interesting.

VIGOROUS STRENGTH

**FOR
WEAK****PUNY
MEN**

Dr. McLaughlin—Replying to your letter just received, I am sorry in not thanking you before for the good your Belt has done me. It has cured my back. I will recommend your Belt to all my friends who suffer with pains in the back, etc. Thanking you greatly for the kindness you have shown in my case. Yours truly, Fred Cox, 450 Logan Avenue, Winnipeg

I have worn your Belt for 30 days. I am pleased to tell you that it has done me a lot of good. Losses at night have stopped now, and my back is as strong as one could wish. To prove what I say about my back. I have fenced my quarter-section—drove the posts myself with a heavy sledge—and I have not had the least pain in my back. I have also dug a well 25 feet deep, so I think that has given my back a good test. I had losses but twice—the first and second week—but I am doing all right now. Henry Camplisson, Togo, Sask.

Dr. McLaughlin—I am more than satisfied with the Belt I purchased from you nearly three years ago. I certainly feel a lot better to-day than when I started the treatment. To be truthful, I am very thankful to say, as far as I know, there is nothing wrong with me now, and your wonderful Electric Belt should have all the credit. I have and will still recommend your Belt whenever I have the opportunity. Thanking you for your kind letter and wishing you every success in further cures, I remain. Yours truly, Wm. C. Allan, 494 Bain St., Winnipeg, Canada.

Dear Sir—I have worn your Belt according to directions about two months, and it has done me a world of good. I have had but one loss since I began its use; have a good appetite. I am working very hard, digging out roots with a mattock, the very hardest kind on the back, yet my back is never stiff or sore as it used to be. George Lowery, Box 42, Maymont, Sask.

Don't you want to feel the glow of new-born life in your blood and nerves, to feel the bubbling spirit of youth again? Don't you want to have a strong heart, courage, nerves of steel, self-confidence, strength in every organ, ambition, energy, grit and endurance? Don't you want to be rid of the "come-and-go" pains, the Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Weak Back and General Debility?

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt

will cure all these weaknesses of men. It will make the nerves strong, the eyes bright, and will fill the body with that fire, that vim, that snap which denotes perfect youthful manhood.

No pain or debility can exist where the body is full of electricity, for this is the source of vitality of manhood and womanhood. Twenty-six years I have spent in developing the best means of curative electricity. I know every pain and weakness that man is subject to, and have so succeeded in my remedy as to bring perfect health and strength to all those using my marvellous treatment. Men exposed to rough weather, hard work, mentally and physically, or overtaxing vital forces, are quickly and lastingly cured by my method. Many suffer from a breaking down of vitality, which never yields to medicines. My belt restores this energy.

Every man would like to be happy and make others happy. There's a lot of the "Good Samaritan" about every man, but he can't radiate much happiness and sunshine if he suffers from pain or weakness.

If you are suffering from Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, a Lame Back, Insomnia (Sleeplessness); if your Blood Circulation is bad; if you lack Energy and Courage; if Manhood's power is below the proper standard; if you suffer from Headaches, Nervous Debility, any of those manifold evils that result from dissipation—excesses—overwork and worry make up your mind that some of the organs of your body, some of the bodily functions are weak in action; your system lacks NERVE POWER—ELECTRICITY. This is my doctrine, and it's sound, for it's founded upon Scientific Fact.

If you are sceptical, all I ask is reasonable security for the price of the Belt, and

You Need Not Pay Until Cured

You apply it about your waist when you retire. It works while you sleep. The patent regulator makes the current strong or mild. There is no shock or vibration. You feel a warm glow passing through every nerve of your body. It exhilarates you, makes you feel light-hearted, and you awaken in the morning feeling as if you could get out and take a ten-mile run.

It's as good for women as for men. Worn while you sleep, it causes no trouble. You feel the gentle heat from it constantly, but no sting, no burning, as in old-style belts.

FREE TO ALL—A BEAUTIFUL BOOK

Weak Men, Broken-down Women, I want to see you all at my office! Call on me if you can do so; if not, cut out this coupon, mail me your address and I'll send you my elegantly illustrated 80-page Book, which points out the Road to Health. Don't put it off. I have a book for Men; one for Women, too. Send to-day.

Consultation free. Office hours—9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Wednesday and Saturday till 8 p.m.

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Please send me your book, free.

NAME.....

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important, look for stone. In this country the stone runs in ridges or patches. Some homesteads are free from stone, while the next one may be very stony. As the stones are all surface, they may be readily seen except when snow covers the ground.

The best plan is to have a friend locate you, but if you do not know anybody in the district, hire a locator, one who knows the district thoroughly, and pay him well. Tell him what kind of land you want to locate, and ten to one he can drive you right to it while you, if alone, would have to travel over all parts of the country, and then perhaps miss the best part.

Once selected, file on your homestead immediately, as some one else may be ahead of you. It is wisest to take no chances. One should always make a second and even third choice.

WHO CAN HOMESTEAD SUCCESSFULLY?

It does not matter whether the homesteader comes from the city or country, or whether he is a farmer or not, but the only one who can succeed on any homestead is the man who will work hard. There is plenty of time to learn if one only uses his eyes and brain, and neighbors are always willing to instruct those who wish to learn. In fact, city people take the greater zest in homesteading, and get on equally as well as those born and bred in the country.

Needless to say, the married man has an advantage over his bachelor friend, in that he loses no time in getting meals, and so can spend a longer time at his work. The terrors of "baching" drive many a man away. The one advantage a single man has is his freedom to go out to work any time he wishes, while the married man must have sufficient capital to keep his family.

IS CAPITAL ESSENTIAL TO SUCCESS?

Can the young man without capital homestead successfully? Yes, decidedly. In this very district the majority of homesteaders are young men who have worked out until they have \$200 or more. They came to their homesteads, put up a log house, and perhaps a barn, dug a well, and broke a little garden. Some of them stay on their land during the winter, and go out to work for the summer, when wages are big. Others go out only for seeding and harvest and threshing. Some work on their homesteads all summer, and go to the lumber camps for the winter. By any of these methods a homesteader can earn enough money to keep himself, but progress will be slow until the patent is obtained. No man should hesitate to raise money on his place, if capital can not be obtained in any other way. But this money must be used wisely, that is, used for the purpose of getting more land under crop, or investing in young stock that will grow into money. Many homesteaders just as soon as they get their patent, raise all the money they can on their places, but do not make any further effort to clear more land, and use the money raised for living expenses. The \$800 or \$1,000 soon disappears, with nothing to show for it, and when the mortgage becomes due it can not be met, and the farmer is forced to sell out for \$200 or \$300, purchaser to assume the mortgage and interest.

But although capital is not an essential, money makes progress much more rapid, as the homesteader can work on his land all the year. By buying a team of horses or a pair of oxen, hauling and moving can be done and the team used later for clearing and breaking. The purchase of a few milch cows, some hens, and a pig or two, will soon render the family self-supporting.

The first duty in the spring is to put in a good garden, planting lots of potatoes the first year, so as to have some for sale to newcomers. Nothing should be bought until needed. In machinery, a breaking plow, harrows and discs, and a mower and rake should be secured first, and seeder and binder later. Of course a wagon and sleighs will be taken with the team.

It is a mistake for the man with a family, or any homesteader, in fact, to rough it too much. Put up a good house and make it comfortable and warm, with a well handy, and conveniences for the women and children

Suffered With Nerve Trouble For Two Years.

WAS IMPOSSIBLE FOR HIM TO SLEEP.

Mr. Chas. W. Wood, 34 Torrance Street, Montreal, Que., writes:—"For two years I suffered with nerve trouble, and it was impossible for me to sleep.

It did not matter what time I went to bed, in the morning I was even worse than the night before. I consulted a doctor, and he gave me a tonic to take a half hour before going to bed.

"It was all right for a time, but the old trouble returned with greater force than before.

"One of the boys, who works with me, gave me half a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I took them and I got such satisfaction that I got another box, and before I finished it I could enjoy sleep from 10 p.m. until 6 a.m., and now feel good."

The price of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills is 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25. They are for sale at all dealers, or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

It is hard enough on a homestead with all the conveniences obtainable. Be comfortable by all means.

Northern Manitoba is one of the most productive districts in the world, and equal, if not superior, to any part of the Canadian Northwest. Marvellous crops of wheat, oats, barley, timothy, potatoes, turnips, mangels, cabbage, and peas are grown here every year, and are sure crops. It is an ideal mixed farming country. Horses, cattle, hogs, sheep, and poultry can be fed to advantage on the feeds produced. In all the newer districts where roads are bad and distances to markets great, all the grain possible should be marketed in the form of live stock. It does not pay to haul wheat or oats thirty miles to market.

Northern Manitoba is blessed with

To Get Poisons From The Blood

You Have to Depend on the Filtering Process of the Liver and Kidneys

These Organs Alone Can Purify The Blood, and they Do Their Work Well When Helped By

**DR. CHASE'S
KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS**

No medical treatment can possibly purify the blood except as it sets in healthy working order the kidneys, liver and bowels.

To these organs is assigned the duty of filtering from the blood the poisonous waste matter which is left over when the nutritious elements are extracted from the food you eat. If they are not overcrowded or slow and sluggish in action they keep the blood pure and healthy.

For this reason Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are the most satisfactory treatment you can possibly obtain to purify the blood.

Their effects are prompt, definite and certain. The liver action is quickened, the kidneys are invigorated, the regular movement of the bowels is assured. It is only a matter of a few hours until you begin to feel the benefits of this great medicine. Further use, as often as is necessary to keep these organs active, will cleanse and purify the blood and enable the digestive system to properly do its work.

Backache, headache and bodily pains will disappear, and the fatigue which is an accompaniment of poisons in the system will give way to new vigor and energy. One pill a dose. 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman-son, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

a glorious climate, autumn is clear and dry, with just enough frost to stir the blood and the nights are simply invigorating, the whole sky twinkling with stars; when the moon shines all is bright as day. Winters are very cold, but except during blizzards, the air is so very clear and dry that the cold is exhilarating, and one is so healthy and full of life that the cold is not noticed.

Because of this dryness of the atmosphere in fall and winter, cattle readily winter outside. Large bunches of cattle, of all ages, are wintered in the shelter of a bluff, with maybe sheds to go in during blizzards and very cold weather. A hole is cut every day in the ice at the lake for them to get drink, or they are watered at an open spring. From one to two loads of hay a day is scattered on the ground in long rows, and they are usually fed twice, morning and night, although often only once a day. When I first came to this country, I saw a bunch of about sixty head that had been wintered in this fashion, and to my surprise, nearly every animal was fat and in excellent condition. These cattle very seldom went into the open sheds, but preferred the open in the shelter of the high lake bank topped by a thick poplar bluff. Many of the cows calved in early April, and a week later a fierce blizzard came on that lasted for three days, with quite a fall of snow. I expected that the calves would die, but the cows kept them in the deepest shelter, and the day after the storm was over, those calves, every single one, were running around as lively as fleas.

Surely with all these natural advantages, no one need hesitate about trusting their future on a scrub homestead. I predict that as soon as the railroads are extended through Northern Manitoba this part of the country will go forward with leaps and bounds. Then the settlers can cut and ship endless quantities of cordwood in winter, and hay in summer, to the Winnipeg and Southern Manitoba markets. The government should also co-operate with the municipalities to build more roads and extend the drainage systems.

Am I sorry I homesteaded? Not a bit. I'm mighty glad I did. I advise every one with ambition and a willingness to work hard for a few years to go and do likewise. Good luck to the homesteader. He is the backbone of this great new West. I wish for no better Christmas present than to get my patent on a Christmas Day.

STOCK GOSSIP

AID TO LIGHT HORSE BREEDING

The Light Horse Breeding Commission has made its final report. Horse breeding for army purposes in future will be under the control of the board of agriculture, and be assisted by grants from the Development Fund. A much larger sum of money is to be devoted to the breeding of light horses, and to the purchase of suitable three-year-olds.

The commission specially recommends substantial aid to keep suitable brood mares in the country. In past years foreign governments have purchased many brood mares as the government subsidy was too small to offset the better prices offered to ship away.

The fat stock show season is again upon us, and in spite of the abnormal season the various shows report capital entries.

The King is upon the high seas on his way to India, but his exhibits at the shows will be on about the usual scale, and any successes will be telegraphed to the "Medina." Though the King has been unable to devote as much personal attention as formerly to farming operations they are going along on the Royal farms on the usual lines.

Some excellent fat cattle are almost ready, and will be sold at Windsor early in December. An innovation is the decision to sell about a hundred Berkshire pigs at the same time. The King has long taken a special interest in Berkshire breeding.

F. DEWHIRST.

PAINS AFTER EATING

WIND AND PALPITATION
CURED BY THE HERBAL TONIC

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP!

The success of Mother Seigel's Syrup as a cure for indigestion, and stomach and liver disorder, is backed by the world-wide testimony of those who have proved its worth. You can always satisfy yourself of the genuineness of the testimonials printed, as the name and address of every testifier is always given.

In this instance, it is Mr. Thomas Peets, the well-known mill-owner of Duart, Ont., who wishes you to know how Mother Seigel's Syrup has cured him of a severe attack of indigestion. He writes:—"I suffered acutely for over a year, never escaping the violent pains that attacked me after food. Even half a potato was sufficient to put me in misery, but since taking Mother Seigel's Syrup I can eat anything, hot bread, pies and pastry and rise from the table feeling fit to go right on with my work.

"The pain in the stomach and bowels has entirely left me, as has the constipa-

tion that troubled me for some time. During the attack I lost 40 lbs. in weight. I also suffered a great deal with wind on the stomach, and my heart would thump violently on the slightest exertion.

"I shall always feel grateful to Mother Seigel's Syrup, as it has entirely removed all the pains that made life and business so irksome."

When the digestive organs have from any cause become weak, out of order, no medicine will so quickly and thoroughly restore them to good condition as Mother Seigel's Syrup. As in Mr. Peets' case, you can then eat any ordinary food without distress and you will be nourished by it. No other preparation, whatever, contains the same combination of herbal extracts as Mother Seigel's Syrup. They are selected and combined in such a way as to act directly on the stomach, liver and bowels, toning them up and enabling them to do what Nature intended them to do. Buy and try a bottle to-day!

Not once, but in thousands and thousands of cases, Mother Seigel's Syrup has cured even after other remedies have miserably failed. It is this unequalled success in curing stomach and liver disorders that has made the Syrup popular all over the world and has earned for it the title of "the world's remedy for indigestion and stomach troubles."

In sixteen different countries, Mother Seigel's Syrup is the regular family medicine in hundreds and thousands of homes. Keep it in yours.

WEARY DAYS AND WAKEFUL NIGHTS OF INDIGESTION

When you rise in the morning fagged out, and dreading your work; when your head is dull and heavy, your tongue furred, and your bowels costive; when you have pains in the chest, stomach, back, all over—your stomach and liver are out of order. Indigestion is poisoning your blood and sapping your vitality! But Mother Seigel's Syrup will stimulate the action of your liver and bowels, clean your tongue, renew your appetite and your digestion, and give you new strength and energy!

ARE BANISHED BY THE DIGESTIVE TONIC

Mother Seigel's Syrup, the favourite family remedy for indigestion is made of more than ten different roots, barks, and leaves, which in combination possess, in a remarkable degree, the power of toning and strengthening the stomach and regulating the action of the liver and bowels. This is the secret of its great success in curing dyspepsia, pains after eating, headaches, bilious attacks, constipation, and all kindred ailments. It cures in a natural way, and better still, it cures permanently. Take it daily, after meals.

Mr. James McPhee, Boulardie, Cape Breton, says:—"I suffered for years with severe stomach troubles and sick headaches. I could not eat without having most agonising pains, and would often vomit after taking food. My appetite failed, and I could not rest day or night. I tried all sorts of medicines, but nothing seemed to do me any good until I took Mother Seigel's Syrup. I continued taking the medicine for about two months, and to-day I am entirely cured."

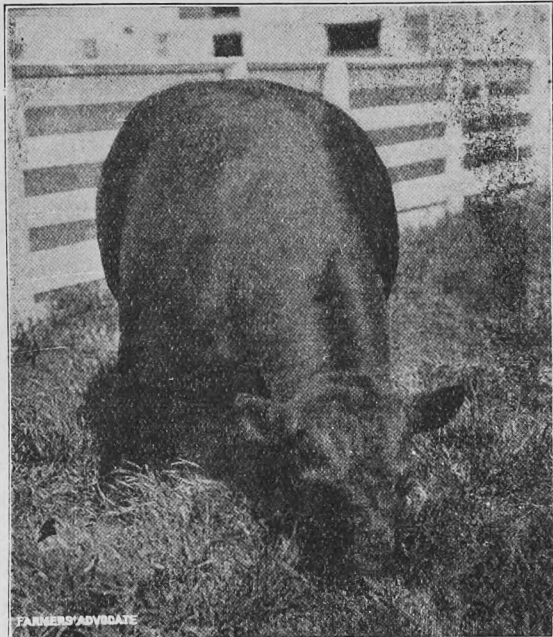
—Feb. 17, 1911.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

The Dollar bottle contains 2½ times as much as the 50 cent size.
A. J. WHITE, & Co., Ltd., Montreal.

GLENCARNOCK STOCK FARM

ABERDEEN-ANGUS CATTLE—WESTERN
CANADA'S PRIZE-WINNING HERD



Le Roy III. of Meadowbrook, recognized as one of the Best Aberdeen-Angus Bulls in America, is at the Head of Our Herd

It is only a matter of a very few years until Aberdeen-Angus cattle will be the recognized beef breed par excellence in Western Canada.

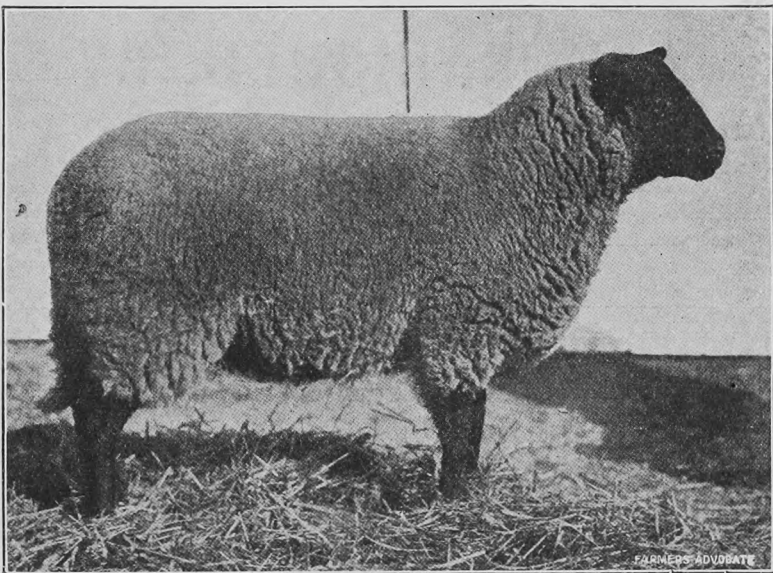
Make a start this season and select from a prize lot of young bulls and heifers.

Catalog ready January 1, 1912. Write for it.

Suffolk-Down Sheep

THE MUTTON SHEEP

We now have for sale 15 choice rams.



This Lamb Was Champion of All Breeds at Brandon Winter Fair

If you want good sheep, get Suffolk-Downs. Write for particulars.

Farm 3 Miles from Brandon. Visitors welcome.

JAMES D. MCGREGOR

ROBT. BROWN,
Herdsmen

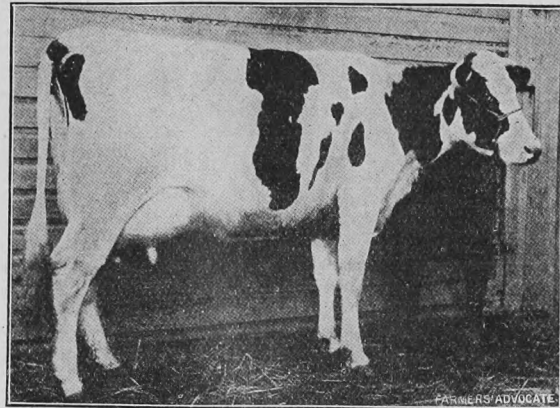
BRANDON, MAN.

British Columbia's Best

HOLSTEIN CATTLE AND SUFFOLK HORSES

Write me if you want dairy cattle that will give the maximum quantity of good milk, or if you are seeking a draft horse that will do your heavy work on the minimum of feed.

You need only to study the reproductions from



This is Lady Pictetie Canary, One of the High-Producing Daughters of Sir Canary Mechthilde. She Holds the Canadian Holstein Record at Three Years

photographs appearing in recent numbers of THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE to see that I have cows of the deep milking strain. I buy only bulls of recognized milking strain and so have cows that really are producers.

My present herd bull, Sir Canary Mechthilde, has left the proper kind. Two young cows from him, at three years, hold the Canadian Holstein records.

STUDY THE FOLLOWING TABLE

Name	Seven-Day Record			Butter Lbs.	Milk Lbs.
	Number	Age Years	Months		
Kioka Canary Mechthilde	122,295	2	2	15.17	375.02
Rilla Canary	122,294	2	2	17.18	392.71
Lina of Lulu 2nd	12,044	2	0	16.90	389.64
Pietertje Mechthilde	11,726	2	5	16.54	355.15
Aurora Mechthilde	9,701	3	1	20.31	428.22
Pietertje Jewel	9,544	3	5	19.75	426.76
Canary Queen De Kol	9,545	3	7	25.89	491.22
Lady Pietertje Canary	9,546	3	6	26.42	491.22
Lady Pietertje Canary	9,546	3	6	Thirty days 10549	2104.07

These eight young cows are sired by Sir Canary Mechthilde.

Come and see my place—70 head to pick from. I can supply you with bulls and heifers not related.

Correspondence attended to promptly.

J. M. Steves

Steveston, B.C.

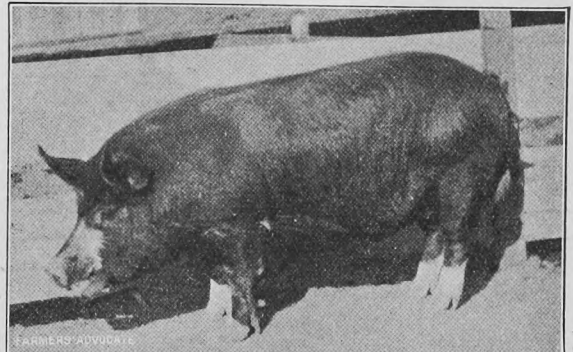
GIFFEN BROS.

The Best in Berkshires

Get our figures on spring boars **NOW**. We can also supply you with a few young sows. Our prices and the individuals we offer will suit you. Write at once for particulars.

BERKSHIRES

QUICK - MATURING



SIZE AND QUALITY

Our Prize-Winning Boar (Under One Year) at Lethbridge

VISITORS INVITED TO INSPECT OUR STOCK

GIFFEN BROS.

LETHBRIDGE

ALTA.

HOLSTEIN-FRIESIANS

Look at these calves. They will soon be yearlings.



1911 Holstein-Friesian Calves on Braeburn Farm Resting After Breakfast

These calves are from two- and three-year-old heifers that are making high records. Tidy Abbekirk Braeburn De Kol, from Nellie Jane's Lassie, a heifer giving 1,400 pounds milk containing 60 pounds butter in 30 days among this group, suggests the high-milking strain of these calves.

Quality

Production

Constitution

B. H. THOMSON

Braeburn Farm

BOHARM, Sask.

R. L. LANG'S BERKSHIRES

For a couple of issues past R. L. Lang, of Oak Lake, has advertised pure-bred Berkshires for sale. To those who attend the big exhibitions it is not necessary to comment on the merits of Mr. Lang's stock. In 1910 he won a big share of the awards at Winnipeg, Brandon and Portage la Prairie. This season he did not attend the big shows. The animals offered are bred from the prize-winning stock.

Mr. Lang also has choice Oxford-Down sheep. Recently he strengthened his flock by purchasing the sweepstakes ram and six prize-winning ewes at the Dominion Exhibition. All go into winter in fine condition. He now wonders why he did not start in sheep years ago. A little extra fencing had to be done but cheap shelter and comparatively little care bring good returns.

JAMES BURNETT'S OFFERING

Some good Clydesdales are offered in this issue by Jas. Burnett, of Nipinka. The lot includes the well-known stallion, Scotty Bryce, imported last summer and shown at Winnipeg and Brandon, where he stood first in class and reserve champion each time. There also are some choice females of good breeding. Write for particulars or better call and see the offering. Mr. Burnett's stables are near the station.

THE MILLER DUROC-JERSEYS AND POLAND-CHINAS

Well satisfied, is the way Oscar Miller, the well-known Alberta breeder of Duroc-Jersey hogs, expressed himself at the close of his most successful exhibition tour of Western fairs. The demand for Durocs, he intimates, is very brisk, while Mrs. O. C. Miller's Poland-China hogs also prove to be very popular.

Mr. Miller is a hog man with up-to-date hog ideas for Western farmers, regarding rearing under Western conditions. When it is realized that Mr. Miller raises on an average a litter of nine and three-fifths pigs to a sow and

HOLSTEIN-FRIESIANS

Are you starting a herd of these great producing cattle? If so, write at once. I can supply you with young stock of the best milking strains. My herd won at Winnipeg, in competition with the best herds from the States and Eastern Canada.



Favorit 10th Beauty. First in Agad Class in Keenest Competition in West, at Winnipeg

During the last few years I have taken a big share of the prizes for Holsteins at Winnipeg and Brandon. I breed only from the best.

Write or 'phone for particulars before you buy.

If possible call at my farm.

HOMER SMITH

Bergen Station

Box 1897, Winnipeg, Man.

that he has sows farrowing in every month of the year excepting September, October and November, his system must be regarded as among the best for our conditions.

Mr. Miller believes in raising winter pigs, having the sows farrow as early in the year as January. A great deal of the mortality among pigs at farrowing time is caused by the sows being bred early in the winter, making it so she will get little exercise during pregnancy. On the other hand, if the sow farrows in December or January she is on the go the whole time up to farrowing. When she farrows she is housed up in a pen by herself with her litter. This is done by preparing in the fall for this winter housing. Four posts are set in the ground in form of a square and when farrowing time approaches planks are nailed on up to four feet high. Strips are laid across the top and the whole covered with straw. In this pen the sow farrows and raises her litter. By this method Mr. Miller raises on an average over nine pigs to the litter.

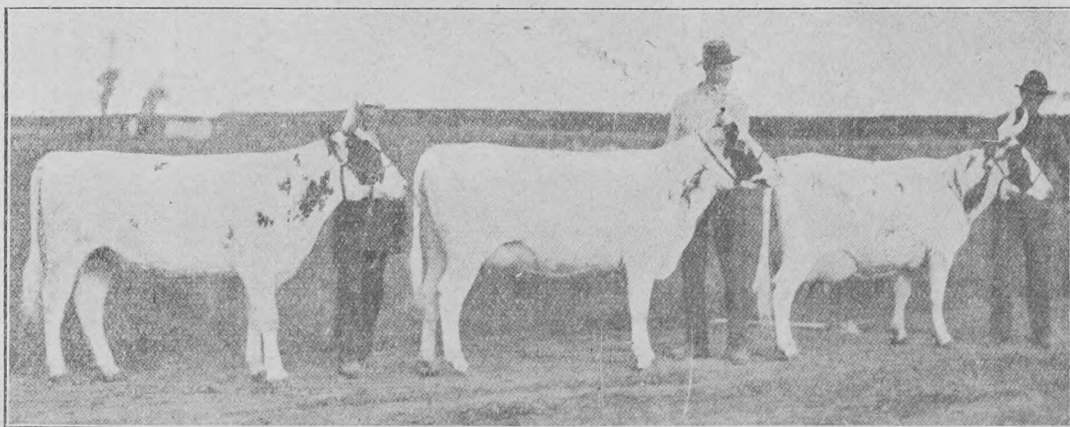
Then, again, the winter is the spare season and attention can be given to the farrowing sows at this time. In these small pens Mr. Miller uses his patent "exerciser," which is nothing more than a sheaf of oats. This the sow works over and over threshing out heads and devouring them, getting sufficient exercise. Mr. Miller has still other ideas worth telling, for which we have not space in this issue. However, he intends to push the hog business in Alberta until the farmers there are at least producing enough for the province instead of importing, and he believes the Duroc-Jersey family is going to play its full share in the game. Mrs. O. C. Miller's Poland-Chinas are in the game too. It must be remembered that at the International Stock Show in Chicago, 1910, this breed sold 5 cents per hundred above any pure-bred swine, Duroc-Jerseys coming second.

AYRSHIRES

We breed only Ayrshires and consequently are able to give them our undivided attention. The herd (now 60 strong), is headed by the peerless "Netherhall Milkman," grand champion at Winnipeg, Brandon, Regina, Toronto and Ottawa in 1911. His heifers are proving splendid producers with large teats.

Dominion Exhibition, Regina, winnings this year were 12 firsts, including first for 10 head any dairy breed owned in one province; 2 grand championships, and 3 championships, 6 seconds, 1 third and 4 fourths.

We arrange for shipments to your station. Write your wants to



Little Gem of Elm Shade and Two of Her Offspring, Cherry Bank Gem and Cherry Bank Queen. The Kind that Produce and Winners at Eastern and Western Exhibitions

P. D. McARTHUR

Cherry Bank Farm

NORTH GEORGETOWN, Que.

McKIRDY BROS', CLYDESDALES

In a quarter page of this issue McKirdy Bros., proprietors of Mount Pleasant Stock Farm at Napinka, call attention to their Clydesdales. The advertisement is made attractive by the use of a cut of their big stallion, Gartly Ruby. This horse has filled out considerably since the photograph was taken. Like others of the stud—including Show King, Lord Gartly and Primax—he has left good stock, as has been shown by winnings at the big shows of the West. Last season's prizes totalled 39. Show Queen alone in three years has taken 17 firsts.

The sixteen head offered are choice ones. Intending purchasers can get colts or fillies or mature stallions or mares of quality at right figures. In addition Show Queen and Royal Princess make a grand matched pair, while another choice team comprises imported three-year-olds, a stout, low-set pair. Three of the stallions offered were prominent in the prize list at the Dominion Fair at Regina. Gartly Ruby being third, and Primax fifth in the four-year class, and Crowned King second among the yearlings.

The McKirdys consider horse-raising profitable. One grand mare, Lady McArthur, at ten years of age, has raised six foals—including two champion stallions, Lord Gartly and King's Own, that sold for \$2,400. They still have three fillies worth at least \$1,800, and a stallion foal of promise. The first foal from another imported mare, Mary of Inchwood, sold for \$900, at two years old. In short, there is good money in raising the best. Read their advertisement.

HOGATE'S PERCHERONS

While in Brandon recently a representative of THE ADVOCATE was shown over the stables of J. B. Hogate, the big Percheron importer. Several of this year's importations had just arrived and had hardly got into the flesh they will put on but were right there when quality and bone were considered and had all the mettle that could be desired. Among those that were in-

Headquarters for Herefords and Shetland Ponies

My Herefords are known all over Canada and form the pioneer prize herd of the Canadian West. The right type of young stock always for sale.



A Few of Our Herefords

I have a good collection of **SHETLAND PONIES**, also pony vehicles, harness and saddles, and can fill your order satisfactorily. Have a few **Buff Orpington Cockerels** for sale; also eggs in season.

If you want the right kind of stock at right prices, call, telephone or write

POPLAR PARK FARM

J. E. Marples

Hartney, Man.

spected by THE ADVOCATE representative were Ichor, by Conscript. This big gray fellow was brought over last year and got first place at the Brandon midsummer exhibition. Incarville, by Medoc, is one from a recent importation that promises good. Others of particular note were Imprime, by Daunesnit; Gabeleur, by Jabot; Italique, by Oscar; Iodas, by Rolland, and a big black fellow, Iwouack, by Mylor. Among the mares—Gourmette, by Polydor, is a fine individual with both size and quality to commend her. Others were Jillette, by Temeraire; Jarrietiére, by Denonville, and Jeanette, by Temeraire.

Then there was the Hackney stallion, Samuel Smiles, by Blanch Squire, of which Mr. Hogate can well pride himself of the ownership. Altogether Mr. Hogate will lose none of his reputation on this year's importations.

GLENCARNOCK STOCK IN GOOD FIT

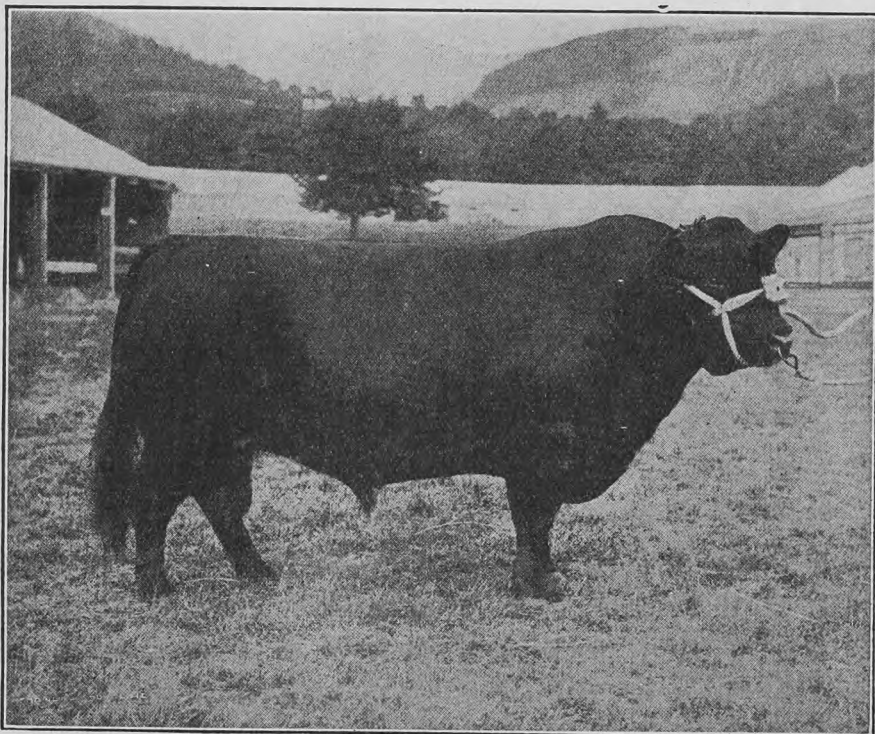
While at Brandon recently a representative of THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE had the privilege of looking over the stock at Glencarnock Stock Farm. Needless to say, they were in tip-top form. When the representative arrived, the herdsmen were busy pulping roots and chopping oats, preparatory to mixing this with corn fodder and cut straw for the morrow's feed. This practically explains the reason for the fit of J. D. McGregor's cattle.

Most of last year's show string were in the yard looking as good as ever. Queen Mother Johnston 2nd, Queen Mother Johnston 4th, Alta's Pride and Pride of Cherokee looked as good as ever. Besides these are some grand breeding cows, Sunnyside Inez, dam of Glencarnock Isla, champion female at Toronto this year, is among them. She also has a bull calf that is going to make a show record. Golden Glean the bull that has been at the head of this herd for some time, is now making his name through the showing his get are making in the ring.

The first calf, by Le Roy 3rd of Meadowbrook, appeared at Glencarnock only a few days previous, and

Great Dispersion Sale

GALLOWAY CATTLE, OXFORD-DOWN SHEEP, BERKSHIRE HOGS, ANGORA GOATS' SPANISH JACK



The Galloways Are Bred From Such Individuals as This

James Bray

PROPRIETOR

AT PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, MAN.

Friday, December 15, 1911

31 GALLOWAYS

100 OXFORD-DOWN SHEEP

3 BERKSHIRE SOWS WITH LITTERS

The undersigned, having decided to retire from the farm, will hold a closing out sale on the above date. Everything will be sold regardless of the weather. Sale begins at 10 o'clock sharp. Lunch will be served at the farm, two miles east of town.

Mr. Bray is too well known as a stockman to need any introduction to Western farmers and breeders. For years he has been breeding pure-bred stock and exhibiting at the Western fairs.

There will be offered also a dozen Angora goats, one Spanish jack, work horses, threshing machine and engine, farm machinery and implements, etc., etc.

The engine is an I.H.C. 45-H.P. twin; the separator, a 27-inch Aultman-Taylor; and the engine gang, an 8-furrow P. & O. Everything on the farm is to be sold. The farm, 860 acres, will also be offered.

Write at once for complete catalog of sale. This is a golden opportunity for you to get what you need at right prices.

CORRESPOND WITH

Portage la Prairie

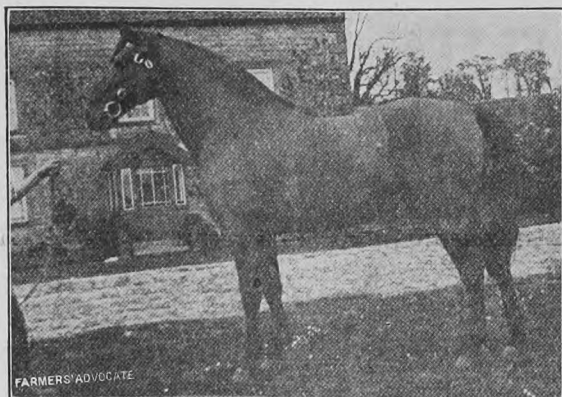
OR CLARK & CUTHBERT, AUCTIONEERS

CLEVELAND BAYS

You will never be sorry for spending money on a Cleveland Bay—the most useful horse in existence

Next to the Arab, this is the oldest breed in the world. Make enquiry. You can mate a Cleveland Bay stallion to any mare on your ranch or farm to advantage. Besides numerous intrinsic qualities, you will get uniform color and clean, strong bone.

LEARN MORE ABOUT CLEVELAND BAYS



NOTE THE CLEAN LIMBS OF THIS ANIMAL

At the Head of My Stud is King George V., First and Champion at the Great Yorkshire Show, Held in July, 1911

During recent years I have sent many Cleveland Bays to South Africa and the United States, where they have been found most desirable in improving horse flesh. They will do the same for Canada. The severest climate does not affect the Cleveland Bay.

SEVENTY PER CENT. OF THE HORSES IN THE ROYAL STABLES ARE CLEVELAND BAYS

I also keep a stud of Yorkshire Coach Horses, a herd of pure-bred Shorthorn cattle and pure-bred Lincoln and Southdown sheep. Ranchers, farmers and horse breeders interested communicate with me direct. If arrangements can be made to ship in large lots special prices can be quoted.

GEORGE SCOBY

BEADLAM GRANGE, STOCK FARM

NAWTON

YORKS, ENGLAND

Vanstone & Rogers

IMPORTERS & BREEDERS OF CLYDESDALES, PERCHERONS, BELGIANS & HACKNEYS

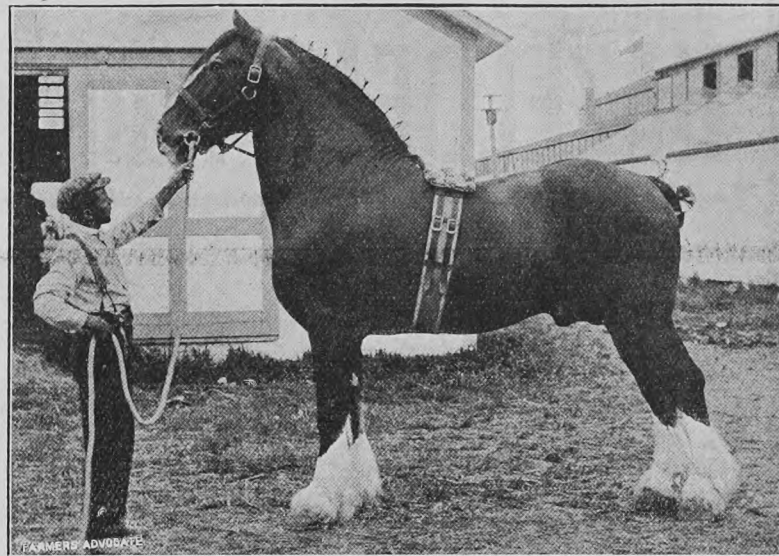
Our barns are full of the very best horses we could pick in Europe. We have four breeds:

Clydesdales, mares and stallions, two and three years of age.

Percherons, mares and stallions, two and three years of age.

Belgian mares and stallions one, two and three years of age.

Hackney stallions—a select lot.



Our 2,300-pound Stallion, Look Out, was First in Aged Clydesdale Class at Edmonton

All our horses have been picked out with great care; the drafters are of the low-down, blocky type, with great weight. Our yearlings weigh from 1,300 to 1,450 lbs.; two-year-olds, 1,500 to 1,800; and we have three-year-olds crowding a ton.

Now is the time to buy a stallion, as you have plenty of time to get him acclimated before you will need him.

Special inducements to men who can pay a little cash.

VANSTONE & ROGERS

Head Office and Stables, WAWANESA, Man.
Branches at Vegreville, Alta.
and Rosthern, Sask.

while hardly old enough to show his form, he is the healthy kind we like to see.

The ram lambs that Mr. McGregor has raised this year from his Suffolk-Down flock easily places this breed in the first rank as mutton sheep. Every one of them was fully developed with great back and loin. An offering of these is being made in this number.

This year there were some 12 acres of roots and 80 acres of corn grown to feed the stock at this farm. This is the kind of feed that is keeping this herd in a prominent place. Mr. McGregor believes in feeding as well as breeding.

On another page, Mr. McGregor announces his offerings for this year. If you are interested in Aberdeen-Angus cattle or Suffolk-Down sheep, write Mr. McGregor for catalog of stock and mention THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

COLQUHOUN & BEATTIE'S PERCHERONS

The recent Percheron importation by Colquhoun & Beattie will take nothing off their reputation as a firm importing only the best. The lot they have recently landed at their barns at Brandon are as good if not better than any previous importation and this firm has already brought many champion horses into the West. The horses of this importation coming from France this summer are of the most approved type of Percherons.

Those of note among this string are Junius, by Francois, a two-year-old stallion tipping the scales at 2,200 pounds. To say he is of the right type briefly sums up this horse. Mr. Colquhoun believes he is probably the best horse he has brought into the West. Others of the same stamp are Joseph, by Fornand; Gadillot, by Coquet; Hoche, by Utrecht; Joliet, by Acrobat; Japet, by Sarthois; Icore, by Greselidis; Jaume, by Meritant; Jacrisse, by Carnot, and others. Charlotte and Gertrude are a couple of typy Percheron mares such as this firm handles. Then they still have Lady Grey, the big Shire mare that was grand champion at Brandon last summer.

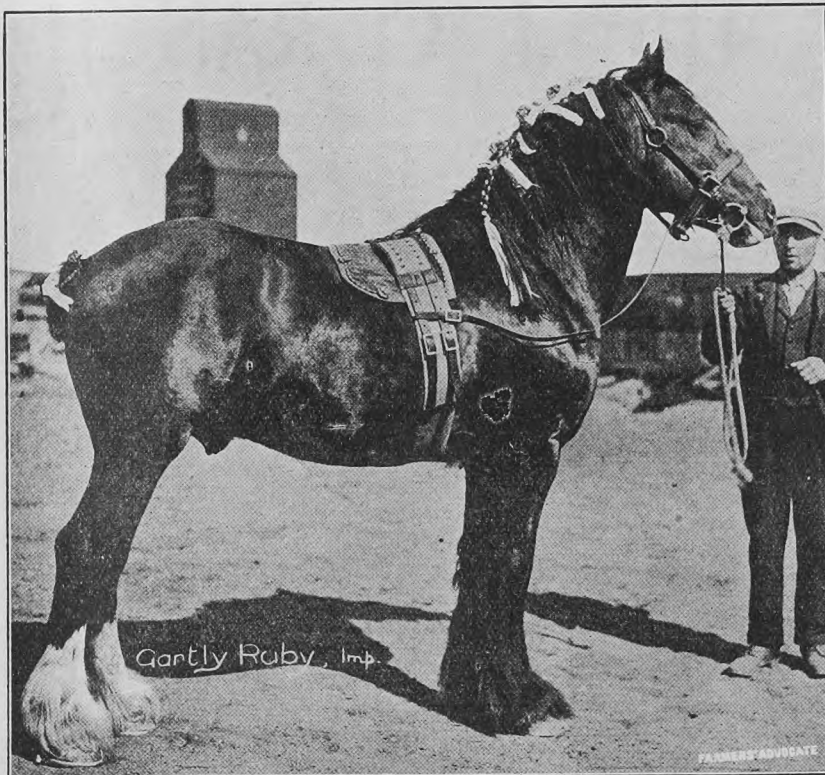
Any one wanting the best in Percherons should write Colquhoun & Beattie mentioning THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

Mount Pleasant Stock Farm

MANITOBA'S GREATEST STUD OF HOME-BRED AND SHOW CLYDESDALES

The home of such noted breeding and show Clydesdales as Woodend Gartly, Show King, Lord Gartly, King's Own, Show Prince, Gartly's King, Crowned King, Lady Gartly, Show Queen, Royal Princess, Mary of Inchwood, and Lady McArthur.

A choice lot of sixteen on hand at present, 9 home-bred and 7 imported, including our winners at Winnipeg, Brandon and Regina shows, 1911, in all 39 prizes with Clydesdales.



The home-breds include such fine animals as Lady McArthur 6th, and her 3 daughters, Lady Gartly, Show Queen and Royal Princess. In home-bred stallions we have Gartly's King, Baron Gartly, and 3 fine stallion foals sired by Primax. We also have a matched pair sired by Show King and one team of imported three-year-olds.

Also a Few Choice Shorthorn Heifers.

McKirdy Bros., Napinka, Man.

BRAEBURN FARM HOLSTEINS

A growthy lot of Holstein-Friesian calves is the bunch raised by B. H. Thomson this summer. These calves had the run of a ten-acre field of oats from the time they were ready to start grazing, and they have made good use of it. Besides this they were fed milk until they practically weaned themselves, and had the shelter of a large box stall if weather conditions made it disagreeable out of doors.

These calves are from heifers that are practically all going to put themselves in the Record of Merit class another year. Mr. Thomson is at present keeping a private record of every individual in the herd, and can supply this to any intending purchaser. At the head of the herd is King Canary, a bull with one of the best lines of blood, as far as milking strain is concerned, in the breed. On another page will be found Mr. Thomson's offerings which intending purchasers would do well to look over. When writing regarding these mention that you saw his ad in THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

UPPERS ESTABLISH NEW FARM AT CALGARY

The well-known firm, W. E. and R. C. Upper, of North Portal, are establishing a new stock farm nine miles out of Calgary, Alta. This farm is to enable them to handle to advantage their growing Percheron trade in that province. To head this stud they have purchased Vinson, at the long figure of \$4,000, from Wm. Marrs. Vinson was reserve grand champion at the Chicago International, 1908, following which he was imported by Colquhoun & Beattie, and won the grand championship at Brandon the following spring. He has proved himself a great stock horse and his move to Calgary to head the Upper stud there will place their Alberta stock farm in a prominent place at once.

On another page will be found their advertisement, which shows that the Clear Water Stock Farm is holding its own in the show ring.

The Uppers are offering some of the best in Percheron blood. Those interested should write them.

CLYDESDALES

THE CLARK RANCHES

CLYDESDALES

HAZELDEAN Ranch

Imported **Clydesdales** Home-bred

My home-bred stock are of the best as is shown by the stallions now in service, which include Yokohama (imp.), Bay Ronald (imp.), Lord Ormonde (imp.), Mainspring (imp.), Eastfield's Heir, Royal Cairnton and Sandy Cairnton, all prize-winners wherever shown.

16 Clydesdale Stallions 16

For sale now. Get the right kind, and buy at once.

Write for prices and particulars.

DUNCAN CLARK

CROWFOOT

ALBERTA

BURNSIDE Ranch

Clydesdales IMPORTED AND HOME-BRED **Clydesdales**

This is the home of the well known **Master MacQueen (3451)**, first and champion wherever shown, and of **Colonel MacQueen (8925)**, first Calgary, Edmonton and Gleichen Exhibitions.

I import and breed the big, drafty kind that will suit you. Look for size and quality when you come to **Burnside Ranch**.

Clydesdale Stallions of all ages for sale. Prices right.

Address all letters to

JAMES CLARK

CROWFOOT

CLARK

ALBERTA

THE J. C. RANCH

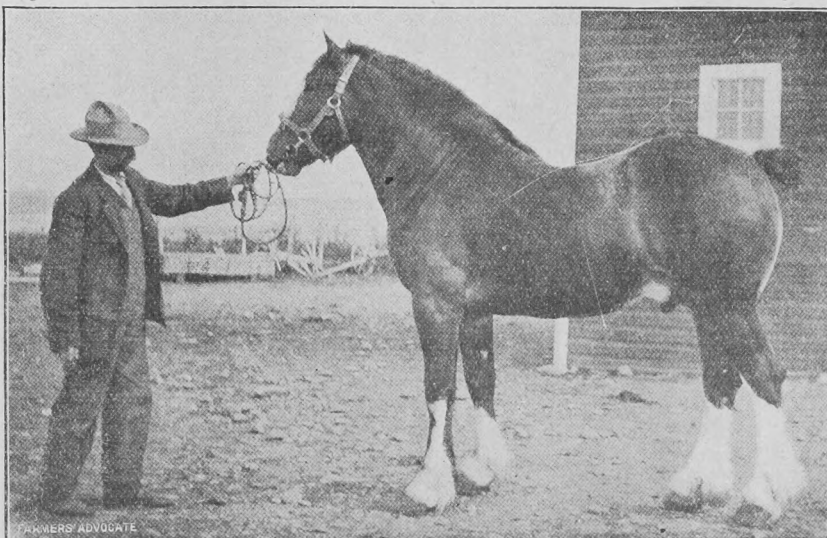
Twenty-eight years in the business. My record in the show rings is proof of the high quality of my stock. This year's offerings better than ever.

Clydesdales

---Imported

STALLIONS AND
MARES FOR SALE

My fall importation includes such sires as Superb Favorite, by Royal Favorite; King's Jewel, by Pride of the Lothians; Bellfield Marquis, by Silver Cup, and King's Radiant, by Sir Everard.



Sir Norton, in the Stud at the J. C. Ranch

Clydesdale

--Home-bred

STALLIONS, MARES
AND FILLIES FOR
SALE

My fall importation of brood mares includes such individuals as Lady Minnie, by Royal Blend; Polly McLatcher, by Baron Miller, by Baron o' Buchlyvie, etc.

I buy for cash. I conduct my business personally. When you hear you can save the middleman's profit, why pay \$1,800 to \$2,000 for a stallion, when I can supply you with one fully as good for \$1,000 to \$1,500. Write regarding my stock. Address all correspondence to

John Clark Jr., Box 82, Gleichen, Alta.

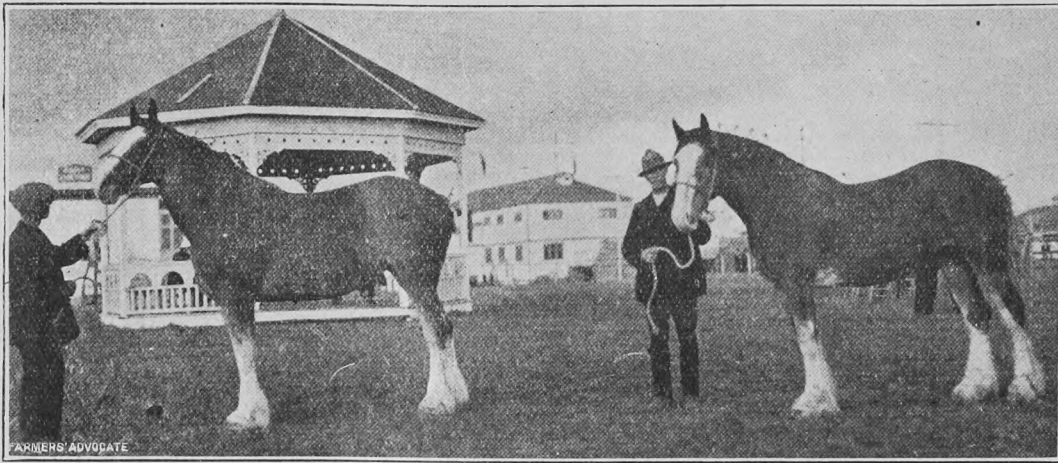
PRIZE - WINNING STOCK OF APPROVED TYPE

Clydesdale Horses

Shorthorn Cattle

Shropshire Sheep

Yorkshire Pigs



Rose Allen and Bonnie Doune, a Pair of Fillies that Show the Type of our Clydesdales. Both stood at the Top in Their Classes at Regina, Rose Allen being Female Champion

The Stock Farm that has been in operation less than two years and already is the home of some of the best pure-breds in the Canadian West.

I buy none but the best sires and dams of all classes of stock, and the breeding is shown in my young stock. My winnings at last season's shows demonstrate that I have the proper kind.

Call at my farm, 'phone me, or drop me a letter. If you want the **GOOD KIND** I can satisfy you.

The W. C. SUTHERLAND FARMS

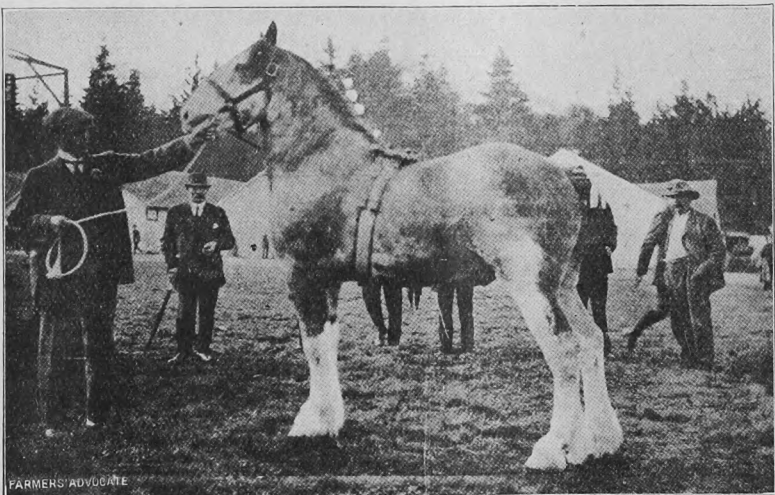
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

J. C. SMITH, Manager

W. C. SUTHERLAND, Proprietor

Imported Clydesdales

STALLIONS, MARES AND FILLIES



FISCAL FIGHTER (15224)

Three Years Old. Grand Champion Stallion at B.C. Provincial Fair, 1911.

Am offering a number of high-class, imported stock, including Fiscal Fighter, by Everlasting. Stables in city. Visitors welcome.

Being in close touch with British Columbia real estate, will be pleased to give information and advice to prospective investors.

Call, write or 'phone.

C. W. WILSON

IMPORTER AND BROKER

413 GRANVILLE ST.

VANCOUVER, B. C.

JOHN GRAHAM

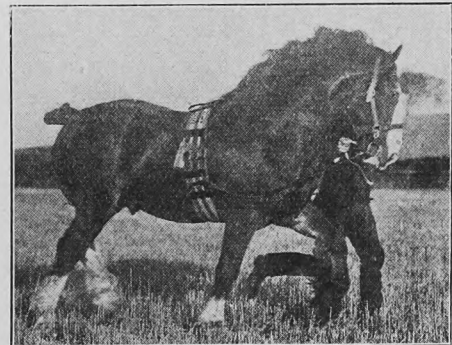
CLYDESDALES AND SHORTHORNS

My 1911 fall importation of Clydesdales has arrived in splendid condition and is fully up to former importations. Individuals by Hiawatha, Royal Edward, Baron o' Buchlyvie, Royal Favorite, Memento, Silver Cup, and Mercutio are among the string.

25

STALLIONS

Including such horses from my show string as Mascari, Grecian, Dunure, Nugget and Saladin are to choose from.



Lord Guthrie in Action

25

MARES

These mares have their full share of the best Clydesdale blood. They will stand inspection. Early buyers get their choice.

My Shorthorn herd headed by Silver Cloud, numbers 45 head. Bulls and females of all ages for sale.

Horse stables are in the town. Farm, 2 miles from town.

JOHN GRAHAM

CARBERRY

MANITOBA

U PERCHERONS U

R A N C H R A N C H



The Kind We Breed From

The Champion Percheron Mare at Western Shows Always Was Picked From this Group

We have 34 young stallions, most of them coming three years old. These are the heavy-boned fellows of first-class quality and the conformation that produces heavy draft horses.

Geo. Lane & Gordon, Ironside & Fares Co.

Breeders of Pure-bred Percherons

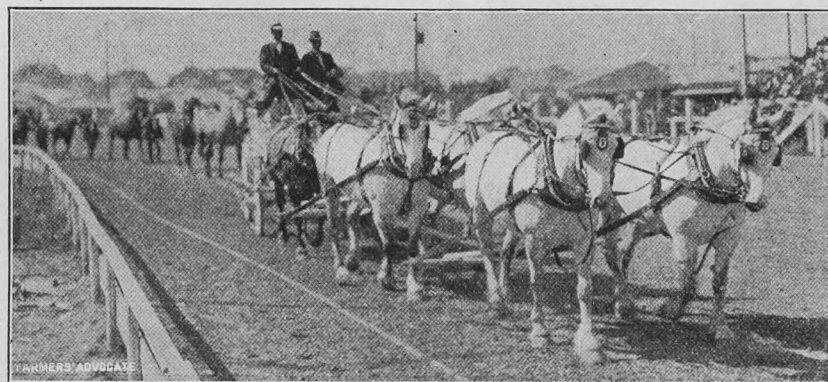
PEKISKO

U RANCH

ALTA.

We sell direct from the ranch and so do not pay extravagant commissions to salesmen. No exorbitant prices—\$800 to \$1,400 takes the best we offer, and you are sure to find one that suits you.

Owners of
The Largest
Bunch of
Pure-bred
Percheron
Mares in
The World



The Class of Drafters we Breed

This Six-Horse Team was First at all Leading Western Canadian and American Shows.

Percheron
Stallions for
Sale at
All Times
Write or
Visit
Our Ranch

Address:

GEO. LANE Bar U Ranch
PEKISKO, ALTA.

BAR U PERCHERON OFFERINGS

The Bar U Ranch at Pekisko, Alta., has established for itself the reputation for turning out the best in Percherons. This ranch, under the directorship of Geo. Lane, is probably the largest pure-bred Percheron breeding establishment in the world and offers the greatest selection of American-bred Percherons on the continent.

The show string from this ranch made probably the best showing of any pure-bred string in Western fairs last summer and autumn. Not only did Mr. Lane's string make a great showing in Canada but when it crossed the line it made practically a clean sweep in the big shows of the Western States.

This firm on another page offers 34 young stallions for sale. When one remembers that the six-horse team which was bred and raised on their ranch, secured first place wherever shown, it will indicate the class of young stallions the Bar U is offering. Moreover, some of these colts are prize-winners themselves or are out of prize-winning mares. These horses are sold right at the ranch at moderate prices, as the announcement of the firm states.

Write Mr. Lane and make arrangements to see his offerings and at the same time mention that you saw his advertisement in THE ADVOCATE.

J. G. BARRON'S SHORTHORNS

If you are interested in Shorthorns look up J. G. Barron's advertisement in this and following issues of THE ADVOCATE. Mr. Barron is one of the pioneers in pure-bred Shorthorns in Western Canada. By good judgment and perseverance, he has built up a reputation second to none as a breeder of high-class Shorthorns. Mr. Barron's record in the Western show rings shows that he is a consistent breeder of utility stock.

Recently a representative of THE ADVOCATE had the privilege of looking over his herd. They had just come in off the pasture, the early snow storm bringing them in at a time when they

E. POOTMANS & SONS

IMPORTERS AND BREEDERS OF

**Royal Belgian, Percheron,
French and German Coach
Stallions and Mares**

We have sold 82 head Belgian and Percheron stallions and mares, since last spring. Have a few good ones on hand now which will go at lowest prices for quick sales, to make room for the large importation of 60 head to arrive in January.

Don't Forget we sell on time, upon good references being furnished.

Write for photos, if you intend purchasing a stud or a pair of mares. Send in description of what you want, and we will include them in our importation **without any responsibility on your part.**

We never import inferior animals.

Watch for our next announcement, but write, and **do it now,** to

E. POOTMANS & SONS

Head Office and Sale Stables

REGINA :: :: SASK.

should still have had the run of the fields. The breeding stock were in good form but it was the youngsters that caught the eye. These were well grown and in perfect winter fit. They were got by such sires as Mistletoe Eclipse, Scotch Thistle and Topsman's Duke 7th. As Mr. Barron wishes to reduce his herd he is making a special offering of young stock. Write him if interested, mentioning THE ADVOCATE.

HUGH GILMOUR'S CLYDESDALES

Since starting his establishment at Pasqua, Sask., a few years ago, Hugh Gilmour has gradually been bringing together some of the best Clydesdale blood in Canada until now he has one of the strongest Clydesdale breeding studs in the Canadian West. Mr. Gilmour is a breeder rather than an importer and with the strength that his stud now shows he promises to offer some extra fine Canadian-bred Clydesdales to Western farmers.

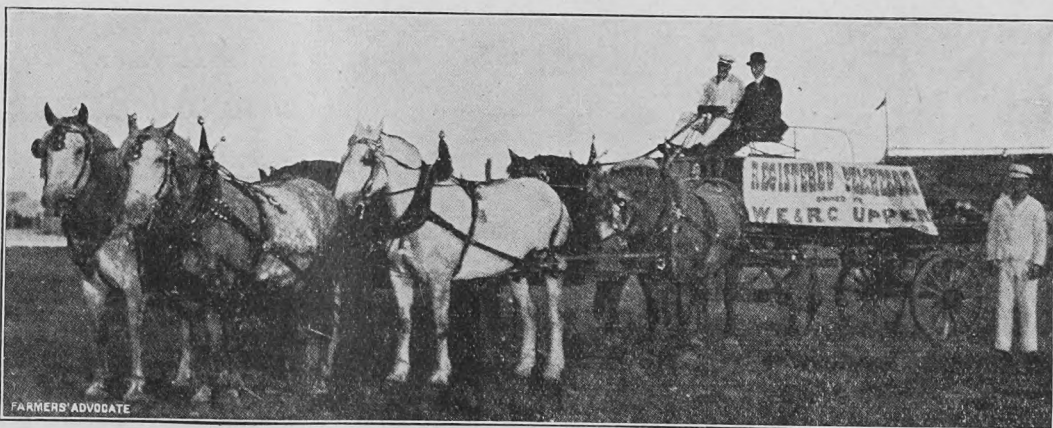
Magic, by Baron's Pride, and a full brother to Revelanta, has been in the stud now for five years and his get are making a name for their sire as well as his owner, in the show ring. This year a yearling filly by this horse, was champion at Moose Jaw, in strong competition, and others of his get won wherever shown. This horse was imported by John A. Turner, and this year Mr. Gilmour has procured King's Best, by Baron's Best, also imported by Mr. Turner. King's Best is a fine, drafty Clyde type with plenty of quality. He won reserve championship for Mr. Gilmour at Regina spring show this year.

His brood mares include Polly Chattanooga, imported; Lady Steel, imported, and Mary's First, imported. These mares have been champions and reserve champions in both Eastern and Western Canada's big shows. Altogether it will be hard to find a stronger Clydesdale stud than that of Gilmour's. Mr. Gilmour is making an offering of young stock in this week's issue. Look this up and get into communication with Mr. Gilmour, mentioning THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE when writing.

Registered**Percherons****For Sale**

Including Prize-winners at the Summer Fairs at Brandon and Winnipeg and Dominion Fair at Regina

AT THESE
EXHIBI-
TIONS OUR
EXHIBITS
WON
110 PRIZES
INCLUDING
30 FIRSTS
AND 16
CHAMPION-
SHIPS



Our Six-Horse Team of Grey Percherons Were in Evidence at the Big Exhibitions of the West Last Season

Our Big Stallion, Bijou, at the head of the Stud won the Championship at Winnipeg, Brandon and Regina

Romeo, a home-bred two-year-old Stallion, bred on our farm, won first at Winnipeg and Brandon and second at the Dominion Fair, in competition with 10 imported horses

Western buyers would do well to inspect before purchasing, as our horses are acclimated and are sold at reasonable prices and on long terms

Write or 'phone us

Farm three miles from town

CLEAR WATER STOCK FARM**W. E. & R. C. UPPER****N. Portal, Sask.**

Buy Your Stallions at "The Oaks"

I Import High-Class Percherons, Belgians and Shires. My Winnings at Winter Fairs in 1911 Included the Following:

REGINA —

PERCHERONS CHAMPIONSHIP; 1st prize two-year-old; 3rd prize two-year-old; 4th prize two-year-old; Gold Medal for stallion any age; Gold Medal for best five stallions any age; Gold Medal for best four animals from one sire.

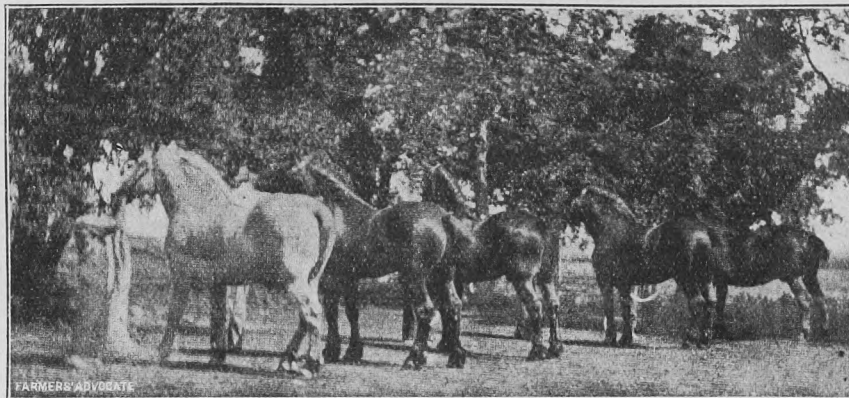
SHIRES—2nd prize stallion any age. Reserve championship.

BRANDON —

PERCHERONS CHAMPIONSHIP; 1st prize two-year-old; Gold Medal for stallion any age; Gold Medal for best four animals from one sire; Silver Medal for five stallions any age.

At Portage la Prairie also, last summer I won 1st, 3rd, 4th and 5th in the aged Percheron stallion class.

Long lists of satisfied customers who buy again show that I sell right. Let me know your needs. If you want a real good draft stallion, one that will be a credit to your district, see my string.

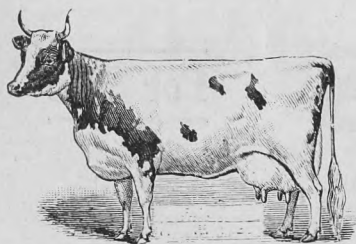


A Few Choice Stallions at "The Oaks"

My horses are not all prize-winners, but I try to select good, sound, serviceable stallions, and the above prizes show how well I have succeeded. As one of the judges said, I have no "tail enders." Get my prices and you will find I sell good clean "top notchers" at the same prices some sell the others.

Write or call on

JOHN H. STOUT, "THE OAKS," WESTBOURNE, MAN.



BREEDER OF

**Clydesdale and
Thoroughbred Horses
Ayrshire Cattle
Shropshire Sheep**

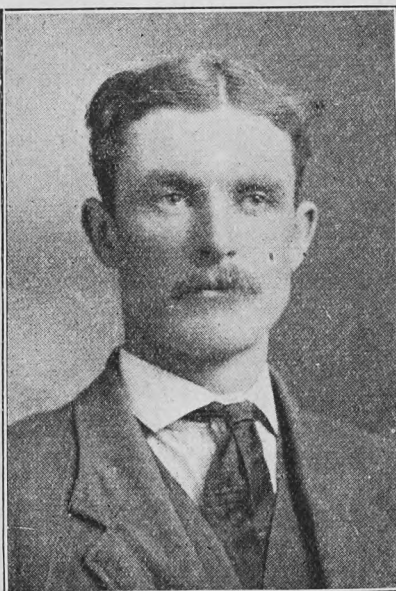
GAETZ VALLEY STOCK

Wm. T. Shuttleworth, Prop.



BREEDER OF

**Lincoln Sheep
Berkshire Swine
White Leghorn Poultry
and Toulouse Geese**



Do you want to buy pure-bred stock this year? If so, write or see me, and if the animals you want can not be found in my large herds and flocks kept at Gaetz Valley Farm, I will include the stock you want in my next importation, which will be in the early spring, 1912. All my stock are of select breeding; I never import inferior animals, and, knowing the needs of the West, can cater to the stockmen here.

Correspondence solicited.

My last importation is made up of high-class animals, and practically all bred from good imported stock. They are the best I ever brought to Western Canada, and comprise 40 Shropshires, 34 Oxfords, 25 Cotswolds, 21 Lincolns, and one Hampshire ram, making in all 121 sheep. I also brought in 2 yearling Clydesdale stallions, one three-year-old Hackney mare and 7 yearling Shorthorn bulls.

Visitors always welcome.

Wishing all my friends and patrons the Compliments of the Season.



WILLIAM T. SHUTTLEWORTH
DELBURN, ALTA.

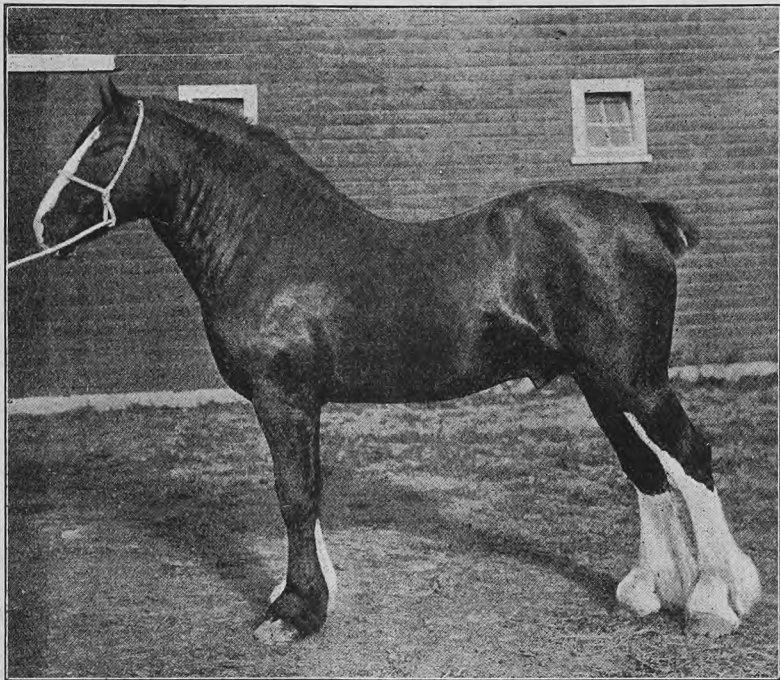


DISPERSION SALE

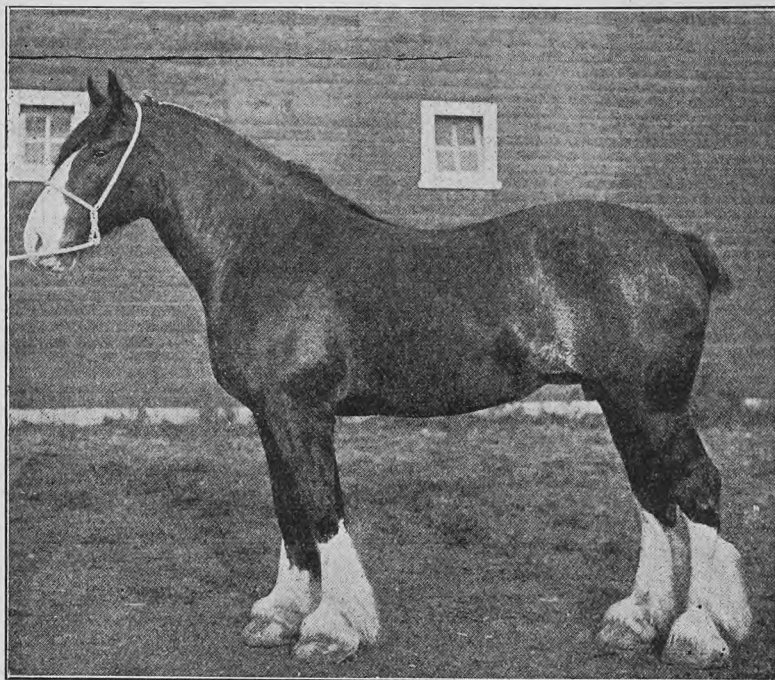
OF MEADOW LAWN CLYDESDALES

Wednesday, December 20

IN THE AUDITORIUM AT THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS, REGINA, SASK.

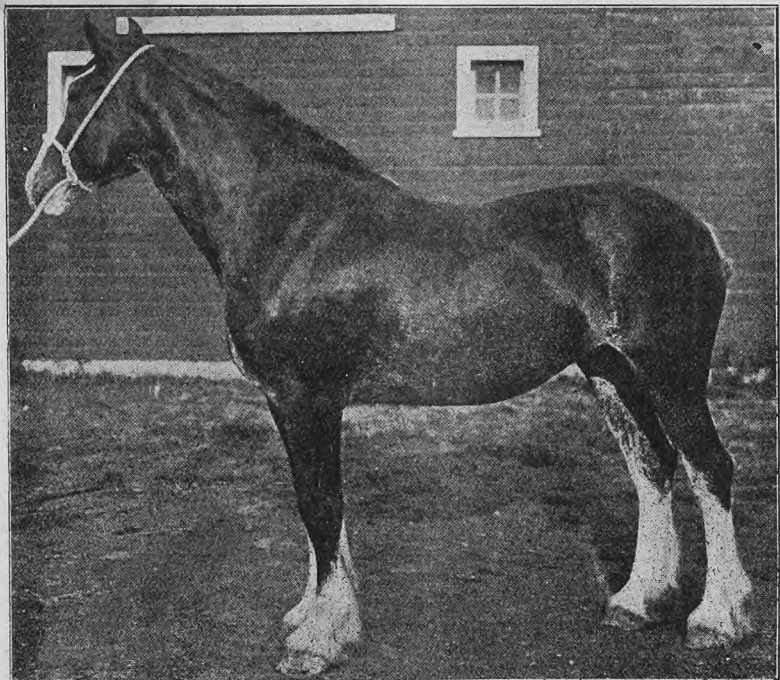


Baron Ronald, by Baron's Gem, to be Sold on December 20

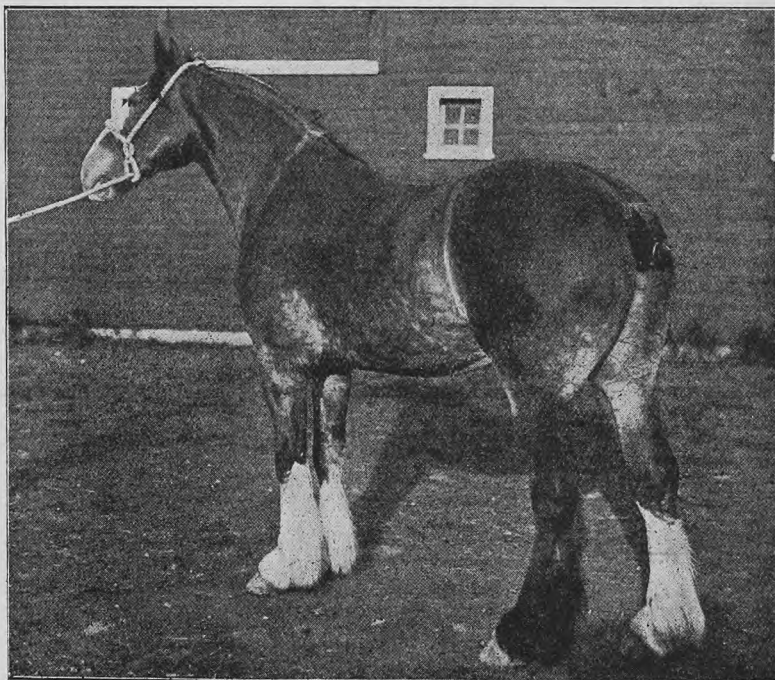


Mayoress, 1st Chicago International, 1908, as Four-year-old; Champion at Regina and Winnipeg, 1910. Will be Sold at the Big Dispersion Sale

Our entire stud of 80 head will be sold on December 20 at the public's valuation. Their breeding can not be beaten. Included are champion and reserve champion stallions and mares of all ages, and 30 head of foals. Since starting this stud only the best imported stallions have been and are being used. Our offering is the greatest opportunity Western horsemen have had of securing bred-in-the-purple Clydesdales.



Amy of Darley by Best of All, by Baron's Pride, is Among Those Offered



Charlie, Champion Gelding, Winnipeg and Regina, 1910. To be Sold on December 20

Remember this is a Dispersion Sale, and such an opportunity of securing a stallion or mare of royal blood is seldom yours. Remember, also, that the sale is held in a heated building in Regina city and will start at 9 a.m. December 20.

Hackney Stallion Rosary, by Rosador, the Greatest Breeding Stallion in England, also offered

Write at once for catalog, which is now ready.

TRAYNOR BROS.

Condie, Sask.

CLYDESDALES

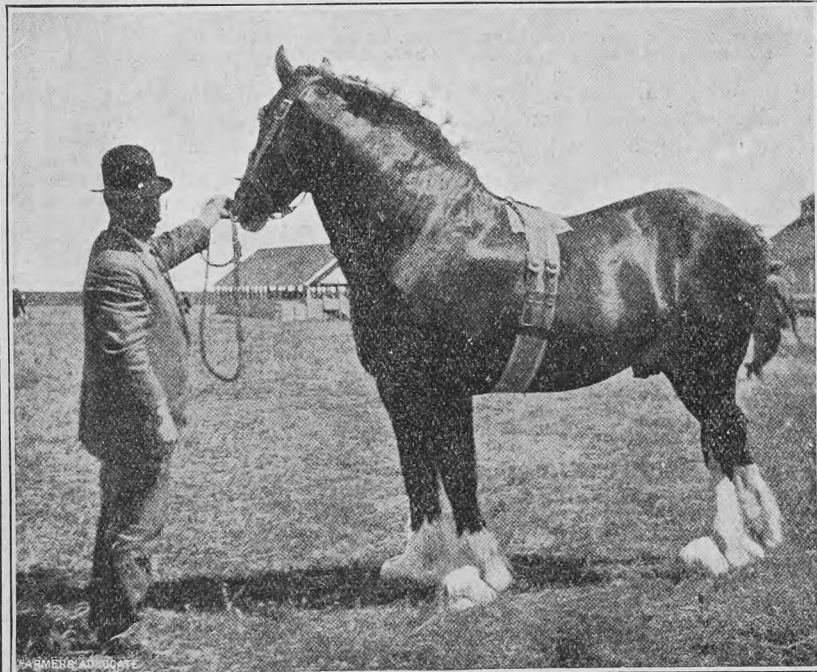
BURNSIDE FARM, Pasqua, is one of Saskatchewan's foremost Clydesdale breeding establishments, with Scotland's best sires at the head of the stud.



Home of Burnside Clydesdales

Always a good selection of young stallions and fillies on hand. Prices are reasonable. Write for particulars or come and inspect our offerings personally.

Visitors always welcome.



Magic (imp.) [4498] (12236), by Baron's Pride and full brother to the great Revelanta

This horse, which has been at the head of my stud for the last five years has been several times champion at Moose Jaw exhibitions. His get are among the best. A filly from him was this year grand champion female at Moose Jaw. I have added this year to my stud, King's Best (imp.) [11854] (15268), by Baron's Best. This horse was reserve champion at Regina Spring Show. Among my breeding females are Lady Steele (imp.), female champion Calgary Spring Show, 1909; Polly Chat-tan (imp.), reserve champion Dominion Exhibition, Calgary, 1908; Mary's First, champion at Eastern fairs and a winner in the West.

From this stock we are offering our young stallions and fillies.

HUGH GILMOUR
Pasqua - Sask.

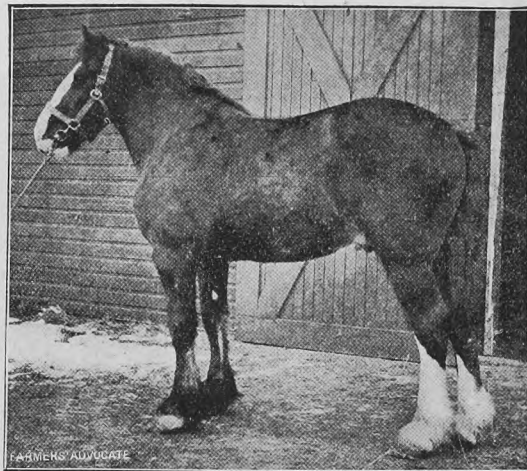
Craigie Mains Clydesdales

Saskatchewan's Oldest Clydesdale Stud

We have just landed an importation of highest-quality Clydesdales many of them prize-winners in Scotland.

We now offer about 30 stallions, all ages, and 20 mares and fillies imported and home-bred.

We are Clydesdale men by instinct, by environment, and by choice. We import the horses they wish to retain in Scotland.



Dunduff Triumph (Imp.), by Revelanta, 3 Years Old, Dalkeith
Premium Horse 1911

These horses are selected, bought and sold by the firm; every one must undergo our inspection. You deal personally with this firm and not through agents. You get the benefit of our judgment and reputation, and save agent's commissions. We invite thorough inspection of our offerings.

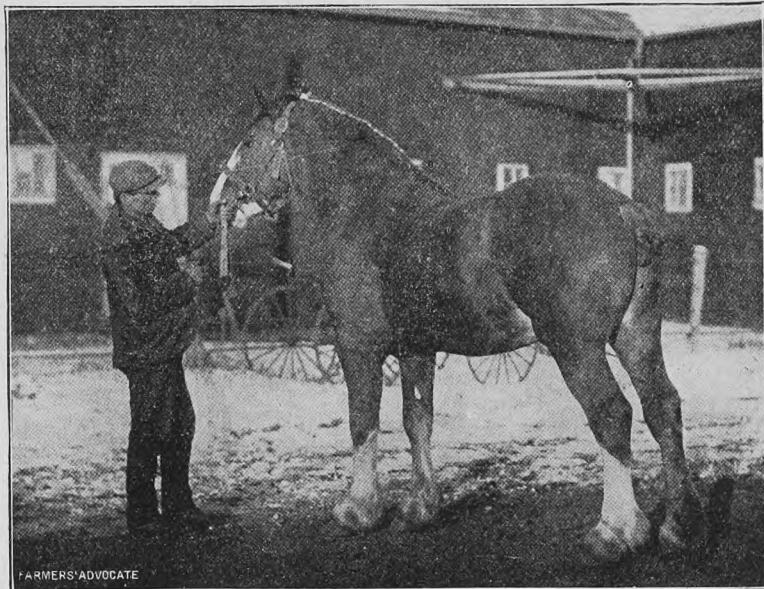
Visitors are always welcome. Write us asking for our Catalog.

A. & G. MUTCH Lumsden, Sask.

Imported Clydesdales

Read what they think of these horses in Scotland

The Scottish Farmer in noting this shipment says: "Thos. Usher, Carman, Man., had an exceptionally high-class shipment of 30 head, the whole making up one of the best lots shipped this season. Among them are several colts and fillies, likely to command show-yard attention. The fillies are of a type calculated to ensure success as breeding mares."



Referendum, Imp. [12603] (16011) foaled May 14, 1909. Sire Royal Edward Imported Sept. 1911, by T. Usher, Carman

The stallions and fillies in this shipment are from Scotland's most noted sires, and will be in great demand. Intending purchasers should make an early selection. I conduct my business personally, and can quote you lowest prices, consistent with quality. Come and inspect this importation at my barns in Carman, or write for particulars.

Thos. Usher Carman, Man.

CRAIGIE MAINS CLYDESDALES

The firm of A. & G. Mutch, Lumsden, Saskatchewan, probably the oldest in the province, are announcing this season's offerings in this issue. The reputation of this firm as Clydesdale importers is well established and their stock will need little commendation.

Suffice it to say that Alex. Mutch considers this the best lot he has brought over. It was rushed home from the seaboard by express, and hardly felt the trip. This importation contains individuals by Everlasting, Prince Shapley, Baron's Pride, Baron o' Buchlyvie, Silver Plate, Sir Hugo, Revelanta, Royal Edward and Fyvie's Pride. These animals were selected by Mr. Mutch personally, and this breeding intimates the calibre of the whole importation. Besides these, Mr. Mutch purchased a fine bunch from the Hillcrest stud, owned by R. H. Taber, and in this issue offers, altogether, a very choice selection to intending purchasers. Mention THE ADVOCATE when writing this firm regarding their Clydesdales.

STANLEY'S IMPORTATION

This issue contains the announcement of R. P. Stanley's fall importation. Mr. Stanley maintains at Moosomin, Saskatchewan, one of the largest importing establishments in that province. He expects to land shortly the largest importation he has ever made. Read his advertisement on this page, and watch for future announcements.

VANSTONE & ROGERS OPEN BRANCH STABLES

The old importing firm, Vanstone & Rogers, of Wawanesa, have a special advertisement in this issue. This firm have already landed their fall importations of Clydesdales, Percherons, Belgians and Hackneys and are offering a great selection.

They have a branch at Vegreville, Alta., in charge of Jas. Brooks, where they carry a portion of their stock, and are also opening up stables at Rosethorn, Sask., to handle their trade in that province.

A letter to them at the head office will bring full particulars about their present stock. Mention THE ADVOCATE when writing.

JOHN H. STOUT OFFERS STALLIONS

The name of John H. Stout, Westbourne, will be familiar to horsemen and farmers of Western Canada. In this issue Mr. Stout is again announcing through THE ADVOCATE a choice lot of stallions.

Among those to be found in Mr. Stout's barns at the present time are Cambrone, the old stock horse. This Percheron, though not a prize-winner himself, is a half-brother to Medoc, one of the greatest prize-winners of his time. Silas, a three-year-old Percheron by Ottawa, weighing 1,950, was first at Portage la Prairie summer fair, beating the Brandon and Winnipeg champion. Haxon, another blocky Percheron, has recently come over from France. Agincourt is by Gringoirie, who was sire of the best four at Brandon and Regina winter fairs. Agincourt himself was second in American-bred Percheron class at the International 1910. Arnuff is a seal brown of the low Dutchman type, while Mandril is a 2,150-pound horse of the true, massive type. Montesquin, also by Gringoirie, was one of the best four at Brandon and Regina already spoken of.

Gold Discoverer is a Clydesdale of fine bone and good conformation; and Diplomacy is a Shire that was good enough to get reserve championship at Regina Winter Fair. These, with others of a similar type, make up a great bunch of horses to pick from. See Mr. Stout's advertisement in this issue.

CASWELL'S HERD MOVES INTO NEW HOME

In sending in copy for change of advertisement, R. W. Caswell, of Saskatoon, states that his Shorthorn herd has gone into their new home on his new farm north of the city in better shape than ever. Mr. Caswell has secured the services of Richard Spokes as herdsman. "Dick" Spokes has been cattleman for F. W. Harding, the big American breeder, for several years.

TWO BIG SHIPMENTS

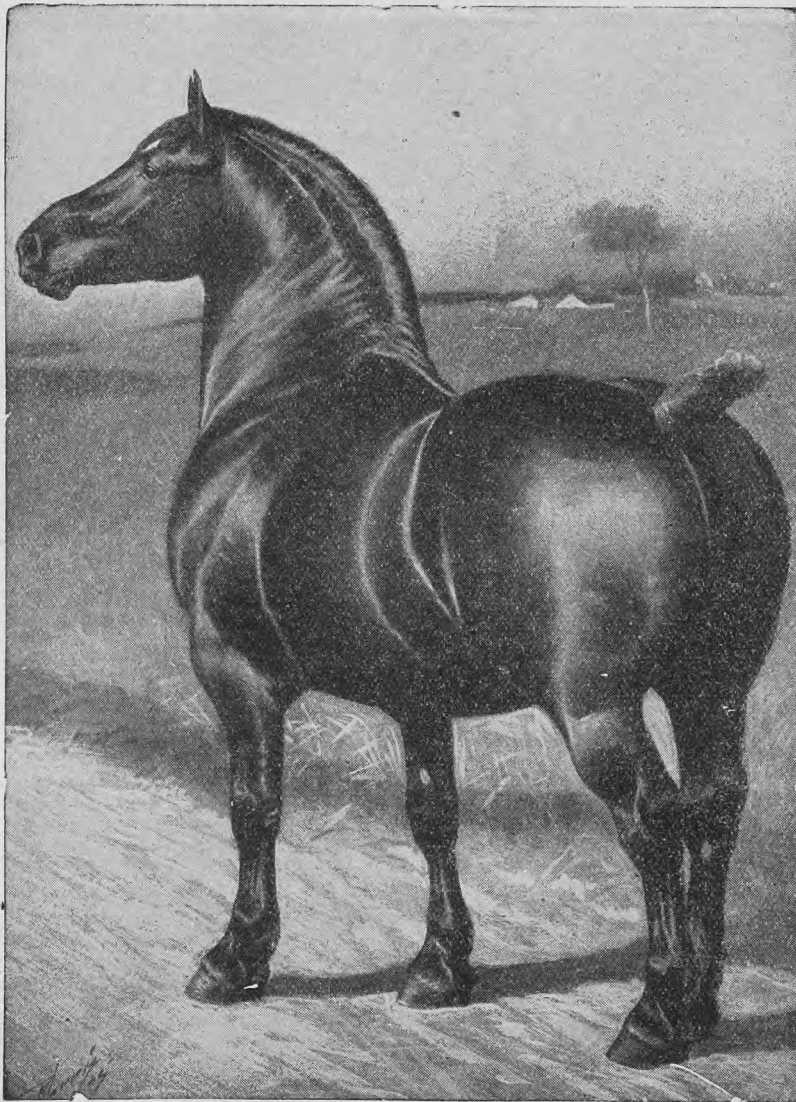
PERCHERONS

BELGIANS

SHIRES and

HACKNEYS

Will arrive December 10 and December 20. These, along with what I have, make one of the best aggregations of horseflesh in the Canadian West. No culls or returned stock. These make up about 80 HEAD, including stallions, mares and fillies for intending purchasers to choose from.



The big three-year-old stallion, Isolin, was sold to Kelso Percheron Horse Breeders' Association. He weighed within a few pounds of a ton in the breeding season. At Moosomin, he won first prize in his class and championship.

All of my Horses are of the Big Draft Quality Kind

I have one of the largest stables of drafters in the West. My way of doing business is appreciated by those who have dealt with me. All horses sold under a breeding guarantee.

Write or come and see them.

R. P. STANLEY

'Phones: Sales Barn 160; Farm 104, Ring 3-2

Moosomin

Sask.

Mr. Caswell also reports the sale of Golden Star, his first-prize bull at Western fairs this year, and three cows to S. Johnson, of Candahar. These were a nice trio; two of them being prize-winners as calves and yearlings. Marshal's Heir, Mr. Caswell's Kentucky-bred champion bull, is doing splendidly, and if nothing happens, should make another mark at the shows next summer.

USHER'S CLYDESDALES

In this issue will be found an offering of Clydesdales by Thos. Usher, of Carman. This lot is an importation brought over by Mr. Usher early in the fall, and when seen by a representative of THE ADVOCATE at Carman, late in October, the importation although recently landed were coming into fine fit.

In this importation Mr. Usher has included a lot of stallions that will take some beating when it comes to underpinning and moving. Those that the representative inspected which included colts by Royal Edward, Pride of Blacon, Ruby Pride and a couple by Baron Cedric, had clean, flat bone and good pasterns, their feet covered plenty of ground while they moved true as one could wish, every one of them. With this fine underpinning they had plenty of top. The colt by Royal Edward, was probably the pick of the lot.

Of the 30 head in this importation some 23 were fillies. Of those THE ADVOCATE representative had time to look over—Lady Bellaston, by Scotland's Choice, by Revelanta, and Rose, by Blacon Sensation, are a very sweet pair of brown fillies that should make a show team. Blushing Belle, by Argosy, is a big drafty filly that has been exhibited and has won in the old country. Peggy and Evelyn Mary, by Hyacinthus and Timely Kate, and Sentinel Maid, by Up-to-Time, were others that caught the eye.

Mr. Usher makes his announcement on another page offering these Clydesdales. Any one interested in high-class horses of this breed should get into communication with Mr. Usher at once.

THE CLARK RANCHES OFFER CLYDESDALES

The Clark ranches at Gleichen and Crowfoot, and drafty Clydesdales are associate terms. Although these three ranches owned by the Clark Bros., are situated close together and work in unison in supplying Clydesdales to their patrons they are under entirely separate ownership and management. Their announcements in this issue are all given under the head of the Clark Ranches.

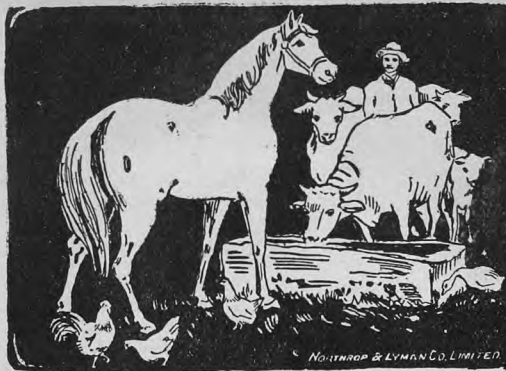
A representative of THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE had a trip around these ranches last fall and had a look at the big drafty Clydesdales that are a feature.

James Clark, of Burnside Ranch, has in his stud the famous Master MacQueen and Colonel MacQueen; two Clydesdale sires that have won prominently at the big Alberta exhibitions whenever shown, and are stamping their type on their get. Among those for sale will be found some by these sires.

Duncan Clark, of Hazeldean Ranch, has in service such prominent prize-winners as Yokohama, Mainspring, Bay Ronald and Lord Ormonde. These horses have taken their full share of winnings at Alberta shows. The get of these horses and others which have been imported are for sale.

The J. C. Ranch, owned by John Clark, Jr., has in service among others—Sir Norton and Sir Jasper, two young stallions that promise something extra. They are well-bred and have taken their place in the show-ring already. Mr. Clark is finding a ready sale for his home-bred stock as well as his imported stock. He has some of both home-bred and imported stock in his offerings.

These three ranches made a combined importation this fall including some extra individuals. They were mentioned previously in THE ADVOCATE columns. When writing to any of these ranches mention that you saw the announcement in THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.



Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil
Relieves all Pain in Man or Beast
25 Cent Bottles at all Dealers

NOTHROP & LYMAN CO. LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

WANTS AND FOR SALE

TERMS.—Two cents per word per insertion. Each initial counts for one word and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order. No advertisement inserted for less than 50 cents.

DO YOU WANT a home in British Columbia on the warm Pacific. We have homes for all, cheap and on very easy payments. Send your address and we will mail you a beautiful book free, full of pictures of British Columbia scenes; also maps. Address Vancouver Island Fruit and Farm Land Company, 315 Dominion Trust Bldg., Vancouver, B. C.

FARMERS—Write me for prices on fence posts in car lots, delivered at your station. Get the best direct from the bush. Fruit land for sale. J. H. Johnson, Malakwa, B. C.

WANTED, NOW, for Western trade, good men only, to sell our well-known lines of specialties in fruit and ornamental trees, shrubs, seed potatoes, etc. Outfit free. Exclusive territory. Pay weekly. Whole or part time engagement. Special terms for fall or winter months. Write, Pelham Nursery Co., Toronto, Ont.

WANTED—Agents for our automatic grain picker. (See ad in this paper.) Best seller in Western Canada. Write for full particulars. Dominion Specialty Works, Winnipeg.

WE CAN SELL YOUR PROPERTY. Send descriptions. Northwestern Business Agency, Minneapolis.

EXPERIENCED HERDSMAN wanted to take charge of large established herd of Shorthorns. Single man preferred. Apply stating qualifications and wages expected. J. G. Barron, Carberry, Manitoba.

BREEDERS' DIRECTORY

Breeder's name, post-office address and class of stock kept will be inserted under this heading at \$4 per line per year. Terms cash strictly in advance. No card to be less than two lines.

HEREFORD CATTLE AND SHETLAND PONIES. Pioneer prize herds of the West. Pony vehicles, harness and saddles. J. E. Marples, Poplar Park Farm, Hartney, Man.

H. BERGSTEINSSON, Asgard Stock Farm Alameda, Sask., breeder of Shorthorn cattle

W. J. TREGILLUS, Calgary, Alta., breeder and importer of Holstein-Friesian cattle.

GUS WIGHT, Napinka, Man., Clydesdale horse Shorthorn cattle and Berkshire swine.

D. SMITH, Ashgrove Farm, Gladstone, Man. Breeder of choice Jersey cattle, Pekin Ducks Toulouse Geese, and Bronze Turkeys.

S. BENSON, Woodmere Farm, Neepawa, Man. breeder of Clydesdale horses, Shorthorn cattle and Yorkshire swine.

BENJ. H. THOMPSON, Braeburn Farm, Boharm, Sask., breeder of Holstein-Friesians, Canary strain.

MICHENER BROS., Brookside Farm, Red Deer Alta., breeders of Holstein-Friesian cattle.

ROWLAND NESS, Lakeside Farm, De Winton, Alta. Breeder and importer of Clydesdale horses and Ayrshire cattle.

SHEEP FOR SALE—Good selection of choice grade Merino and Shropshire ewes. Apply to Richmond Ranching Co., Macklin, Sask.

SAWYER-MASSEY THRESHING OUTFIT for sale. Twenty-six horse-power engine and thirty-six by sixty separator. Used only for threshing owner's grain. Thos. Hodgson, Clair, Sask.

FARMS WANTED—We have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write, describing property, naming lowest price. We help buyers locate desirable property free. American Investment Association, 61 Palace Building Minneapolis, Minn.

"MARQUIS" WHEAT FOR SALE. This wheat was purchased from the Experimental Farm, Brandon, Man., and has since been grown on carefully fallowed land, the greatest of care being exercised in every way to maintain its purity. It took first prize and highest score of any wheat shown at the Neepawa Seed Grain Fair, 1911. Write for sample and price. Reference Bank of Commerce, Neepawa. Paul A. Homer, Neepawa, Man.

I HAVE FOR SALE the imported Suffolk Stallion, Rendlesham Beggar (3578), foaled 1908. Absolutely sound and sure, veterinary surgeon's certificate. Terms to suit. Apply, H. P. Jaques, importer and breeder, The Northern Star Ranch, Ingleton P.O., Alta.

H. PERCY JAUQUES, Northern Star Ranch, Ingleton P. O., Alta., breeder and importer of Suffolk horses and sheep.

GEORGE O'BRIEN, 1514 First St. West, Calgary, Alta., breeder and importer of Clydesdale horses.

BROWN BROS., Ellisboro, Sask., breeders of Aberdeen-Angus cattle.

H. HANCOX, Roseau View Farm, Dominion City, Man., breeder of Holstein cattle of the famous Colantha strain.

F. W. BROWN & SONS, Plain View Farm, Portage la Prairie, breeders of Shorthorns, Berkshires and Cotswolds.

A. J. MACKAY, Wa-Wa-Dell Farm, Macdonald, Man., breeder and importer of Shorthorns Leicesters and Berkshires.

STEVE TOMECKO, Lipton, Sask., breeder of Holsteins, Berkshires and Barred Plymouth Rocks.

ISAAC BATEMAN, Big Bend Farm, Innisfail, Alta., breeder of Holstein-Friesians and Berkshires.

JAS. DUTHIE, Melgund Stock Farm, Hartney, Man., breeder of Shorthorns and Berkshires.

POULTRY AND EGGS

TERMS.—Two cents per word per insertion. Each initial counts for one word and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order. No advertisement inserted for less than 50 cents.

RHODE ISLAND REDS—No other breed of poultry combine utility and beauty points so perfectly as the Reds. Farmers are enthusiastic about them here. One farmer had a pullet laying at 4 months old; cockerels weighed 7½ lbs. at 5 months. Splendid cockerels for sale; no culls. Henry H. Pearson, Box 148, Stonewall, Man.

FOR SALE—Large, young, pure-bred Toulouse geese. Apply quickly to Mrs. A. J. Cole, Grasmere Farm, Wapella, Sask.

ROYAL WHITE WYANDOTTES—Special bargains for December. Trios of two hens and cockerel for \$5.00. F. Goodeve, Stonewall, Man.

MCOFA FARM—BRED-TO-LAY BARRED ROCKS. Winners at Hartney, Melita, Deloraine and Killarney fairs, 1911. Cockerels, \$3.00 each and up. Indian Runner Ducks, grand layers \$3.00, or pen of 3 for \$7.00. W. R. Barker, Deloraine, Man.

ROSE-COMBED RHODE ISLAND RED and Barred Plymouth Rock cockerels for sale. David McFee Headingley, Man.

FOR SALE—Pure-bred single-comb Rhode Island Red cockerels, as good as the best, \$3 each. Apply E. W. Harrison, Box 11, Winnipeg, Man.

HOMER SMITH OFFERS HOLSTEINS

In this issue Homer Smith, of Winnipeg, is offering a selection of his strong Holstein-Friesian herd. Mr. Smith, it will be remembered, made a very strong showing at the Canadian Industrial Exhibition, Winnipeg, in pure-bred dairy herds. He secured first place for champion herd, any breed, and champion female in the Holstein-Friesian section, on Faforit Beauty 4th. Mr. Smith has been in the pure-bred business only for a few years but in that time has brought some fine individuals into Western Canada.

If you intend to start a pure-bred dairy herd get into communication with Mr. Smith at once and tell him it was through THE ADVOCATE you saw his offering of Holsteins.

GIFFEN'S BERKSHIRES

The Giffen Bros., of Lethbridge, Alta., announce in this issue their offering of Berkshires, particularly for spring delivery. So keen has been the demand for their pure-bred stock that their litters of last summer were practically sold out before winter. Giffen Bros. are practical hog men, and the growthiness, type and quality of hogs sold by them is sure to be all that can be desired. Any one who saw their showing at the Lethbridge Exhibition will need no further evidence of the kind of Berkshires they rear. A letter to this firm will bring full particulars of their offerings.

DISPERSION SALE OF JAS. BRAY'S STOCK

The catalogs of Jas. Bray's dispersion sale at Portage la Prairie, on December 15, are now out, and can be procured upon application to Mr. Bray. The offerings at this sale include his herd of 30 head of pure-bred Galloway cattle, his flock of over 90 pure-bred Oxford Downs, his pure-bred Berkshire swine and Angora goats.

Mr. Bray is retiring from farming, and besides the above pure-bred stock, he is offering his horses, implements, grain, etc. On another page will be found his announcement of this sale. Look this up, and if interested, make it a point to be present.

ANDRE DEMONTBEL'S PERCHERONS

In many parts there are men who know the kind of Percherons handled by A. Andre de Montbel & Sons, and offered for sale in this issue. Last year's purchasers were thoroughly satisfied. This year these importers have a nice lot of three-year-old stallions. At the Brandon sale recently some of the horses brought top bids. They are good individuals, and bred right.

These horsemen are equipped for disposing of Percherons at rock-bottom prices. They have their own breeding farms in France, and, therefore, have positively no middlemen to settle with.

L. Andre de Montbel, one of the junior members of the firm, is now in the third year class at Manitoba Agricultural College. His knowledge of French, coupled with his knowledge of animal husbandry, have made him useful in carrying good news to French settlements in the province. His remarks deal particularly with horse-breeding. This fall he has visited St. Genevieve, St. Anne, LaBroquerie, St. Jean and other points where he lectured to crowds, ranging from 40 to 100. At most of the meetings women turned out to hear the advice offered.

Write these importers if you want a Percheron. They are selling off what they now have to make room for a big importation in the spring.

P. D. McARTHUR'S AYRSHIRE

In another column P. D. McArthur, the big Ayrshire breeder of North Georgetown, Quebec, is again bringing his cattle before Western stockmen. Mr. McArthur it will be remembered, had a strong herd at Western shows last summer and took back his full share of prize money. At the head of this herd was Netherhall Milkman, a bull that has yet to meet defeat in the show ring. On his return to the East he won the grand championship at the leading shows there including the Canadian National at Toronto. This bull is getting a fine lot of milking heifers with well-developed teats and udders. Young bulls got by this sire

"MEN WHO KNOW"

USE THE

DE LAVAL Cream Separator

Why should YOU experiment or take chances with anything else?

THE DE LAVAL SEPARATOR CO.

14-16 Princess St., Winnipeg

Dressed Poultry WANTED

We pay the highest market price for best quality dry picked Chickens, Fowl, Geese, Ducks and Turkeys, also Dressed Hogs and Veal.

Eight Retail Markets in Winnipeg selling direct to the Consumer—you save the Wholesaler's Commission.

Returns made day following receipt of shipment.

WM. COATES

Meats and Provisions
Eight Retail Stores Winnipeg

MAKE MORE MONEY

Out of your poultry by keeping the Rhode Island Reds. They grow quicker, lay earlier and pay better than other breeds. Our Reds have won prizes both as layers and show birds. Cockerels that will be the "show birds" of your locality, \$3.00 each. Extra value if ordered this month.

HENRY H. PEARSON,
Box 148, Stonewall, Man.

1865—SHIP YOUR—1911

RAW FURS

To the Best Firm in Canada, and for the most money to

E. T. CARTER & CO.
78 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont.

Write for our Prices. We pay express and remit promptly.

High Prices for MUSKRATS

MODEL STEAMBOAT FREE



A perfect model launch, has real steam engine which propels it through water; engine has brass boiler and oscillating cylinder. Propelled by two screws. Given free for selling only \$2.00 worth of our dainty art embossed and colored Christmas Booklets at 3 for 10 cents, each in an envelope and tied with a silk ribbon. These are very quick sellers. Write now, and when sold return us the money and we will send steamboat post free by return. **THE WESTERN PREMIUM CO., DEPT. F.A. WINNIPEG, CANADA.**

RINGING IN EARS DEAFNESS
INSTANTLY RELIEVED BY THE OLD
DR. MARSHALL'S CATARRH SNUFF
25¢ AT ALL DRUG STORES OR SENT
PAID BY C. H. KEITH, 1237 AVE. B.

**PERCHERONS
BELGIANS
SHIRES**

ONE OF THE
OLDEST AND
LARGEST
IMPORTERS
IN
AMERICA

Our horses are big, smooth flat-boned fellows, with great quality style and conformation. Will please the most critical. Prices reasonable. Satisfaction guaranteed. Letters from hundreds of satisfied customers and big illustrated catalog mailed free.

Watson, Woods Bros. & Kelly Co.
BOX 16 LINCOLN, NEB.

PRIZE-WINNING UTILITY BERKSHIRES

Berkshire pigs have come to be recognized as highly satisfactory for the Canadian West. I have a nice lot on hand. They are bred from my herd that won in 1910 at Winnipeg, Portage la Prairie and Brandon and at local shows in 1911. Write me for particulars if you want good pigs.

SPRUCE BANK FARM
R. L. LANG, OAK LAKE, MAN.

HAMPSHIRE SWINE

Good Hampshire pigs for sale. Give these pigs a trial, and you will never have any other breed—the easiest kept pig on earth.

J. H. RUTHERFORD,
Box 62 Caledon East, Ontario.

HOLSTEINS

Two-year-old and yearling heifers and heifer and bull calves. A choice lot to pick from. These animals are bred from choice bulls and cows that have won milking competitions and carried off highest honors at Brandon and Winnipeg.

Prices to suit the times
JAS. HERRIOT & SONS, SOURIS, MAN.

JERSEYS

Net Returns from 10 head under 12 months official test \$2,894. For full particulars write
C. A. JULIAN-SHARMAN
OLD BASING FARM RED DEER, ALTA.

Feathers Wanted

We pay highest prices for goose, duck, hen and turkey feathers, hides, furs, wool, beeswax, etc. Prompt returns. Send for price-lists.

THE CANADA FUR AND FEATHER CO.
Dept. 3, 605 Ontario Street E., Montreal

FOR SALE**PURE-BRED DUROC JERSEY HOGS**

of both sex, bred from the most noted and prize-winning herds in the United States.

J. T. McFEE

Farm One Mile East of Town, Carman, Man.

GLENCORSE YORKSHIRES

Young stock, both sexes from splendid litters sired by champion boars at Winnipeg, Brandon and Calgary.

We pay express charges on pigs to Calgary and Vancouver up to October 1.

Holstein-Friesian bull calf of exceptionally high quality. Sable collie pups

GLEN BROS., Armstrong, B.C.

DUNHAMS' PERCHERONS

Our summer importation, in our estimation the best lot of horses we have ever had at Oaklawn, has arrived. Numerous important prize-winners are included, but the high average is the main thing, as every animal would be a credit to any stud. Write us.

Dunhams, Wayne, Illinois

have their sire's fine dairy type, which has been remarked upon by more than one judge in the ring.

If interested in Ayrshires write Mr. McArthur, who delivers stock to your station. Mention also that you saw his advertisement in THE ADVOCATE.

BIG IMPORTING FIRM

The firm of Watson, Woods Bros. & Kelly Company, importers, Lincoln, Nebraska, have favored this office with a copy of their big illustrated folder and their booklet, "Four Yards of Evidence." Their "folder" is one of the finest pieces of art compiled by a pure-bred stock firm. The booklet "Four Yards of Evidence" shows the high standing this firm has with their customers.

This is one of the oldest established importing firms in America, having started in the business over thirty years ago with a very small beginning. This year they have over 100 head of pure-bred Percherons, Belgians and Shires to offer to American and Canadian farmers.

A letter to the firm will bring their illustrated catalog. Mention THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE when writing. The literature they send out is worth keeping.

THE CLEVELAND BAY HORSE

Any one who knows a Cleveland Bay horse, and who has any love for horse-flesh, needs no special priming to make him enthusiastic over the breed. Wherever he is known he is admired for his beauty as well as for his good qualities that make him useful to the owner.

An English horseman, in discussing the Cleveland Bay, noted the following among other points:

1. No breed can exhibit such a combination of power, bone, size, activity, beauty and uniformity of color.

2. The color is uniformly bay with black points, and varies from bright golden bay to a brown bay.

3. Being an absolutely pure breed the stallions and mares are more impressive than those of any other breed, almost invariably transmitting to their progeny their color, size, activity and hardihood.

4. No other breed can approach the Cleveland Bay as a basis with which to cross:

(a) Cleveland and Bay mare to the Yorkshire Coach Horse or the Thoroughbred, with action, produces the finest stamp of carriage horse.

(b) The Cleveland mare to the Thoroughbred, suitably mated, will produce a weight-carrying hunter next best to the clean Thoroughbred.

(c) The Cleveland stallion to the active cart mare will produce the most useful kind of half-breed for artillery, strong troop horses, van and general utility horses.

A. E. Pease, who had the honor of accompanying Ex-President Roosevelt on his recent hunting expedition is very fond of the Cleveland Bay. Among other things, he says:

"Apart from its general and intrinsic value, it is a matter of national importance that the purity of this breed should be maintained, and its wider distribution encouraged, for it is the finest basis for crossing in the world, improving every breed with which it is crossed."

On another page of this issue as well as during November, George Scoby, of Beadlam Grange Stock Farm, Newton, Yorks, Eng., has endeavored to interest Western Canadians in this breed. He keeps about the strongest stud in England, and has sent his horses to South Africa and the United States, where they have been highly appreciated.

Write him for particulars, regarding the breed.

TRAYNORS' DISPERSION SALE

The announcement on another page covering Traynor Bros' big dispersion sale is one of the most attractive of the season. The Condie district is noted for its Clydesdale horses, and among the importers and breeders none have been more consistent in combining quality and substance than have the Traynors.

Many notable individuals are included in the sale offering, and will be knocked down to the highest bidders by Auctioneers Colonel Woods and J. K. McInnis.

GOLDEN WEST STOCK FARM

Always on hand a good selection of CLYDESDALE STALLIONS and MARES, both imported and home-bred. Also SHORTHORN cattle of all ages, males and females. Some good SHETLAND ponies for sale. Our success in the show-rings speaks for the quality of our animals and we can supply prize-winners of the highest degree, as well as animals of good commercial value.

PRICES REASONABLE.

TERMS ARRANGED.

Visitors are always welcome, and will be met by our rig at Balgonie, C. P. R. Main Line, our railroad station, if notified in time.

P. M. BREDT & SONS

EDENWOLD P. O., SASK.

EIGHT MILES NORTH OF BALGONIE

35 CLYDESDALE STALLIONS 35

ALSO EXCELLENT CHOICE OF FEMALES

I have a grand lot of Clydesdale stallions and females of the choicest Scotch breeding. My new importation is now in fine fit after their journey across the ocean.

You can have good stallions at \$300 and upwards. Females also will go at reasonable figures.

A long connection with the trade enables me to buy right.

Call, phone or write before you make a purchase.

JOHN A. TURNER

BOX 472, CALGARY, ALTA.

Balgrogan Stock Farm 6 miles South of Calgary, 1-2 mile from Turner Station.

Messrs. Hickman & Scruby
Court Lodge :: Egerton, Kent, Eng.

Exporters of pedigree live stock of all descriptions. Draft horses a specialty. We buy from the breeders in Europe and ship direct to our clients, who thus obtain what they require at anything from 30 to 100 per cent. cheaper than they can obtain it any other way. Our Mr. Hickman will be at the International, at Chicago, and also at the Mid-winter Fair, Guelph, Ont. At Chicago he can be found at the La Salle Hotel and at Guelph at the Wellington Hotel. All those who are ever likely to want imported stock should take this opportunity to interview Mr. Hickman, as it may mean a saving of thousands of dollars in the future.

Lone Spruce Ayrshires

trim. Prices attractive for quick sales.

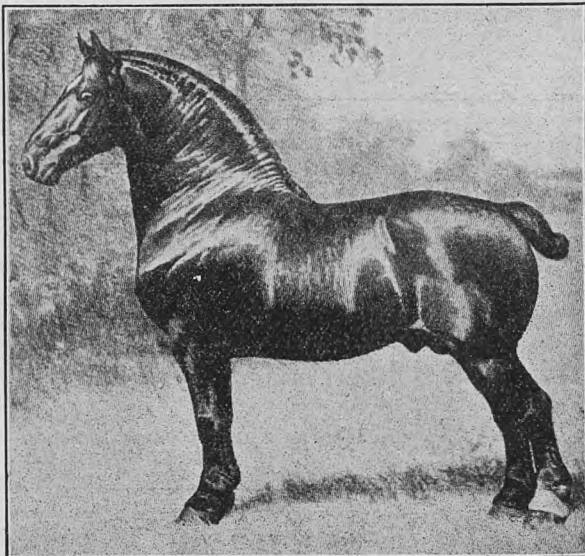
A. H. TRIMBLE & SONS, Red Deer, Alta.

GREEN MEADOW STUD FARM**IMPORTED PERCHERONS**

Fine selection of three-year-old stallions.

Having our breeding farms in France, we are in position to sell at right prices as there are no middlemen. Our figures run from \$1,300 up for horses as good as commonly are held at \$3,000 or over.

All stallions guaranteed as sure breeders.



SIZE AND QUALITY

GOOD VALUE FOR MONEY

Our horses have been prize-winners in France. They are of choice breeding, have good strong bone, and great action. We have both blacks and greys. If you want drafters with size and quality at reasonable prices do not buy before you see us. We are anxious to sell at once to make room for another importation before spring.

A. Andre de Montbel & Son

ST. ROSE

MANITOBA



Champion French Coach Stallion, FRA
DIAVOLO, at head of Stud.

FOR SALE

ALL OUR HIGH-GRADE

Clyde and French Coach Mares and Geldings

Three years and up, consisting of 1,300 to 1,500-pound Clydesdale mares bred to 2,000-pound imported Clydesdale, second at Calgary, 1910.
1,100 to 1,300-pound French Coach mares bred to imported champion stallions.

Carload three-year-old geldings and mares, both breeds.
Twenty four-year-old geldings, well broken, single and double and saddle; fit for show-ring.

Everything haltered and gentle to handle, and bred from the best stallions for twenty-five years.

Registered prize-winning stallions and mares, both breeds.

5,500 acres excellent farming land with up-to-date buildings, together in two blocks.

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.

BUYERS MET.

G. E. GODDARD,

COCHRANE, ALTA.

CLYDESDALES FOR SALE

Evergrand at the head of my stud has proven to be a great foal getter.

In addition to choice young stock my present offering includes Scotty Bryce, by Scottish Crest, reserve champion at Winnipeg and Brandon; Lochinvar, a three-year-old, by Show King, and Baron Rozelle, a grand yearling by Baron Beaulieu.

Females include Winsome Grand, by Evergrand and out of Winsome Nell, by Refiner; Hazel Bell, a four-year-old by King Thomas; Ruby Barber, by Ruby Pride, and a big three-year-old Memento mare in foal to Prince Shapely.

High-class Clydesdales always for sale.

Stables right in town

JAMES BURNETT

NAPINKA, MANITOBA

Duroc - Jerseys

The Greatest:

DEBT PAYERS
HOME BUILDERS
MORTGAGE
LIFTERS

Oscar Miller
CHEADLE ALTA



Poland - Chinas

BOOKING ORDERS
for 1912

WRITE US

O. G. Miller
CHEADLE ALTA.

ORMSBY GRANGE STOCK ARM ORMSTOWN, P. QUE.

A full stock of CLYDESDALES, imported and home-bred, always on hand, at prices and terms to suit breeders. Correspondence solicited.

DUNCAN McEACHRAN

Proprietor

FAIRVIEW SHORTHORNS

My stables are overstocked, and to reduce the herd I offer 15 young bulls, 12 to 18 months old, and several heifers, all ages, for immediate sale. These are strong, growthy young Shorthorns, by such sires as Mistletoe Eclipse, Scotch Thistle and Topsman's Duke 7th. Now is the time to buy. See the Fairview herd at once, and get your choice.

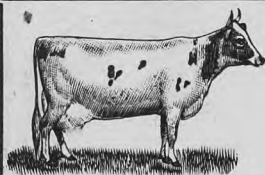
J. G. BARRON, Carberry, C.N.R. C.P.R. Man.

CLYDESDALES, SHORTHORNS, YORKSHIRES

I have for sale some fine Yorkshire pigs from three to six months old, either sex and not related—Prices right. Also a few choice young Shorthorn bulls and heifers, and yearling Clydesdale stallions and fillies. Call, write or 'phone for prices.

STEPHEN BENSON

NEEPAWA, MAN.



EDENBANK AYRSHIRES

"UTILITY STOCK" IS OUR MOTTO

Sweepstakes herd at British Columbia Provincial Fair 1911

For Sale Choice Bulls, fit for service, including Ruby's King of Beauty, No. 29010, champion bull of all dairy breeds at New Westminster.

Also some prize-winning Berkshire Hogs and Lincoln Sheep.

A. C. WELLS & SON

SARDIS P.O.

CHILLIWACK, B.C.

Royal Choice, the big prize-winning stallion at the head of the stud, carried off first honors one year and second another at the Highland Show, and first at the Royal and other big shows before coming to America. As a three-year-old he was first at Chicago and Toronto. As a five-year-old he was second at Chicago to Gartly Pride, the horse that won at the Highland the same season. He also won at Toronto the same season. In 1910 he was first at Regina Winter Fair, and, again, at the Summer Show at Winnipeg. He is leaving stock as good as the best in the West. Most of the mares offered are in foal to this big sire.

Another noted individual is Mayoress, first at Chicago International as a four-year-old in 1908, and reserve to Ladylike, another brought in by the Traynors, but which died last year from sunstroke, champion Regina Spring Show, 1910, and in Winnipeg in strongest class of yeld mares seen in Canada. She won five firsts and championship at this exhibition, and the same at Regina Summer Show.

Royal Gem has been a winner every year since foaled: First as a two-year-old, Regina Winter Fair open class, 1909; first as a three-year-old, Regina, summer, 1909; first and champion, Canadian-bred, Winnipeg, 1910, and won in draft team, Winnipeg, same year. Mona's Queen was second to Royal Gem at Regina Winter Fair as a two-year-old; first Regina Exhibition, 1909, this time beating her stable mate, Royal Gem; and first as a three-year-old at 1910 Regina Winter Fair and reserve to Mayoress. Her foal was a winner at Dominion Fair, Regina, thi year. At this exhibition, Traynors also got first for best three heavy-draft horses, bred and owned by exhibitor; champion four-horse team, and second in six-horse team.

Many of the animals are from such sires as Baron's Gem, Black Ivory and Royal Choice, already noted. With such sires as these and backed by the feeding and care of Traynor Bros., the home-bred individuals are bound to be something extra.

The Traynors are also offering the Hackney stallion, Rosary, by Rosador, the greatest breeding stallion in England. Rosary was first and champion at Regina Spring Show. He is a clean-legged horse, a true mover with plenty of action and was very popular.

The sale will start at nine o'clock in the auditorium at the fair grounds, Regina. The building will be heated, and everything will be made comfortable. Cars will run from the city to the grounds. In fact, this is going to be one of the greatest sales in the Canadian West, and should be a great success. Catalogs of entries are now ready, and can be had upon applying to Traynor Bros., Condie, Sask.

JOS. CASWELL'S SALE

Joseph Caswell's postponed auction sale of pure-bred stock and farming outfit, was held on Tuesday, November 28, but was not the success Mr. Caswell had hoped for. The result is partly due to weather conditions which prevailed at the first date set, it being so stormy that men could not turn out, so the buyers who had got to Saskatoon by train were obliged to go away disappointed, and did not return when the sale was held. Some \$5,000 worth of stock was disposed of under the hammer, principally Shorthorns. One Clydesdale mare, a number of Tamworth swine and some poultry also were disposed of.

Prices were "low" and offered splendid opportunity for men to buy cheap stock for a start in the breeding business. C. Fay, of Larva, Sask., got about \$1,000 worth of young stock including a sappy yearling Shorthorn, Spicy's Form, and a nice five-year-old quality Clydesdale mare, Grace Darling. Another buyer from a distance was S. Brown, of Harris, Sask., who took five head of Shorthorns. F. W. Chance purchased a growthy bull calf. P. M. Bredt, live stock commissioner for Saskatchewan, was present in his official capacity looking up men who are buying stock for the foundation of a herd. Mr. Bredt expressed his opinion that the animals sold were altogether too cheap for the class of stock.

The Tamworths sold very well, the



Are You Losing Money?

Every hour your horses are standing idle in the stable you are losing money. You must figure time of men and horses in your cost. If the horse can not work, the driver, also, is idle, and all this time wasted waiting for shoes to be sharpened could be saved by the use of

NEVERSLIP RED TIP HORSE SHOE CALKS

You can adjust them yourself in twenty minutes, and your horses are in condition to drive over any road or street, however icy or slippery, with ease and comfort, safe, sure-footed and self-reliant.

Write for Booklet E, giving full information regarding this wonderful device.
NEVERSLIP MANUFACTURING CO.
25 St. Peter St., Montreal.

Canada's Greatest Jersey Herd

We have still many choice individuals for sale. Prize-winners at the large exhibitions, as well as good producers.

B. H. BULL & SON
BRAMPTON - ONTARIO

Shorthorn Heifers

Orders taken for Clydesdale colts and Yorkshire pigs at weaning. Several litters every season. A few spring pigs left. Work horses and milk cows comparatively cheap. Apply to

J. BOUSFIELD, MACGREGOR, MAN.

Melrose Stock Farm

FOR SALE

Shorthorn cows and heifers and a few bull calves.

Clydesdale stallions and mares, all ages.

GEO. RANKIN & SONS
Oakner P.O., Man. On the G.T.P.

McDonald's Yorkshires

A number of pure-bred Yorkshire sows, eight months to one year old, due to farrow in May and June. These sows are bred to the boar that won first prize in his class at Brandon Summer Fair in 1910. Also, a number of youngsters eight weeks old. These are of the same breeding as those awarded first prize for best pen of three bacon hogs, pure-bred or grade, at Brandon Winter Fair, 1911.

Write for prices.
A. D. McDONALD & SON
"Sunnyside Stock Farm," Napinka, Man.

Aberdeen - Angus Cattle

DUROC JERSEY HOGS

My herds include many high-priced animals and my offerings will always be of the best breeding. At present I have several young, growthy Aberdeen-Angus bulls and some choice young Duroc-Jersey boars for sale. Write for prices.

J. H. HILDRETH, Davidson, Sask.

HOLSTEINS

I can sell you one or a carload of Registered Holsteins.

I keep nothing but pure-breds, but if you want high-bred grades due to calve in winter months I can secure them for you.

Write me stating just what you want.
GORDON H. MANHARD,
Manhard, Leeds Co. Ont.,

CINEMATOGRAPH FREE

The very latest moving picture machine, showing real moving pictures, complete with films and slides. Given absolutely free for selling only \$2.50 worth of our high-grade Christmas Booklets, each in an envelope at the low price of 3 for 10c. All Booklets are neatly embossed in colors and gold, and are tied with silk ribbon. Write to-day for Booklets and when sold we will send this large Moving Picture Machine by return.

THE ART POSTCARD COMPANY
DEPT. 7 45 WINNIPEG, CANADA.

When Replying Mention The Advocate

price ranging from \$18 for youngsters, to \$35 for aged sows. The greater part of the stock was disposed of locally. Mr. Caswell has still a large stock on hand which he intends to dispose of between now and next summer.

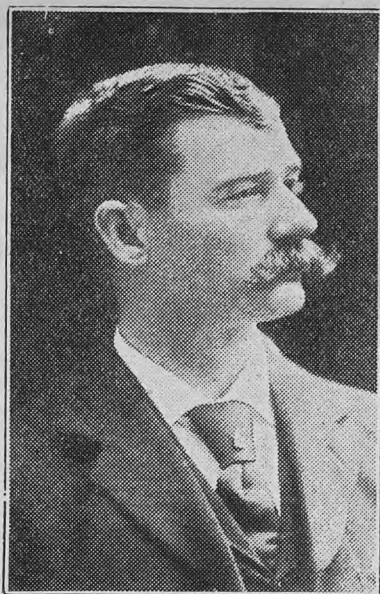
SUTHERLAND'S SHEEP SALE SUCCESSFUL

The big auction sale of pure-bred Shropshire sheep, held at The Sutherland Farms, Saskatoon, was a decided success. Under the hammer wielded by T. C. Norris, auctioneer, 85 head of sheep were sold at prices ranging from the splendid price of \$90 each for rams, and \$39 for ewes, to \$15 each for ewe lambs. Under the able management of J. C. Smith, these sheep were in prime condition, all numbered and penned, and the pens arranged in first-class position for selling without loss of time or confusion to the buyers. While it can not be said that there was a large crowd of buyers, those who were present had business in mind and bid liberally for the good stock offered.

Before the sale opened T. C. Norris made a short speech, emphasizing the opportunities offered at auction sales, and mentioned the great increasing demand for pure-bred sheep. On behalf of Mr. Sutherland, the auctioneer requested those present to bid liberally, and in closing called upon Dean Rutherford, of the Saskatchewan Agricultural College, to make a few remarks. Prof. Rutherford spoke very briefly, but strongly emphasized the importance of securing the best breeding stock obtainable, and noted the benefit Mr. Sutherland is doing to Western Canada by offering the public such high-class stock as were up for sale that day. In closing, Prof. Rutherford said that the speech-making would not be complete without the voice of P. M. Brett, live stock commissioner for Saskatchewan, being heard. Mr. Brett made use of the present situation in the West where grain growing is the sole industry, and in many cases this crop, the only support the farmer had, was still in the field. Hard times such as follow this calamity, he said, could be averted by the introduction of stock, and the making of mixed farming to take the place of all grain growing. He also pointed out the benefit derived from sheep in keeping down weeds, pasturing summerfallow, etc., in addition to being a paying commercial proposition.

At the start bidding was not brisk, but Mr. Norris soon got a line on the buyers, and they in turn bid liberally for the pens as they were offered. Among the buyers from a distance was C. Shaw, of Melfort, Saskatchewan, who secured a fine ram at \$75, in addition to a number of ewes. J. K. McInnis, of Regina, was a buyer of a number of rams, to be used on his ranch near Regina. Another buyer, Arthur Alvis, of Grandora, Sask., secured six nice ewes and a shearling ram. Other buyers from a distance were Jas. Lindsay, of Lloydminster; J. Rushton, of Rocanville, Sask.; Max Sckniwter, of Nutana, Sask., and Mr. Myers, of Vanscoy. Dean Rutherford purchased four fine shearling ewes for the college farm, paying the top price of \$155 for the pen; he also bought for Frank Baker, of Smithville, a splendid ram lamb, at \$45. R. W. Caswell, of Saskatoon, was the buyer of the \$90 shearling ram, and ten nice ewes, which should be heard of in future, in his hands at Star Farm. Wm. T. Shuttleworth, Delburne, Alta., the enthusiastic sheep breeder and importer, was a bidder on some pens, but did not make any purchases. It was Mr. Shuttleworth's opinion that the sheep were selling at a very fair value, and a number of times raised the price by doing some bidding, knowing that the bid made was not up to the value of the animal.

Altogether, Mr. Sutherland is well satisfied with this his first public auction of sheep, which he intends making an annual event. While the profits this year were not large the great object of introducing good pure-bred sheep into the West was accomplished. The sheep sold were scattered fairly well over Saskatchewan, a few even going to Alberta. The sale anticipated next year should command a greater number of buyers and give rise to even better prices than were realized this year.



BRANDON, MAN. WESTON, ONT.

J. B. Hogate

PROPRIETOR AND DIRECT IMPORTER

My barns at Brandon and Weston are full of Percheron stallions, mares and fillies, and Clydesdale stallions, the best that money could buy. Percherons in greys and blacks; ages from three to six; weighing from 1,700 lbs. to 2,200 lbs.

"A FEW REASONS"

why I can sell you a better stallion than any one in the business:

1. I buy in Europe from the breeders, no middlemen.

2. Do not have to employ an interpreter.

3. Have no partners to divide profits.

Now, if it is of any use to you to buy a stallion from \$1,400.00 to \$1,600.00, that some one else will ask you \$1,800.00 to \$2,400.00, perhaps not as good, come to my barn and see what I can show you before you purchase.

It is always a pleasure to show you what I have, whether you buy or not.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS, WRITE

F. L. Hogate

719 13th St., Brandon, Man.

Shorthorns, Clydesdales and Barred Plymouth Rocks

Choice breeding stock, both sex, always on hand. Shorthorn herd headed by Keir Emblem and Marshall's Heir (Imp.) Prices right. No trouble to show what we have. 60 head to select from. Prize-winning Barred Plymouth Rocks.

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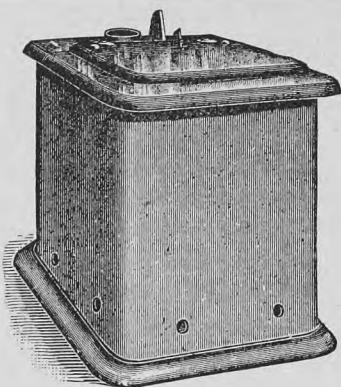
R. SINTON'S 1911 Importation of CLYDESDALES

Include such horses as Royal Purple, two years, 1st at Edinburgh and English Royal, 1910; Ronald's Pride, 1st at Rothsay, 1911; Lord Zetland, winner of Silver cup and reserve champion at Alloa, 1911; Gold Medal's Heir (Can. bred), 1st at Dominion Fair, 1911; London City, 3 years, twice 2nd at Hamilton; Prince Odin, by Baden Powell, and Sir Rodger, by Hiawatha, had the Kelso and Sterling districts' premiums in 1911.

We have 10 two-year-olds standing 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 16 $\frac{3}{4}$ hands, and weighing up to 1,720 lbs. in medium flesh in October, 1911. Besides these, we have many other Clydesdales, male and female, of high merit, also 1 French Coach and 5 Percheron stallions. Stables in town.

PHONE 1261.

ROBT. SINTON, REGINA, SASK.



For the Farmer

The Red Cross Chemical Closet can be installed in

**BASEMENT
BEDROOM
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Guaranteed to be Sanitary and Odorless



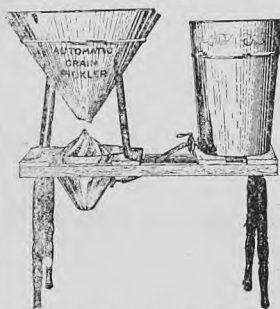
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

F. E. CHAPMAN

240 CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE WINNIPEG

Western Agent for

Red Cross Sanitary Appliance Co. GRIMSBY, ONT.



AGENTS WANTED

AUTOMATIC GRAIN PICKLER

This pickler is self-operating, supplying its own power by the force of the grain as it leaves the hopper, falling on the turbine which is situated in the lower hopper, causing a quick revolution of the turbine. The liquid passes from the tank through a pipe and up into the interior of the turbine, where it is forced out through openings in the bottom outer edge, thoroughly spraying the grain. Any kind of grain will operate it. It is guaranteed to thoroughly pickle any and every kind of grain.

Every kernel done thoroughly

The capacity can be regulated as desired up to 135 bushels per hour, while the solution can be regulated as to merely spray the grain, or to thoroughly soak it—every kernel being evenly and thoroughly done.

Built for using both bluestone and formaldehyde

We build two machines, one being constructed of an acid-proof metal, which is guaranteed to stand bluestone or any other solution. The other is for using formaldehyde.

PRICE—The pickler for formaldehyde is \$17, and the pickler for bluestone, \$20.

Ask your dealer to show you how it works. If he has not got it, we will ship either machine, freight prepaid, to any station in Canada upon receipt of your order.

Write for illustrated catalogue to-day.

THE DOMINION SPECIALTY WORKS

820 Union Bank

Winnipeg, Man.

C. W. WILSON'S CLYDESDALES

C. W. Wilson, of Vancouver, B. C., is offering some first-class Clydesdale horses for sale. His advertisement, appearing in another column of this issue, gives particulars of some of his stock. Among these are champions and other prize-winners bred from the best sires and imported by Mr. Wilson. If you require a stallion, mare or filly, write Mr. Wilson and he will gladly give you details. In fact, he always can be depended upon for a real estate deal as well.

STEVE'S HOLSTEINS

Holsteins with high records of performance are in demand these days. J. M. Steves advertises a number of his for sale, among which are animals young and mature of both sexes, bred from record-performance stock. A large herd of 70 head, of which the greater number are young cows just coming into milk, gives a buyer a selection to choose one or more to his fancy. Mr. Steves has splendid shipping facilities, and is prepared to give prompt and careful attention to the wants of buyers, both local and from a distance. Write Mr. Steves and get prices and particulars of the splendid stock he is offering.

QUESTIONS : and ANSWERS

GENERAL

Questions of general interest to farmers are answered through our columns without charge to bona-fide subscribers. Details must be clearly stated as briefly as possible, only one side of the paper being written on. Full name and address of the enquirer must accompany each query as an evidence of good faith, but not necessarily for publication. When a reply is required by mail one dollar (\$1.00) must be enclosed.

NO DUTY ON RAW FURS

I would like to know if there is any duty on raw furs when shipped from Canada to the United States.—McB. J.

Ans.—There is no duty on undressed hides or furs going from Canada to the United States.

SCOTCH MILK MEASUREMENT

In the issue of October 4 a reader asked if there was such a measurement as 2 pints to the gallon in Scotland. Not being acquainted with Scotch milk measurements, THE ADVOCATE, after making enquiries, stated that there was no such legal measure in Scotland. Apparently, though, there is an "Old Scotch measure" in which there are 2 pints of 16 gills to the gallon used to a certain extent yet in measuring milk. A couple of readers have been kind enough to write in telling of this measure, and their letters, which are as follows, will be found interesting:

An Alberta man who signs "Ex-Milkman," writes:

"In your issue of October 4 I see that F. J. S. asks how milk is measured in Scotland. As a friend of his told him that there are only 2 pints in the gallon. His friend is quite correct in a way, as there are only 2 pints to the gallon, old Scotch measure, and any farmer in Scotland to-day will tell you that the big pint is 16 gills.

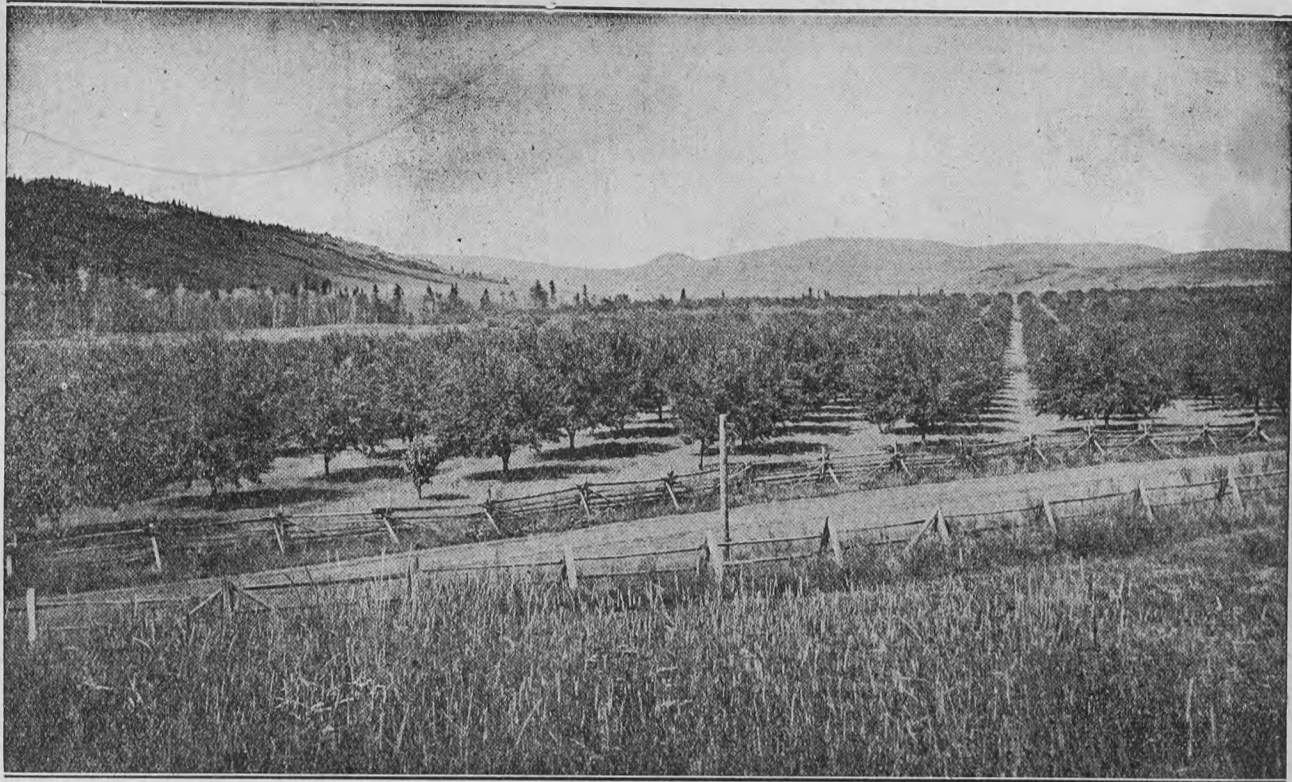
"I am well aware that according to imperial measure there are 8 pints to the gallon, also in wine measure; but every man in the wholesale milk business in Scotland uses the term of pint meaning 16 gills."

J. Brownlee, a Manitoban, also says in a recent letter:

"I am afraid the man that bets his last dollar on there being no such thing as 2 pints to the gallon, stands to lose. I sold milk on the street in Scotland for some years at 2 pints to the gallon, and it is still the usual custom in the locality. The farmers draw their milk to town in a conveyance specially built to carry two 40-gallon casks of milk, and sell it at one pint of 16 gills for a penny. I must explain, however, that it is butter-milk, and not sweet milk."

IRRIGATED FRUIT LANDS IN B. C.

OKANAGAN DISTRICT



The Okanagan district in British Columbia has established a reputation as being the finest fruit-growing district in Canada.

THE COLDSTREAM ESTATE CO., LTD., the oldest pioneer concern in the valley, is now **OFFERING FOR SALE SOME 2,000 ACRES OF THE FINEST OF THEIR FRUIT LAND**, near Vernon, the commercial centre of the fruit-growing area. These lands are beautifully situated on rising ground, and are divided into lots varying from one to ten acres, affording a wide range of choice to suit individual purchasers.

AN AMPLE SUPPLY OF IRRIGATION WATER is brought on to each lot by the White Valley Irrigation & Power Co., Ltd., a subsidiary company formed by the Coldstream Estate Co. Sufficient water to irrigate 20,000 acres is brought in a canal 30 miles long from the mountains some 5,000 feet in elevation.

Some of the lots have orchards 1, 2 and 3 years old. If purchasers wish, the company will continue the cultivation and care of these lots for one year from date of purchase, and will also prepare, plant and cultivate the unimproved lots for the same length of time.

The Estate has from **60 to 100 ACRES IN NURSERY STOCK**, growing the best commercial varieties of fruit trees. They grow their own seedlings from seed and sell only home-grown stock, and have a large business all over the province. The municipality of Coldstream in which all the land is located, is now installing a **COMPLETE WATER WORKS SYSTEM** all over the municipality **FOR DOMESTIC USE**. The water is pure with good pressure.

The Okanagan Telephone Company, whose headquarters are at Vernon, will furnish **TELEPHONE CONNECTIONS** with those desiring it. The Okanagan branch of the C. P. R. runs through Vernon. The Cousteau Power Co. was formed to develop power at the Shuswap Falls to furnish **LIGHT, POWER and TRANSPORTATION** for the orchard lands in

the valley. This undertaking has just been purchased by the Canadian Northern Railway, and will be connected with their proposed branch from Kamloops to Vernon. When this is constructed, electric light and power will be available to all purchasers of these lands, as well as rapid and easy transportation for passengers and freight.

The Okanagan Fruit Union, Ltd., a strong organization, has been formed to **MARKET THE FRUIT FOR THE GROWERS**, and is a growers' concern.

Those considering the purchase of fruit lands cannot do better than investigate the Coldstream Estate, which is second to none in their record in British Columbia as a fruit-growing concern.

We have established agents at the following points in the Canadian Northwest, from whom literature and full information can be obtained as to prices, size of subdivided lots, terms of sale, estimates of profit, etc.

CALGARY, ALTA., THE ALBERTA LOCATORS, P. O. Box 252.

EDMONTON, ALTA., E. L. FERRIS, Room 2, Empire Block.

SASKATOON, SASK., UDO F. SCHRADER & CO., Bank of Hamilton Building.

REGINA, SASK., S. S. SCOTT & CO., P. O. Box 633.

BRANDON, MAN., THE BRANDON LAND CO., 30 Ninth Street.

MOOSE JAW, SASK., MANLEY LONEY & CO.

MEDICINE HAT, ALTA., THE FEWINGS-RUBIDGE AGENCY, P. O. Box 630.

LETHBRIDGE, ALTA., H. J. H. SKEITH, 335 Fifth St., South.

WINNIPEG, MAN., ROBINSON & BLACK, 306 McArthur Block.

— GENERAL AGENTS —

Pemberton & Son, 326 Homer Street, Vancouver, B. C.

AMOUNT OF FEED FOR HOGS

1. Will wheat which was badly frozen and more or less heated for nearly two weeks, if cleaned out real well with a good fanning mill, do for seed?

2. I intend to feed the poor stuff cleaned out to pigs. How would you advise feeding it? Would you advise getting it chopped and feeding it mixed with hay, oats or barley? What proportion of each should be used? Would it pay better to have the oats or barley chopped also?

3. I intend buying some sows. How many sows would I require to raise enough pigs to eat up 250 bushels of wheat with the other mixture of grain you advise next summer?—R. D. Humboldt.

Ans. 1.—The wheat (according to sample sent) is entirely unfit for seed. Even if it had not heated, not more than 5 to 10 per cent. of it would have grown. As it is we doubt if any of it would germinate. Your best plan is to sell a portion of this wheat and buy good seed.

2. The wheat would probably give best results mixed with an equal weight of barley. Had the wheat been plump, oats would probably have been preferable. Both wheat and barley should be chopped.

3. To answer this question definitely one would need to know how many pigs there would be to a litter, what weight they would be grown to, what length of time the sows would be kept, if there were any other foods such as

milk, roots, etc., to feed and other necessary data. As it is, only a crude estimate can be given.

Taking it for granted that the sows would raise a litter of seven pigs each, which would be grown to 200 pounds weight and sows kept for a period of six months, the estimate is that 4 sows and litters would consume the 250 bushels of wheat and 250 bushels of barley. The estimate is based as follows:

Prof. Henry, in his book "Feed and Feeding," gives approximately 4 pounds grain as required to maintain a 250-pound sow per day. This for six months would take 15 bushels with the grain, weighing 50 pounds per bushel which it probably will, to maintain each sow for this period. From

experiments published in the same volume it has been found by averaging, that with crushed wheat and barley for feed it will take approximately 4.2 pounds of feed to make one pound of gain live weight in each pig. Thus, to get 200 pounds gain on 7 pigs in each litter we have $200 \times 7 \times 4.2$, which gives 5,880 pounds or 117 bushels required to get the pigs from birth to 200-pound weights. This includes feed fed to sows while pigs are suckling. We have in this way fed 117 bushels to the pigs and 15 bushels to the sow, a total of 132 bushels to rear each litter. For the four litters there will be used 528 bushels.

If there is some milk or roots to feed while the pigs are young gains can be made on less grain fed.